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THE  
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CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.

"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES  
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

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## ERRATA.

Page 61, line 5, for "utterance" read *utterances*; p. 62, l. 23, for "ves" read *vis*; p. 63, l. 17, for "natural" read *national*; p. 66, l. 12, for "fails" read *fail*; p. 66, l. 24, for "Clytenmestra" read *Clytemnestra*; p. 68, l. 10, after "diabolical" insert "wickedness"; p. 68, l. 24, for "stosimon" read *stasimon*; p. 68, l. 25, for "inspire" read *inspires*; p. 80, l. 29, for "translator" read *translation*; p. 80, l. 32, after "an" insert "appropriate definition for an"; p. 83, l. 1, for "educated" read *educational*; p. 83, l. 12, for "translating" read *the translation*; p. 83, l. 39, for "attained" read *attain*; p. 84, l. 11, for "shirkers" read *shirking*; p. 85, l. 10, for "methods" read *method*; p. 212, l. 7, for "nauseum" read *nauseam*; p. 214, l. 15, for "then" read *thus*; p. 392, l. 21, insert "the" before "time"; p. 392, l. 21, for "time" read *times*; p. 395, l. 34, for "silver" read *silvern*; p. 398, l. 19, for "college" read *colleges*; p. 458, l. 15, for "adoption" read *adaptation*; p. 459, l. 13, for "blest" read *latest*.



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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '71.

CHARLES D. HINE,

WATSON R. SPERRY,

ALFRED B. MASON,

GEORGE A. STRONG,

EDWIN F. SWEET.

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CONCERNING FALSTAFF'S CREATION.

WHEN Sir John Falstaff first appeared on the boards, it was thought by some that he was drawn from life. The critics tell us that this opinion, as far as is known, had its origin in a certain resemblance of names. The gossip, however, was thought worth denial; and this was made in the epilogue of *King Henry IV.*—second part,—where, speaking of Sir John, it says:—"for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man." This is sufficient proof that the character of burly Jack was not a portraiture. But if not a portraiture, what was Shakespeare's object in creating him?

History has been toothsomely sugar-coated with fiction for any number of years, and since Charles Dickens wrote "Oliver Twist" we have had arguments for all possible and impossible reforms thrust upon us under the thin disguise of romance, a class of novels of which Charles Reade's "Put Yourself in his Place". and Wilkie Collins's "Man and Wife" are the latest illustrations. In these practical times story-telling has lost in a great degree that natural and charming character which belongs so pre-

eminently, for instance, to the tales of Boccaccio and the adventures related in the "Arabian Nights," and has become, instead, the vehicle by which every advocate of the new or the different endeavors to bring his wares before us for examination and consideration, even in those moments when we wish to forget all serious or debatable matters. Did Shakespeare, in his creation of Sir John Falstaff, set a pattern for these smugglers? I think not.

The object of the utilitarian novel is to reform or change in some way the customs of society, the morals of society or the conduct of life. But Sir John enjoyed things as they were and was "virtuous enough: swore little; diced, not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter—of an hour," etc., etc. A comparison will show that this difference actually exists.

Cervantes, about Shakespeare's time, ridiculed knight-errantry out of existence in Spain by the fantastic vagaries of Don Quixote; but the mad Knight of La Mancha, with his ancient steed and pewter helmet, is altogether a pitiable and despicable character (Coleridge and Margaret Fuller Ossoli to the contrary, notwithstanding), when compared with rare Sir John. The former makes the profession of arms silly, because the author is obliged to represent him as a soft-brained fool in order to be naturally so persistent an adherent of a by-gone system of things;—the latter in no degree weakens our respect (such as it is) for tap-house thrift, because he is such a "*reverend* vice" himself, and seems, not alone so smart, but so successful in his line of business. Again: Thackeray, in our day, has preached vigorous sermons against the morals of a society, which, with some cynicism, but more truthfulness, he called *Vanity Fair*. A Becky Sharp, an Osborne, *père et fils*, a Lord Steyne, with the rest of the company, made up his argument, and yet Sir John is in nowise related to these people. True, he lived upon "nothing a year," as did Mrs. Colonel Crawley; but while we grow indignantly angry at the "*petite dame, très spirituelle*," who, with equal "malice prepense" and as little remorse, robbed sweet Emmy of her husband, her own husband of

his happiness and honest Charles Raggles of his savings, his home and his liberty, yet the "infinite thing" which Mistress Quickly had scored up to Sir John's account, and which that virtuous woman said he had "fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day," until there was "no honesty in such dealing," excites in one no particular emotion either of pity or sympathy for the victim or of dislike or hatred toward the victimizer. But, if Shakespeare did not intend to reform or change customs or morals by this characterization, a disciple of the utilitarian school might ask, with some pretence of reason, if he did not purpose to show in Sir John the evils of a bad life and its doleful end. Not at all. In the modern Sunday school biographies one happens upon such imaginary personages, portrayed for the sole purposes of showing the disadvantages of a godless life and its natural sequence of sorrow and pain; but Sir John is not one of these. To be sure, he exclaims—"A plague of sighing and grief!" as though he were burdened above endurance with these ordinary concomitants of every-day life;—but we know that his only sighs were for sack, and he only felt grief when it was gone. In short, Sir John seems to enjoy so much of the world, the flesh and the devil, and for the most part so continually shows us the good side (comparatively speaking) of such a life, that it is absurd to suppose that Shakespeare, in this characterization, intended to rebuke this sort of living.

What was Shakespeare's object, then, in creating Sir John? Primarily, I think he aimed to fill his theatre. As is well known, Shakespeare was a perfect playwright, i. e., he wrote with an eye to the dramatic market of the day;—as is shown, first, by the utter disregard he has of time and history when either interferes with the continuity or compactness of the plot in hand, of which his historical plays furnish numberless as well as the best examples; and second, by the fact (palpable to any one, upon a little observation and reflection), that Shakespeare, as a dramatic writer, lays aside all his personality. The German critic, Schlegel, commenting upon this, says that only in

Shakespeare's sonnets do we find his real man-nature fully expressed; whereas, in his dramatic works, we find "such representations and views of human debasement as passed—or still pass—with common spectators for wit, but [which] were connected, in the depths of his reflective and penetrating spirit with the very different feelings of bitter contempt or sorrowful sympathy." Indeed, when we remember that he wrote for a living, as we say, it becomes plain that he must ever have had in view, and aimed to satisfy, the tastes of those for whom he wrote. It was only his sublime genius, unable to be hampered, which redeemed his work, and made it acceptable to all peoples. As I have already endeavored to show, he did not attempt to make Sir John either a reformer or an overthrower; while it was his custom to introduce such characters in order to please the popular palate of his times. As it is not possible to think that such a man as Shakespeare wrote with no special purpose, it seems fair to suppose that Sir John was originally designed merely as a taking character.

But ultimately another and a higher reason influenced Shakespeare's thought in the creation and development of the character of Sir John. The dramatic effect in the two parts of *King Henry IV.* lies in the change which takes place in the life of Prince Hal. The effect is heightened by making the change as great as possible. But to represent the Prince as *utterly* given over to mad courses and at the same time a good son, a brave soldier and a wise king, and all within the limits of one play (for each part contains its own particular contrast), requires too great a stretch of the imagination and jars on that nice regard for reasonableness which must ever prevail in the best kind of stage writing. Shakespeare, with that rare dramatic precision and keen perception of fitness which always characterized him, avoided this difficulty by representing the wildness of Prince Hal inferentially from the character of his associates, of whom Falstaff was the chief. That is to say, Sir John was a *personification* of the character which Prince Hal was *popularly* supposed to possess.

We are indebted to the author for Falstaff, then, not alone because such a character would please the audiences of his day, (a consideration which would have satisfied a man of ordinary ability,) but quite as much because such a character would make the plays possess the greatest power and the utmost completeness;—and in this we may see how a man of genius, while paying all deference to the demands of his own period, can yet so use the material thus thrust upon him as to make good his claim to kinship with the most critical judgment and cultivated taste of every period. It is (I think) corroborative proof of the truth of that old line, which Ben Jonson wrote concerning Shakespeare:

“He was not of an age, but for all time.”

W. R. S.

---

## IS NORTH MIDDLE HAUNTED?

[A few days after the opening of the fall term, 1843, a foul murder was committed by a member of the Sophomore class. The victim was one of the college tutors, who came out to quell a disturbance in No. 84 North Middle. He found the party engaged in the disturbance, and, on their taking to flight, pursued, and overtook this Sophomore, who then inflicted upon him several stabs from the effects of which he soon died. Since that time, as tradition hath it, the college has been haunted, and many are the weird tales that are told of nocturnal visions and phantom visitors. The following is a true story of an actual experience that befel the author, and he is willing to vouch for every word of it.]

**D**OUBTLESS, it would be hard to tell, how often, in successive years, as the “wee, sma’ hours” of the night came on apace, the question that heads this article has been vehemently debated by little groups of students, who chanced to room in that venerable old building, concerning which so many stories have been told. Very fascinating it was, while the ruddy flames flashed more brightly in the huge wood stove, and the graceful smoke-wreaths curled upwards more lazily, to advance arguments *pro* and *con* upon this semi-heterodox question; for those who



maintained the affirmative always gave out that they did so merely "for the sake of the argument," and those who opposed them always assumed an air of hearty and thorough astonishment, sometimes even bordering upon contempt, that any could be found "in the 19th century" to "advocate the existence or the possibility of ghosts." But when the increasing lateness of the hour finally broke up the session, each disputant, as he returned to his dark and solitary room, would find thoughts of that same scouted possibility of the re-appearance of spirits from the unknown world, intruding themselves into his mind, until it was only by a vigorous effort that he could shake off such unmanly fancies. And occasionally a successful "sell," perpetrated by some practical wag upon some one who had been observed to be especially credulous in his theories, would reveal how deep were the impressions made by those midnight talks upon at least a part of those who joined in them.

During two years that I roomed in North Middle, I became, of course, fully acquainted with all the strange stories that were afloat regarding it, and not infrequent were my speculations upon the restraints that death might, and might not, impose upon that part of man which we are pleased to call his spirit. Still I cannot say that I had arrived at any very definite conclusions. I could not, on the one hand, see any invincible obstacle in the way of the spirit that might wish to revisit the scenes familiar to it, while in connection with the "tenement of clay;" nor, on the other hand, could I see any sufficient pleasure, likely to result from such visits as are commonly attributed to the incorporeal strangers, to induce them to favor earth with their presence. However, after all my speculations and theories were told, there still remained the stubborn *fact*—that I had roomed in the college reputed to be haunted, for two years, during which time I had spent two vacations in my room—yet neither in term-time nor in vacation had I ever seen or heard anything that would in the least bear out the reputation of the building.

I had for some time entertained the private opinion, that either the aforesaid old building had never had any other occupants than those of ordinary flesh, blood and sinew, or that, if at any time there had been one of another description, he had ere now gone back to more congenial scenes and quarters, when an opportunity was accidentally offered me of setting the vexed question beyond dispute or doubt. This was my unexpected presence in New Haven, about the middle of the last long vacation. I was wandering aimlessly about the college grounds, when the sight of old North Middle recalled to my mind all my former speculations, and I came to the determination of testing the much-mooted question thoroughly. I remembered that, heretofore, whether in term-time or vacation, I had never been in the building at night, when there were not others also occupying rooms in it. Now it was certain that ghosts have been known to exhibit themselves, under such circumstances, but it was no less certain that the particular ghost who had the credit of frequenting North Middle, had *not* done so. Perhaps, then, he was peculiar in requiring that not more than one person should be a witness of his appearance or his orgies. Now, at any rate, I could sleep in my old room, the only living soul—not only in that building, but in the whole range of the colleges. This would result in one or the other of two irrefutable conclusions. Either by his non-appearance I should be justified in an utter and authoritative denial of his existence—for what ghost would fail to improve such an opportunity—or, if he appeared, I should have seen a ghost! To tell the truth, I must confess that the contemplation of this latter idea did not afford me all the calm satisfaction I could have desired, but I was quite confident that the former of the two alternatives would prove to be the result of my experiment, and I therefore concluded to venture upon it. Alas! that my calculations should have so completely failed of realization! Alas! for the rash hardihood that impelled me to query and experiment in regard to the denizens of the future world! True I am alive and uninjured at the present time, but there are

experiences that live in a man's memory forever, from the thoughts of which he can never escape, however he may long to do so, and the recollections of which are so vivid and real to his soul that they cause his blood to chill and his flesh to creep, as if he again beheld them for the first time. But I intended only a simple narrative, and I must confine myself more closely to it; for should I once begin to relate the influences that have changed the whole tenor of my life, and, as it sometimes seems to me, have also changed the entire constitution of my mind and soul, I should exceed the limits assigned to me.

During the afternoon, I had, on some trivial excuse, procured from the college carpenter the key of the north hall of North Middle, armed with which I presented myself at the door just as the clock told off the twelve strokes that proclaimed the "witches' hour." I had been down to Lockwood's with a friend, fortifying myself with repeated plates of ice cream and poor cake, for the approaching experiment. Refusing his offer of a bed at his house, and turning a deaf ear to his questions as to why I wanted to sleep in my old college room, I had shaken hands with him, bidden him "good-night," and taken my way up to the colleges, and now, precisely at the "noon of night," I unlocked and swung back the door, closed and locked it behind me, and slowly ascended the three flights of stairs that led to my room on the fourth story. Each flight that I mounted seemed to cut me off more entirely from the world, and the dull echoes of my footsteps seemed to mock, and, at the same time to threaten the presumptuous mortal, who rashly sought to pry into the movements of restless spirits. I opened the door of my room, struck a light, and sat down to meditate. I was certainly "in for it." There was not a soul in North Middle, or on the college ground, save myself,—unless, (and the idea seemed not so improbable to me as it had under other circumstances,) the "spirits of the dead walk this earth."

But, after all, I was no coward, and I felt, moreover, quite drowsy, as I had been running around a great deal during the day, so I blew out the light, and composed

myself upon the lounge to sleep, until the morning, or something more unusual and startling, should disturb my slumbers.

I had slept, I knew not how long, when I *was* awakened, and not by the "rosy-red streaks of the dawn." I heard a long, loud, shrill rattle and roll, that seemed to originate in, and to fill the room. It was like—how I shudder to think and write of it, thus bringing back *so* vividly the occurrence of that awful night—it was almost *exactly* like the death-rattle, announcing the arrival of the grim sovereign, which once heard is never forgotten. But while preserving a resemblance to this terrible noise it sounded a thousand times as loud.

I sprung from my lounge; it was still dark as midnight and each man can best imagine my feelings at this most trying hour.

But, allow me in conclusion to observe that he will not be very apt to imagine them correctly, who proceeds in accordance with what he has just been perusing, for I recognized in that "long, loud, shrill rattle and roll" merely the familiar sound of my trusty alarm clock. I had wound this up, and placed it on a table in my room, to enable me to catch the early steamboat train, which I succeeded in doing and went on my way rejoicing. S.



## THREE SEPTEMBER SONNETS.

### I.

#### AMPHION.

I sit upon the hill beneath the shade,  
 And listen to the mingled sounds below;  
 The noises by a city's labor made  
 On the September breezes come and go.  
 The sound grows pleasant to my listening ear  
 As I remember 'tis a minor part  
 Of the great anthem, swelling from the heart  
 Of an industrious nation, loud and clear.

Amphion's fabled lyre availed to raise  
 The solid walls of Thebes from massive stones,  
 So gentle and harmonious were its tones.  
 But these harsh noises, in one music blent,  
 Have built the cities of a continent,  
 And still resound, a worldless hymn of praise.

## II.

## DODONA.

I know a pleasant wood wherein the birds  
 Join with the tree-tops, rustling in the breeze,  
 To give forth oracles in mystic words,—  
 Sung by the birds and whispered by the trees.  
 I love to lie within its shade-built walls  
 When the broad noon is drawing slowly near ;  
 The lone wood-robin, whistling sweet and clear,  
 Repeats his ever varied, tuneful calls.  
 All else is silent through the listening grove,  
 Until, uniting with his clear-voiced strain,  
 The passing breezes wake the sounds again  
 That rustle from the maple and the beech ;  
 And bird and tree unto my spirit teach  
 Sweet lessons of God's goodness and His love.

## III.

## THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

Through many weary years of toil and pain,  
 With comrades chosen from the best of Greece,  
 Jason, by hope made strong in heart and brain,  
 Wandered and toiled to find the golden fleece.  
 And still men labor as he did of old,  
 And build great Argos and unfurl their sails  
 And trust themselves to storms and swelling gales,  
 In hope to find again the fleece of gold.  
 Oh, blind! forbear your toils, your wanderings cease ;  
 The blessing that ye seek is near at hand ;—  
 Ye may not find it in another land.  
 The sun's first rays the fleecy cloudlets gild,  
 And in the sky, with morning's gladness filled,  
 Hangs the bright glory of the golden fleece.

T. R. B.

## SATISFACTION.

**I**N the course of your wanderings last summer, did you ever spend a day in trouting—not in the crowded lakes and inlets of the Adirondacks, nor among the forests of Maine, nor even in the well-stocked pond of some charming country-seat; but in some modest brook, unknown to fame, hidden away among the hills? If you did, you remember how perplexed and annoyed you were, after an hour of sport, by a sudden turn of fortune. All your efforts at once became fruitless. You crept up more carefully within casting distance. You sought out the shadiest nooks and deepest pools. You tried new flies of different hues and dropped them with nicer aim; but the trout had vanished, like Roderick's highlanders, and the brook laughed at you as it hurried by. Then you grew careless, and the branches caught you by the sleeve, while the moss slipped away from beneath your feet, and you found "sermons in stones," if not "good in everything." To crown your trouble, you were beset by a great cloud of flying abominations, small in size but diligent in business, and then, when you were wet and tired and out of temper, you were very likely inclined to give up and go home. But as you opened your basket and saw there the fruit of your more fortunate efforts, still fresh and glittering almost as when they first left the stream, did not the sight do you a world of good? You held up the largest—a pounder—at arms length, weighed him in your hand, counted the bright spots of red and orange upon his sides, and as you replaced him, you laid away with him your discontent and returned gaily to the sport.

Well, there are too few analogies between College and trouting, but here at least is one. The terms pass along, bringing little change and no great success, and the least despondent of us is sometimes tempted to ask whether he is really gaining much. They tell us that these years are important and decisive; we only know that they are busy and short. Then there are difficulties about charac-

ter and conduct. Some appear to be gaining by dishonesty and some losing because they are so unlucky as to have a conscience. Labor—our own, especially—is not always appreciated. Feelings are disregarded, motives mistaken; influence and honor do not wait upon worth. In short, things are not managed to suit us. And so we are dissatisfied with our surroundings and with ourselves, and we are disposed to criticize and censure in a very free and alarming manner. Now suppose we stop finding fault, for a few moments, and let the brook run along in its own way, while we open our baskets and see if we are not getting on pretty well after all.

If you should ask the dullest boy in the Primary Department why he came to school, he would hang down his head and rub his eyes and tell you that he came, not because he was sent, but “to learn.” And—let not the statement seem surprising in the light of the methods we use—most of us doubtless are here for the same purpose. At any rate we *are learning*, by virtue of or in spite of ourselves; let us get whatever satisfaction we can out of the fact. Not from books only; though to be sure we puzzle over untranslatable passages. We analyze and combine. We locate innumerable points in unapproachable positions and see that the heavenly bodies keep their respective orbits. But beside these studies and the pleasure we get in laying them down if not in taking them up, have we not ground for a little honest chuckling over the knowledge we are gaining of our greatest enemy—ourselves? It is worth at least as much as a chorus in Agamemnon that we are becoming a little better acquainted with our needs and powers—beginning “to see ourselves as others see us.” How odd it is that after a while every one settles down into his own relative position, taking it for granted that he is where he belongs. And if we “dip into the future,” what harm? We look at the world as a market and wonder where we can invest ourselves to the best advantage. There is a satisfaction in feeling that there is a place for us somewhere. How numberless are the dreams about this place and its duties and pleasures,

that are beginning to haunt us. And how often the vision shifts from the place itself to the companions, whose presence and sympathy will give it grace and charm. Thus we lapse into a kind of brown study—perhaps the most common and enjoyable kind of study, in which we have no need of tutors and win honors of which the Faculty do not dream.

But our future is by no means confined to reveries and vagaries like these; we are stepping into it every day. We are certainly growing; and as our mental house increases, we are furnishing it with larger ideas. That melancholy trait, greenness, has been outgrown and reverently handed down to the infants of the institution. We have become interested in the times in which we live. We side with parties and worship heroes. We speculate about the French Republic and read the Saturday Review. And as to the past—why we know it better than the ancients themselves. The very geese that saved the capitol were not so familiar with Rome as your average Sophomore. And the crumbling dynasties of the old world quake as we drag to light the iniquitous compacts on which they were built up. Science too is trying to astonish us by its mysteries. We are spending many pleasant hours over music, in the Hall, on the fence, and especially under the window. There are those among us who even cultivate the muse themselves; and we are all mighty in quotations.

This growth has not always been uniform. To return to the old comparison, some of us have had cloudier days and better tackle and more experience than others. Some have always traveled at noon, under a blazing sun, have fished “up stream” and in the shallowest places. Still each has captured something, and will have it to show when the day is done. Nor have we all grown wisely. Some have been singularly fortunate in catching pumpkin seeds and polywogs. Some have done a large business in the stump and branch line. And on the other hand, we may have outgrown some really good traits, our innocence and reverence, for example. Well for us if we have



kept our purity ! We have begun to look indifferently at greatness. Why, we shall be great ourselves some day, we say ; some of us think perhaps that we are great already. Our confidence too is weaker, or rather it has become self-confidence. Once we were sometimes deceived and imposed upon, even after we had ceased to be green—there is a sort of satisfaction in the frank avowal of it—but we pride ourselves upon our superior keenness and firmness now. Our judgment is cooler and clearer ; we do not boast of it, but we show it by driving better bargains, and forming better estimates, and taking broader views. Our convictions are more deliberate, and they last longer.

Now is not this mental growth a source of solid satisfaction ? Why, it is *too* satisfactory to some, for it develops in them a certain nauseous disposition to give advice and express opinions, or to talk when they have nothing to say and cannot bring themselves to say it. Still, the sage will tell you that the thing you call obstinacy in your chum is very much like the dignified firmness of which you are a little proud, and that your neighbor's stinginess is twin-brother to your own economy. Grudge him not therefore his grain of conceit ; it is only your self-respect under another name, and it is full of satisfaction.

Is it not fair also to find a ground of satisfaction in increasing physical strength and in the pleasant means by which it is gained ? There is a boating man, straight and broad and tough. You need not look at the blue shirt and the hat-ribbon ; his swinging gait, his prominent chest, his deep voice, his sturdy grip, all tell you that he "pulls on the university." Besides, class boats have their charms, and wherries their favored possessors. And so strength increases, and applause is gained, and races are sometimes *almost* won. Some of us are ball-players. We practice daily on the Green, dodging authorities and the swiftest balls. Meetings are held now and then ; funds are collected constantly. Matches are played—bringing a revenue to the Park, and leaving us a little poorer

than we were before. And then there are the running catches and the home-runs and the victories. Nor can we forget that cradle of giants, the Gymnasium, the place where Freshmen most do congregate and Sophomores cease from troubling, and where, in spite of Wilkie Collins and his broken-down athlete, muscular exercise is adding vigor to body and mind. And thus the satisfaction of the process is supplemented by the satisfactory result: and we say to anxious parents, who are troubled about the habits and confinement of college life, that there is no cause for fear. A certain regularity is compulsory, midnight oil is sparingly burned, and there is a public sentiment in favor of active recreation, whose benefit is acknowledged and pronounced.

Then there is what you might call heart-growth. We are forming strong attachments. Perhaps there is too great a tendency toward meteoric intimacies which blaze fiercely for a little while and suddenly die out. It is probable also that we are too prone to separate into cliques and that our friendships are not general enough. Yet, even as it is, these relations and influences certainly brighten these swift and busy years. In spite of sets and parties, in the face of committees and elections, no one can deny that there is a universal loyalty. We have, besides, our special friends, whose talents we admire and of whose sympathy we are proud. True, our classmates are sometimes troublesome. They break in upon us when we are busy, and sit and argue when we are sleepy and cross. They visit our libraries and borrow our choicest volumes, and the shelves which knew them, know them no more. But we must confess that in some of these visits they find books which we cannot claim ourselves, and sometimes they even profess to discover their own.

And, at any rate, how much more they bring us than they take away! If we are sometimes bothered are we not immeasurably repaid? Vacations show us the strength of these attachments. How we grasped each other's hand as we met last summer in stations and streets,

in car and boat, on the beach and in the mountains. How we sat far into the night, talking over old times and friends, ludicrous mistakes, practical jokes, and all those nameless irregularities which are the spice of college life. Why, almost all our pleasure depends upon our connection and communion, and from these surely, if from any source, do these four years bring us a positive satisfaction.

There is still another satisfactory feature and one which results from these associations. Our common interests and aims destroy our individuality for a time. The moment we are admitted as collegians we cease to be the representatives of different families; our distinctive traits are forgotten—we are Yale students. Old friends pass us without recognizing us, and apologize by assuring us that we “all look alike.” And it is true that we grow into a certain similarity which a common patriotic sentiment, an *esprit du corps* always tends to increase. We might compare our educating process to that ancient custom which we still observe sometimes on winter evenings, but which steam-heated dormitories are destined to destroy—corn popping. We are taken from the various rows in which nature had placed us and are thrown together, undeveloped and raw, into one collection. We are kept in a state of constant agitation, in the heat of varied and increasing study. We are seasoned and—examined; and we swell and sputter more and more as the process goes on. But there are several instructive facts about popcorns. Everybody knows that the kernels which pop the quickest are the best; those which just manage to open as they are taken from the coals are small and tasteless; and there are some, alas! which the heat of forty volcanoes could not induce to pop at all.

But the subject opens before us. Let us be content with naming a few other pleasant phases of our Yale life. There are the societies, many in plan and name, but one in enjoyment; there are the amusements in the open air, the rides, the long walks, the sailing parties on the Sound; there are the jubilees and exhibitions which break so agreeably into the long terms; there are the private jollifications, “the

sounds of revelry by night;" there are the calls and the companies in town, with the bright eyes and the merry voices. We seem to forget the trials and discomforts and to look for a while at the golden side of the shield, and is not this the better way? We have been growing sour of late, and have been disposed to ridicule and denounce without thought or stint. Class doings and college organizations of every kind, divisions by scholarship, the marking system, the order, character and amount of studies, the situation and condition of the college buildings, the chapel with its numerous agitated questions—all in turn have been brought to judgment and pronounced guilty. Would it not be as well to let these matters rest? Annoyances there are, to be sure, flaws in our system of education, inconveniences and inequalities in the practical working of the system, yet how few and small compared with the great blessings which we cannot but see and feel!

We have been talking a long time. Let us go back to our fishing and hope for still further satisfaction.

R. E. C.



## THE LIBRARY BY MOONLIGHT.

"And, oh! how charm'd  
Beneath her loveliness, creation looks."

*Montgomery.*

**M**OONLIGHT has a thankless mission within college precincts.

Otherwheres it is heartily welcomed. Childhood pays it tribute in the celebration of time-honored games, which are never so unreal, and yet never so full of real enjoyment, as when it smiles upon them. It is youth's golden dream-time, whose fantasies, though over-wrought, lend heart and hope to the otherwise drooping energies. Lovers need its mystic influence to hide the roughness and bring out the ideal in the two lives just venturing out toward

each other. Maturity leans upon its staff, and thanks the moonlight for an hour of rest—of forward and backward looking—of calm, unimpassioned thought. Age, too, wishes benisons upon it, as it creeps inch by inch over the sleepless couch, calling up—like some fabled necromancer—the panorama of by-gone days.

But college is so strong, and hale, and self-reliant, that it will not be beholden to so intangible an agency. In the first place, a score of roofs uplift their brown shingles athwart its beams, and whole battalions of chimneys and towers hold guard, as if moonlight were as ruinous to young intellects as is rain to the glossy beavers wherein young intellects reside. Then, hard upon the roofs press the tree-tops, clad in dense foliage, and swaying backward and forward, as if—like sentinels—they would demand the password of any stray moonbeam that might attempt to smuggle its pretty self within the forbidden domain. But, fortunately, tree-tops sometimes fall into a reverie; they move slowly and more slowly along their beat, and at last, coming to a full stop, compose themselves for a nap. Then it is that the elfish moonlight—which is not asleep, but wide awake—steals cautiously over the stained brick walls, and transforms the homely walks into mosaics, and rests here and there in little squares upon the grass. But it finds no flowers, no shrubs, no garden alleys, no cool springs, no whispering fountains. A fitful princess, it has stolen from the paradise of an oriental monarch, and finds itself amid the plain details of a northern camp. And just as it is getting a little at home, and is beginning to offset its wretchedness by the satisfaction of having eluded the sentinels, and is, perhaps, a little comforted by the notes of some soul-stirring song, what breaks upon it but some cruel burlesque of real music, or the boisterous shouts of returning merry-makers, or the twanging of the irrepressible horn?—sounds unearthly enough to frighten braver folk than princesses. And if it lives down all these difficulties, and begins its real mission; if it seeks to woo, for an hour, some young soul away from the

technicalities of books, away from the weary conflicts of an inner life seeking after light, away from the narrowness and self-seeking and littleness and faithlessness into which that soul has strayed; and if the young soul listens, and is wooed, and with glad surprise feels the shackles loosen, the selfishness remove, the clouds vanish, and a new future dawn for his self-aborrent self, and his poor deluded, much-enduring race,—whom has the moonlight for a co-worker but some student, who—with no difficulties to settle, no problems to solve, and no unutterable yearnings to be silent over—bursts in upon his thoughtful friend, and scatters all the light by declaring him—for now the thousandth time—“*moonstruck?*”

To this general hostility, one building on the square is a notable exception. Buttresses rise with its walls, and climb into minarets above them. From a higher elevation graceful arches look down upon these; and above the arches rise other minarets, above which, in turn, slender towers hold sentinel. These adornments attract rather than repel the moonlight, and about them it flits in joyous gambols. The trees are taught not to interfere; and though there is a lack of landscape gardening about the old buttresses, clambering ivies atone, in a measure, for its absence. The building enjoys a tolerable exemption from the discord of other quarters, and seldom does an intruder break the spell which the moonlight throws about it.

A grand spectacle is this building—the College Library—of a moonlight night: a spectacle to dream over, to muse over, to think soberly over.

It was the evening of a matchless October day. The air—balmy as summer—was yet just cool enough to make one reflect with comfort that it was autumn—that golden prelude to frosty mornings, and falling nuts, and Thanksgiving joys. At this season there comes over college a spirit which appears at no other time. The mental rustiness which has crept over us during the long vacation is just disappearing, the fine Fall days put all in the best of spirits, and the year, with its plans of pleasure and

achievement lies before us, a bright, unsullied page. Though the leaves are growing sear, it is college spring-time.

But, at this evening hour, the day's routine was over, and everybody—with a delicious sense of freedom—was making the very most of the leisure season. So it came about that there was a quiet, satisfied murmur up and down among the college buildings, reminding one of the sounds which issue from a bee-hive at twilight. Hours like these are to college the counterpart of those domestic joys which the future whispers of, and happy will it be for that future if the same spirit of cheerfulness and good will and undaunted purpose pervades those, which is the life of these.

Before the open windows of a back room of North Middle, I leaned back in a cozy arm-chair, and yielded to the spirit of the hour. Soon the Library, in all the glory of the harvest moon, gave texture to my reverie. The moonlight fell upon it from the front, so that the shadows seemed lost within the building itself, and all that was visible—from my stand-point at least—was bathed in one mild radiance. This building, thought I, treasures within its recesses nearly a hundred thousand volumes. In so large a collection of books, a majority stand a chance of being—and in this case I know that they are—the works of authors long since dead: and all are so scrupulously guarded, and so tenderly cherished that the remainder will be in excellent preservation when their writers have mouldered into dust. These volumes, too, hold a different position from that of their fellows—old and new—gathered here and there in private collections. Those may become, in an hour, the prey of devouring flames, or like Roscoe's, they may fall from the auctioneer's hammer to "pigmies rummaging the armory of a giant;" and at best they are objects of suspicion or ridicule oftener than of welcome. These, on the other hand, are preserved from the elements by massive walls and heavily mailed doors. One by one—the votive offerings of generations—they have been gathered, and no remorseless.



creditor will ever stretch forth his hand to defile their garments. They form themselves into a kind of literary commonwealth, and all who enter their domain, do so with awe, if not with reverential love. They are so located, moreover, that they form the *penetralia* whence great teachers draw their choicest lore: to them resort writers and thinkers of the country round, and hundreds of youth feel, while among them, their first deep thirst for broad research, and drink in from them their first long draught. These books, then—the condensed summaries of the best thoughts and best labors of multitudes of lives—are silently doing a great work: in fact, now that their writers are gone, or are soon to go, they become their representatives, each in its nook ever young with the spirit of some toiler whose weary frame is long ago at rest.

At thoughts like these, the library ceased to be a dull old building, by day the resort of book-worms, and by night a nonentity. It became, instead, a spacious palace, peopled with thousands of intelligencies which had gathered from every age and clime here to take up their residence. The other buildings—seemingly so astir with life and thought—dwindled away till they seemed like shelter-tents about the pavilion of an emperor: and as for their indwellers, who seemed, an hour before, such prodigies of culture and excellence,—these, too, shrunk away till they became puny dwarfs, creeping in and out the low tent doors, and strutting about with ridiculous pomp at the discovery of some cast off feather of knowledge.

Then what a brightness hovered about this abode of books! No dark shadows yawned here and there, repulsive from their sombernes, or frightful from their mystery, or, at best, a mar to the prevailing brightness. And yet it was not a dazzling splendor. One did not shrink blinded from the sight. There was no exceeding brightness to hide defect, or to repulse lesser lights, or to depict all with self-satisfied ostentation. This mellow glory!—how fit a mantle seemed it, to be hung nightly about this hallowed edifice! How in keeping with the great spirits which had taken up their abode within!

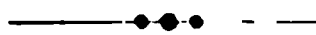


And now they were at rest. Night had sent life's half-reluctant toilers to their cups, their revels, their lusts. To these silent workers it brought relaxation, also; but, like the etherealized spirits which they represented, they had no consuming passions to satiate. With the twilight they had left their toil, to *rest*. Such were the dwellers at the library, such their abode, and such their work. How glorious it all seemed under that harvest moon! And had not hundreds of Yale students entered the pathway to the self-same glory?

On this wise, reader, ran the dream, till the college clock, calling the hour, summoned me back to the more substantial work of life, and anew reminded me that—

“There is a dangerous silence in that hour,  
A stillness which leaves room for the full soul  
To open all itself, without the power  
Of calling wholly back its self-control.”

D. N. B.



## THE GIRLS ON THE BEACH.

Let jollity temper my madness,  
And sentiment soberly preach,  
As I welcome with rapturous gladness,  
The mirth-loving girls on the beach.

See them buffet with foam-covered billows,  
And laugh 'neath the lash of the spray,  
Heaping shells for their nymphian pillows,  
With the skill of a watery fay.

Oh! happy the wave which dishevels,  
Those clusters of sun-colored curls,  
Thrice happy the billow that revels  
'Neath bands of such blossoming girls.

Come, listen, the wild waves are sighing  
The same tender story of yore,  
Even gray-bearded ocean is plying  
His love to the maids on the shore.

Oh! would that the sea were my dwelling;  
That fairies like these might exalt  
The joys that already are welling,  
But,—*Lordy! I can't go the salt!*

R. W. O'B.

## SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE.

EMERSON has enlightened the world by his ideas on my topic. My own aim is a more humble one. It is simply to discuss the problem which presents itself to every student as Junior year approaches. Which is the more preferable,—to enter New Haven society, or to remain in the solitude of one's room?

As a mission of mercy, entering society here is certainly to be commended. I know of few more noble sights than a boy of twenty affably conversing with some young lady of twenty-five or so, who has known every society-man in the last eight or ten years and by saying the same things to each of them has acquired a glib dexterity of speech at once confusing and alarming to her young companion. The fact that the latter is willing to spend his evenings in this way, augurs either an exceedingly uncultivated taste or else a tendency to self-sacrifice, which ought by all means to be encouraged in this degenerate world of ours.

Seriously, however, the attractions of society here have always seemed to me to be over-estimated, and when I think of how many fellows "go in" and aver that they enjoy it, I am tempted to subscribe heartily to the old belief that the mere propinquity of the two sexes has such a peculiar charm that for it one would give up everything save life. The believers in this doctrine believed also that society was an invention of the devil himself, but I can scarcely follow them as far as this. Here certainly it is far too mild and weak to have been inspired by anything of such energy as his Satanic Majesty.

Society here is never settled. The transition state is its normal condition. It is rather unpleasant, as you bow and smile and murmur inane nothings to some charming being, to reflect that she is thinking "Mr. So-and-so, number one-thousand-and-five of my acquaintance," and that henceforth in the prison of her mind you are to figure as prisoner number one-thousand-and-five. There is a suspicious air of truth in the well-known story of the young

lady who always numbered her student friends in this way, and was detected, when in her fifteenth or sixteenth year of conquest her memory failed, because she fell into a bad habit of addressing young men by their numbers instead of their names. How many times that young heart must have beaten loudly against its walls of silk and lace. How many times that bosom must have palpitated with fierce emotions of love. How many men must have whispered mocking words of adoration to her, and roused hopes which were never to be fulfilled. Her career is no singular one. It is simply a repetition of many before it, a pattern of many after it. In the small clique which claims to be our "best society," one could very easily point out half a dozen old veterans who have known and been known by the classes of the last ten years. It is amusing to hear a graduate of a decade ago speak of some celebrity of his college days, and name some one whom you have seen at the last party exercising all her powers of fascination upon an eighteen-year-old boy. I wonder if she never thinks that she is out of place there. How sublime must be that self-conceit which tells her that she can still dazzle or charm. Her conversation is of the most interesting nature. "Oh, I am so glad to meet you! Pray do you know Smith of '60? No! why how strange, but what a lovely man Jones of '61 was." One scarcely goes to a party to hear the praises of his predecessors sung, although we can console ourselves by the thought that in ten years more the class of '80 will hear of our excellences from the same rosy lips. It is a really pitiful thing to hear a knot of fellows discussing some party which they have just come from. One says, "By Jove, how old do you think Miss —— is? She told me she knew Prof. So-and-so when he was a student," and then they conjecture about her age, laugh at her follies, and ridicule her conversation. She exposes herself to it. She is blind to the fact that her day is past, and that she ought to leave the arena to her younger sisters. We respect an old man, but when he tries to appear young, we laugh at him. Age in woman demands and obtains our respect

still more, but when its possessor apes the ways of youth, she is simply ridiculous. I do not mean to say that New Haven society is composed exclusively of old young ladies. This is not so. But the tone of society is given by such a class, and the first remark, which a stranger would make at a party here, would be "what old young ladies and what very young men."

The latter part of the observation would be as true as the former. The majority of students who go into society are immature striplings, who are as much out of place there as are most of their lady friends. This fact excites my wonder that these lady friends should care to meet such acquaintances, and after reflection I have been forced to conclude that they are actuated by that maternal instinct which Charles Reade says is inherent in the feminine heart. Denied the solace of children of their own, to train up in the way they should go, they indemnify themselves by guiding these innocents through the mazy windings of society, by listening to their artless prattle about college, and by instructing them in regard to the departed heroes of Yale. It is not a very noble occupation, and it seems to me to be mistaken kindness. If the juvenile collegians could be soundly snubbed for their temerity, it would probably be of great benefit to them. The essence of society is talk. To talk well is a rare gift. It is something to be desired and something to be striven for. It requires a substratum of knowledge and experience. There are few of us who have either, and the time in which we might acquire them, we fritter away in folly. I respect the few men in each class who could, but do not, go into society. Abstinence from dubious enjoyment now will be richly paid for hereafter.

To my mind the problem is answered. Society must yield to Solitude. \*

## ATALANTA.

Bring roses, bring laurels,  
Bring ivy so green,  
And twine us a chaplet  
To deck our fair queen.

Come elves and come fairies,  
With song and with dance,—  
Ye sylphs and ye houris,  
Together advance.

Come nymphs of the forest,  
From mountain and glen,  
Re-echo the chorus,  
Again and again.

Hail bright Atalanta,  
Thou fleetest of all!  
Let joy e'er stand ready  
To answer thy call.

Be thine, lightest footsteps,  
Most exquisite grace;  
Let not care or anxiety  
Wrinkle thy face.

Let garlands surround thee  
Of Faith ever green,—  
Affection's bright roses,  
Around thee be seen.

\* \* \* \* \*

And if, for thy humble minstrel,  
Laurels do not grow,—  
If the happy victor's chaplets  
Never press his brow,  
Far removed from busy turmoil,  
In some quiet spot,  
Grant him, from thy floral treasures,  
One forget-me-not.

J. A. B.

## BUTTON-HOLE TALKS.—No. IV.

My dear Aristodemus, I was amused at a little performance of yours a night or two ago. You remember you had had a very good supper that evening—this to my certain knowledge. Afterward, you had walked down street, in that quiet and assured way which is so becoming to you, had stopped at Brown's and taken a cigar with a friend, had strolled on, nodding affably to your friends and acquaintances, as your manner is, and thus, after a pleasant voyage, landed at the post-office. I observed that you stepped a little quicker than usual, when you saw a trim, well-filled envelope in your box, and I began then to suspect what was coming. But I walked on, and, as usual, had my hopes dashed to the floor by the venerable General Delivery. With no mail of my own to look after, I had the more time to give to yours, and I must say I felt very generous just then. I came upon you, looking in a wonderfully pleased way at the snug little packet which the dapper gentleman at the window had just handed you. So I looked, too. There was your name—Mr. Aristodemus Browne—written in that tremulous and meandering way which is so suggestive of feminine superlatives, underscored overmuch, and tender repetitious postscripts. I was certain, at once, that this wasn't the sort of a letter which one opens as soon as received and reads in the office, on the street, anywhere. No, no, my boy. It would be profane to expose these innocent prattlements to the gaze of the cold and selfish multitude. It was the kind of a letter which one claps into his pocket quick, as though the very breath of the crowd would pollute it. I saw it was a letter you had expected, and looked discreetly toward the street. Into your pocket it went, and you began to talk about the war on the Rhine as we walked out, but I knew that you were wishing me to the bottom of that river, or in a hotter place, if the temperature suited me better, so that you could get into your room in a hurry and read that letter. Ah, my dear Aristodemus,

men are almost as selfish as cats!—which accounts, perhaps, for the fact that a woman whose love for the former is nipped i' the bud, naturally turns the streams of her affections on the latter. But I knew your feelings were like

“The uncertain glory of an April day;”

—and when we separated you left me at the fence. Of course you had some studying to do at your room—that was your excuse for going—but I'm certain the text-book you used that night is not mentioned in the catalogue!—My dear Aristodemus, I'm afraid you have been a sad rogue this last vacation. As I sat there in the moonlight I saw how it had been. It was neither in the city nor at a fashionable watering-place that you met her. At such places your collegial importance diminishes to the dimensions of the perennial wall-flower;—you are not, to put it bluntly, “eligible” plunder,—for which you ought to give God thanks. Beside: although we have the authority of wise old Falstaff for saying that “an old cloak makes a new jerkin,” yet characters are not like cloths. When woman goes trading in Vanity Fair for money and position, the pure, fresh, trusting affection of girlhood dies forever, and you might as well look for violets to bloom in the crater of Etna as to expect such a letter as the one you read that night with the door shut from such a creature. No, off among the hills somewhere, in some quiet hamlet, where life goes slowly and girls do not live to dress and flirt, somebody mailed that letter to you. And in that first letter, written, probably, in obedience to some lightly-expressed request of yours, are condensed all the vague emotions which permeated her being through many summer days. So fresh is the picture yet in your mind, so strongly were you yourself moved by the witchery of sky and field and her presence, so graphic is the recital of the simple pleasures of your vacation life, that it all came back to you as you read. You thought how you happened on her one morning, and were taken by some trick of speech, of look or of manner—by something unconven-

tional and therefore strange to you. You were on the look-out for some entertainment, and you saw her again. You found she had read some—that she had taste, sentiment;—in a word, you found her a princess, and (for your own amusement, I'm afraid) you resolved to be her prince. It is wonderful how frequently, in the country, princesses and princes can manage to see one another, and you remember that you lived up to the extreme limit of your privileges. Among other devices, you took great interest in her education—you talked to her of books you had read, of authors you had known or seen, of places you had visited. Her manifest interest in what you said flattered and gratified you—you positively enjoyed talking to her—you thought you had found some one at last who could appreciate you. You read to her. While the bees,

——“like soldiers, armed in their stings,  
Made boot upon the summer's velvet-buds,”

you made her simple heart throb anew with pity at the plaintive melody of “*Evangeline*,” you charmed her with the artful sweetness of those numbers wherein are told the lawless loves of Queen Guinevere and Lancelot of the Lake, you pretended to study out with her the meaning of the mystic verse of Browning. You kept in the trodden path, but some of the way was wonderful to her; and she thought that such words from *your* lips were the sweetest she had ever heard. My dear Aristodemus, this was serious business for her, as she found out when you said good-by. And I dare say *you* felt serious then, and a little castle in the air went up at once, in which you thought it quite probable that the princess and you would live some day. Perhaps you said as much, or, what is worse, looked as much. Next morning you wondered what the deuce ailed you yesterday!—but she! she wondered if you hadn't already issued orders for laying the foundation of that wonderful castle! The old feeling came back again on reading her letter, and if you had answered it that night I dare say you would have written one which would have satisfied her. But you didn't; and



when you did write, it was because you thought you must, and your letter was only "words—words—mere words, no matter from the heart." My dear Aristodemus, you have begun this college year by making one heart sad off among the hills somewhere.—But you are wondering what I'm driving at. And perhaps you think I'm going to say, with Harry Hotspur,

—"this is no world  
To play with mamnets and to tilt with lips;"

—but I'm not. This is the only world where such things are possible, and God has put into men and women a desire for one another's confidence and love:—it is not for me to interfere with the plans of the Almighty. But God never designed that these things should be done for fun—that men and women should make love to one another for a day's or a week's diversion. And so, my dear Aristodemus, knowing that this is your second or third experience of this kind, I have felt called upon to protest against it. If you admire this girl—if she will grow as you grow, and out of your two lives the flower of love shall blossom forever and ever—then I am dumb. Grapple her soul to yours with hooks of steel, and God bless you both, say I. But if, as I suspect, you have only been amusing yourself—if you are already tired of her—write and tell her so, and be done with it. You probably have done her a mischief now—but make the best amends you can for it. Remember that a word from you now may make her the contented and happy wife of some rustic neighbor, whereas a continued hope of some day marrying you, may hurt her for life. Love is but a creature of circumstances, and if you but open her eyes at once to the sentimental nonsense which you have been palming upon her as the genuine article, she will forget you and be the happier for it. "Women are frail, too." And perhaps you have been somewhat ardent in your wooing—at least going so far as to find out for yourself what truth there is in Boccaccio's saying that "kissed lips lose no flavor;"—for you know it is said that "hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot

thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love." If so, it is all the worse for her—and for you, too: for you, in that you have received a hurt in your self-respect; for her, in that she has lost, forever, the modesty of ignorant girlhood;—for both of you, in that she will love you the more for what you have taught her, and you will despise her because she let you teach her. You remember what Colonel Esmond says about this: "A man dashes a fine vase down, and despises it for being broken. It may be worthless—true; but who had the keeping of it, and who shattered it?" So it will be with you, my dear Aristodemus. Because you have her love, you will think it worthless, and be angry with the giver. And so much the more ought you to open the eyes of this girl, whoever she may be, who even now dreams of you

—"amid her narrow days,  
Moving about the household ways,  
In that dark house where she was born;"

and who bids fair to say, some day, with Shakespeare's  
"Helen:"

"I know I love in vain, strive against hope;  
Yet, in this captious and intenable sieve,  
I still pour in the waters of my love,  
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,  
Religious in mine error, I adore  
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,  
But knows of him no more."

—Not that I would call you a sun—heaven forbid! But she thinks you are—which is as bad for her as if you were; and will continue to think so, unless you show her, beyond contradiction, that you are only a mock sun. Dethrone yourself, then, rather than play the king longer at the price of a woman's ignorance and credulity. And do it absolutely. Kick over every atom of the pedestal upon which she has placed you. Don't leave any fragments upon which to base a so-called Platonic friendship. Act the man, and at once. And don't play at this game of hearts any more, until you play in earnest.

## NOTABILIA.

———At the close of last year, the *Nation*, *apropos* of the pamphlet entitled "Yale, '70," made some cutting remarks concerning the advisability of publishing such "childish fooleries," &c., which seem to us scarcely warranted by the facts in the case. The *Nation* apparently forgets that these statistics are published only for the benefit of the Class, and are not intended for outside circulation. The place they fill may be a small one, but they fill it well,—better in fact than anything else could, and they can plead as an excuse for their existence, the unquestioned demand for them here. It may be of no interest to an outsider to learn that the nicknames of the Class have been "Gasbag, Slab, Deacon, Squat," &c., or facts of similar import, but such a thing brings up many pleasant memories to one who can fix the nicknames upon the men, and on this foundation build up jolly recollections of merry fellows and merry times. The records of boating and ball, of prize debates and prize compositions, of honors won in every way, have a permanent value, and even the more trivial parts are not destitute of interest to one who can use them as links in the chain of events which makes up one's life at Yale. Our rejoinder to the *Nation* is somewhat late, but we embrace the first opportunity to make it, confident, as we are, that this journal's critical acumen is not as signally apparent in this as in other criticisms.

———The failure of Statement-of-Facts this year naturally suggests the idea of giving it up altogether. It was revived three years ago, and was, at first, quite a success. But it has never been so since. The number of Freshmen who attend has steadily diminished, until this last time there were only thirty-two present. This non-attendance makes the whole thing a farce, and unless some reform is speedily suggested, this custom is doomed to follow Football, the Burial of Euclid, Bullyism, Pow-Wow, Class-Suppers, and the kindred things of the past.

———Among these things of the past may perhaps be reckoned the Wooden Spoon Exhibition. If the reported decision of the faculty is correct, this has been strictly forbidden. There are few, if we except ambitious Juniors and curious Freshmen, who will sorrow over this. The Spoon has been steadily growing "stale, flat, and unprofitable," until its dullness culminated last year. No one would care to see a repetition of the last Exhibition, and the whole thing is such a matter of routine and red-tape, that there is but little hope of its being improved. Its death would make Junior year a far pleasanter one, and would really leave no unfilled gap. Since Presentation and Commencement are to come together hereafter, there will be plenty of amusement and excitement without the Spoon, and, having outlived its usefulness and pleasantness, its best course is to die.

———Although the article on the Athenæum, which formed the staple of the *Courant's* reading matter for two or three weeks of last year, was both able and exhaustive, we have yet discovered one or two additional facts of interest in connection with the old building. In 1761, when it was in course of erection, some daredevil student stole the Chapel Bible, and skillfully inserted it within the half-built walls. The next morning the masons went on with their work, and the book was apparently entombed forever. An entry in President Stiles' diary informs us of the loss of the bible, and a few years later is followed by another, commemorating the fact that the thievish student, smitten by remorse, had sent word where he had concealed it. It was of course too late to recover it, and nothing more was said or done, until the Athenæum was remodeled during the last vacation. The book had been built in just between the two central windows of the north wall, and when the floors and beams had been taken down, one or two of the faculty, mindful of this legend of the past, ordered the masons to take away the bricks and disinter the long-buried treasure. It was then almost evening, and after half an hour's ineffectual search, they left

off with the intention of proceeding in the morning. In the morning it was too late. Whether some well-informed person had been watching them from the beginning, or whether some one overheard the directions given them, is unknown, but certain it is that when they resumed work the next day, they found that a few more bricks had been displaced, and an oblong cavity was disclosed, where the book they sought *had* evidently been. Where it is now, is unknown. It is another of Yale's "mysterious disappearances."

——The incidental mention of the *Courant* reminds us that the Yale supplement of that paper has commenced a "personal" column, where so-called jokes are perpetrated at the expense of various collegians. Setting aside the facts that the jokes are pointless, even to those who know the victims, and that they must be ineffably stupid to those who do not, the good taste of the idea is very questionable, and its execution seems to be going from bad to worse. The present board has the capacity needed to make their paper a good one, and will, we hope, speedily discard such puerilities.

——Faultfinding is a great characteristic of student conversation and student literature. We grumble as naturally as we talk or write. And yet we are good-natured in it. We submit to be fleeced and abused in various ways, we pay exorbitant prices for almost everything, we are "long-suffering and slow to anger," and we relieve our over-wrought feelings by indulging in a chronic grumble. This tendency is apt to diminish the effect of a real outburst of feeling, and hence is something to be deplored, although it does act as a safety-valve for a good deal of bad feeling. The editor of the *Notabilia* deprecates the charge which has been made against himself, that he is "over apt" to grumble. He has no wish to ride, Quixote-like, at windmills, and waste his strength in combats with imaginary foes, but he hopes to remedy some real abuses in College, by calling the attention of College to them.

## MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

*Our Record,*

Which extends from July 12 to October 10, covers a period full of idleness and rest. The "long vacation," with its various pleasures, has come and gone. All college has been off vagabondizing, getting health and strength for another forty weeks' work. Bronzed and hearty, all college is now back again, and the process of education is once more going on. This happy do-nothing season was preceded, however, by the usual

*Annual Examinations,*

Which were conducted by the Faculty, with the customary state and formality, at Alumni Hall. There was nothing new about these interesting and impressive exercises, except the questions asked;—these, of course, on the one hand, were mere a b c to the high-stand men, and on the other, were very mysterious to the vast multitude who are aiming at "general development." As the rule, however, every one handed in his papers in the devout belief that *he* had "rushed;" took his hat and left the room with a vague notion of going to work for "stand," now; on comparing opinions with the first man he met after leaving the steps, thought he might *possibly* have fizzled *one* question; was confirmed in this idea, after talking with another; walked thoughtfully to his club, and was at once struck with the dissimilarity between the answers he had handed in and those stated to be correct by C. Sponge, Esq., who began cramming in the middle of the term, who could begin at either end of any text-book of the year and go through it without misplacing a comma, and who was therefore not to be gainsayed; suddenly concluded it was bad policy to talk so much about examinations after they were over; couldn't help wondering, though, to himself, if his term stand would save him from a condition; tried to recollect how many times he had "rushed" this last year, but his memory failed him; comforted himself by getting a cigar at Hoadley's and thinking that a fellow couldn't study as he had done without rushing at least *once*; perched himself on the fence, and publicly stated that *he* wouldn't study for stand, anyhow. Thus are we disciplined in spirit, as well as in mind. Our bodies received due correction this year, also. The mercury took up permanent quarters among the nineties, rising, however, upon the slightest provocation, to towering altitudes, from which, with diabolical leer, it seemed to shout back to us

melting mortals that vulgar conundrum: "How's that for high?" In consequence (we suppose) of this distressing combination of miseries, seven men were dropped and thirty conditioned. Some of the examination papers contained different questions for the men in different divisions, as last year. After a careful perusal of the papers handed in, we believe it is the unanimous opinion of the faculty that no one got hold of the questions beforehand,—at least no second examinations were held. The examinations through with, and the results thereof having been announced, there was hurrying to and fro for home on the part of most of the members of the three under-classes, not even the exhilarating prospect of the

### *Baccalaureate Sermon*

Being sufficient to keep them in New Haven. This was preached in the chapel, at three o'clock in the afternoon of July 17, by the President. His text was from the epistle of Paul to the Galatians, vi: 9, and read as follows: "And let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." The sermon was divided into—What well-doing is; what are the causes of weariness, and what rewards will be reaped. About forty of the graduating class were in attendance. A fair-sized audience was present, however, made up of visitors, townspeople and students. The weather was red-hot, and the flies were innumerable and very hungry. Notwithstanding the efforts put forth by these busy and pothering scavengers, most of those present survived, and were able to attend the graduating exercises of the Scientific School, which took place at Sheffield Hall on Monday, July 18, and a full account of which will be found in the Scientific memorabilia. The next thing on the programme of commencement week was the

### *Sophomore Prize Declamations,*

Which came off at the chapel on the evening of Tuesday, July 19. We reprint the names of those members of '72 who had been selected, by the combined judgment of Prof. Northrop and Instructor Bailey, to speak, together with the titles of the pieces spoken: "Intellectual and Industrial Activity of England"—Choate, George Richards, Bridgeport, Conn.; "The Prisoner of Chillon"—Byron, John W. Wescott, Berlin, N. J.; "England's misrule of Ireland"—Shiel, George E. Martin, Norwich, Conn.; "The Eagle"—Wilson, John Sanford, Amsterdam, N. Y.; "Thanatopsis"—Bryant, Harry M. Sanders, New York City; "The Battle"—Schiller, Alexander R. Merriam, Goshen, N. Y.;

"The Rights of Colored Citizens"—Clarke, Frederic S. Dennis, Newark, N. J.; "Slaves once Free, forever Free"—Sumner, Charles C. Deming, Hartford, Conn.; "Scene in Congress on the death of Calhoun"—Parker, Greene Kendrick, Waterbury, Conn.; "A Scene in Court"—Hugo, John H. Hincks, Bridgeport, Conn. The committee of award, who were chosen on the spot, assigned the prizes as follows: 1st prize—Henry M. Sanders, New York City. 2nd—George E. Martin, Norwich, Conn.; George Richards, Bridgeport, Conn. 3d—Alexander R. Merriam, Goshen, N. Y.; John W. Wescott, Berlin, N. J. The audience was somewhat larger than the one which attended the same exercise last year, and the architectural beauties of the chapel of course appeared in all their wonted profusion and brilliancy. The increased size of the audience may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that that venerable entertainment known as the "Concio ad Clerum," which has heretofore taken place on the Tuesday evening preceding commencement, did not take place—for what reason we cannot tell, unless it be that surmises of mad excitement and bitter feelings engendered by the approaching contest of factions at the business meeting of

### *Phi Beta Kappa,*

Which occurred at the President's Lecture Room at nine o'clock of Wednesday morning, July 20, drove all thoughts of the "concio" and the "cleri" from the minds of those who had the matter in charge. However that may have been, the ancient fraternity, after a night's sleep and a good breakfast, was altogether of one mind, and no scenes of verbal bloodshed or metaphorical slaughter took place. The chief business of the meeting consisted in the election of officers and new members. The former were continued over from last year. The new members are as follows: class of '70—Willard Eddy, Edward G. Selden; class of '71—R. W. Archbald, C. E. Beebe, C. H. Board, J. A. Burr, C. E. Cuddeback, Edward Gray, C. D. Hine, Frank Johnson, C. R. Lanman, Howard Mansfield, R. P. Maynard, W. W. Perry, W. B. Riggs, W. R. Sperry, C. E. Steele, Thomas Thacher, W. K. Townsend, R. E. Williams, F. L. Auchincloss, O. J. Bliss, A. P. Bradstreet, C. H. Clark, C. B. Dudley, E. B. Guthrie, A. E. Janvier, H. E. Kinney, R. B. Lea, A. B. Mason, E. T. Owen, H. W. Pope, L. A. Sherman, J. W. Starr, E. F. Sweet, A. E. Todd, N. H. Whittlesey, E. A. Wilson. In the felicitous language of the *Courant*: "These men constitute about one-third of the class [of '71], and are those having the highest rank in scholarship, together with a few thought worthy to be members on account of other attainments." The remainder of the session was



consumed by an unimportant debate, relating to the abolition of the society at Yale. The talk ended in the appointment of a committee to take such action as they should think best for the present and eternal welfare of the organization. The society then adjourned to some indefinite time in the future, and the new members went away with the solemn thought that perhaps, after all, they had been elected to attend a funeral instead of a feast. At any rate, there were no peanuts—the traditional ambrosia of  $\Phi$ . B. K.—visible. In the evening the society held its public exercises at the North church. These consisted of an address by Dr. McCosh, President of Princeton college, and a poem by James K. Lombard, '54. The address treated of the relations between religion and modern science, and was an hour and a half in length. The poem is said to have “had a few good hits, which were appreciated”—a statement which is complimentary to both author and audience. Whether true or not, we are not able to affirm, as at that time we had not fully recovered from the depressing effects of an attendance upon the

### *Alumni Meeting.*

Which was held in Alumni Hall, and called to order at about ten in the morning of the same day, July 20, by Prof. D. C. Gilman, '52. The meeting was fully organized by the election of Rev. Dr. J. P. Thompson, '38, as chairman, and Hon. Ellis H. Roberts, '50, of the *Utica Herald*, as secretary. After prayer by Dr. Taylor of Andover, the minutes of the last meeting were read by Prof. Gilman. Dr. Thompson then made some general remarks concerning the growth and prosperity of the college, after which the obituary record was read and distributed. Mr. Roberts then read a letter from a son of Hon. Ezekiel Bacon, of Utica, of the class of 1794, who is the oldest alumnus living, as well as the oldest surviving member of congress. After this, Dr. Thompson introduced the speech-making season by calling upon President Woolsey, '20, who was followed by Dr. Bacon, '20, Prof. A. C. Twining, '20, Samuel H. Bates, '33, Hon. Lawrence James, '25, of Montgomery, Ala., then in New Haven for the first time since his graduation, and Dr. McCosh of Princeton. The Dr. made a speech of some length, in the course of which he stated that in his opinion American scholarship would be elevated by better preparatory schools, by encouraging post-graduate study, and by competitive examinations for the appointment of young men to public office. The real business of the meeting was then brought up by Prof. Porter, '31, who read the reports of the committee of the alumni on the proposed change in the government of

the college. The reports called forth remarks from Hon Wm. M. Evarts, '37, who said that there were no legal difficulties in the way of the talked-of alteration, Judge A. Taft, '33, Rev. Dr. J. P. Gulliver, '40, Prof. Thacher, '35, Dr. Horace Bushnell, '27, Dr. Bacon, ex-Governor Hawley, and Profs. Twining, Porter and S. E. Baldwin, '61. Much talk, amounting to—nothing, to wit: that the present corporation ought not to be changed; but if *any* change was made, that it should take the form of an advisory board or committee, appointed by and from the alumni, to act in connection with the corporation. The present officers of the Alumni association were re-appointed for another year. The able and satisfactory way in which the alumni meeting did *not* settle any of the important questions relating to the government of Yale College, so depressed the undergraduates present and younger alumni, as has before been stated, that few were able to attend the services of Φ. B. K. at North church, but sought, instead, the more congenial scenes of

### *Class Reunions and Suppers.*

These abounded on this (Wednesday) evening. The most interesting of these, to lookers-on, was the triennial meeting of the class of '67, at the New Haven House, at which the class cup was presented to the class boy. This class graduated with 101 members, of whom 48 sat down to the supper. At eleven o'clock the doors were thrown open, and the room was at once filled with a brilliant crowd. The welcoming speech was made by the chairman, J. M. Spencer, of Washington, D. C. After the class had sung the cup song, the presentation speech was made by Thomas Hedge, Jr., of Burlington, Iowa. The reception speech was made by the happy father, Albert Warren, of Spencer, Mass., in behalf of the lucky youngster, who first saw daylight on the twenty-sixth of October, 1868, and who is already known among his boon companions as Walter Chester Warren. "Tom's" speech was a model of the kind, and some people can't think of it yet without laughing. The class appointed W. H. Morse secretary for the next three years. Beside the class of '67, five other classes held meetings on the same evening, as follows: at the New Haven House, '60 and '55; at the Tremont House, '50 and '45; and at Lockwood's, '64. Each of these gatherings was characterized by feasting, speech-making, a general revival of old-time fellowship and a commendable determination not to go home till morning; and yet, for all this reckless disregard of sleep, but few failed to join the procession which opened, in the good old way, on the morning of Thursday, July 21, the

*Commencement Exercises*

Of the one hundred and seventieth anniversary of Yale College. The dignitaries, past, present and to come, marched gravely to the Center church, where they were edified and sweated to their own great satisfaction. "The fair," who were in attendance, were kept separate from "the brave," and all went merry as a dinner bell. The appointments of '70 were given in our July number, with the exception of C. W. Gould, N. Y. City, second dispute, whose stand was not made out at the time we wrote. The subjects and speakers of the day were as follows: Salutory Oration in Latin, DWIGHT WHITNEY LEARNED, Plymouth; Dissertation, "A Plea for the Useless," ROBERT WEEKS DEFOREST, New York City; Dissertation, "The American Disregard of Law, PHILIP LINDSLEY, Nashville, Tenn; Dissertation, "Comic Literature," EDWARD SACKETT HUME, New Haven; Oration, "The Progress of Medical Science," GEORGE LUCIUS BEARDSLEY, Milford; Oration, "Mental Gravitation Laws," ORLANDO COPE, Butlerville, Ind.; Oration, "The True Reformer," JOHN HOYT PERRY, Southport; Oration, "Religious Autocrats," MORRIS FRANK TYLER, New Haven; Oration, "The Democracy of Jefferson," WALTER SETH LOGAN, Washington; Philosophical Oration, "The Realm of Law," WILLIAM HENRY WELCH, Norfolk; Philosophical Oration, "Christianizing the World," JOHN SCUDDER CHANDLER, Madura, South India; Oration, "Poetry," JOHN WALLINGFORD ANDREWS, Columbus, O.; Oration, "The Chinese Puzzle," THOMAS JOSEPH TILNEY, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Oration, "The Problem of College and the Problem of Life," with the Valedictory Address, GEORGE CHASE, Portland, Me. The music was under the direction of Dr. Stoeckel, and was most excellent. Every speaker gave the utmost satisfaction to his particular acquaintances and friends. One or two are now in our mind whom we might mention as having acquitted themselves remarkably well, but our judgment would probably be questioned by the vast congregation of fathers and mothers, uncles and aunts, not to mention the sisters and cousins in attendance, and we discreetly change the subject. The exercises were finished at a single session—a change introduced at the graduation of '68—in consequence of which the

*Conferring of Degrees,*

By the President, took place at about one o'clock. The one hundred and eleven members of '70, graduated, each one, a full-grown A.B. The degree of A.M. was given, in regular course, to thirty men of '67,

out of course to seven graduates of other classes, from '29 to '63, and special to seven non-graduates; B.D. to nine; and LL.B. to four. The following honorary degrees were also conferred: LL D., Hon. Wm. Strong of the Supreme Court of the United States, President Eliot of Harvard, and Prof. J. D. Whitney of Harvard; D.D., Rev. J. A. Benton, '42, of San Francisco, Rev. J. T. Hyde, recently elected Professor in Chicago Theological Seminary, and Rev. G. L. Walker of the Center church, New Haven; A.M., Prof. W. P. Trowbridge, just elected Professor in the Sheffield Scientific School, J. G. Batterson, Esq., of Hartford, and Wm. H. Wilcox, M.D.;—the degree of M.D. was conferred by recommendation of the Connecticut State Medical Society on N. D. Haight; and A.B., *ad eundem* to Thos. D. Seymour. Prayer by the President followed, during which the new-fledged alumni busied themselves, very irreverently, in "shaking up a song," after which the big-wigs, old and new, went over to the

### *Alumni Dinner.*

This was eaten in Alumni Hall, as of yore, and like most public "feeds," was made up of little to eat and much to hear. The little to eat was made away with in short order, after which the President opened the flow of words by giving a brief *resumé* of the growth of the college during the past year. The items were—Farnam Hall built and paid for, Divinity Hall built and paid for, Durfee Hall begun (to be fully completed before the next commencement) and paid for, the Sanscrit professorship, previously of only \$750 a year, now resting upon a \$50,000 foundation (which saves Prof. Whitney from Harvard's clutches), the gift of a valuable library of Oriental literature and £1000 already sent to England to make additions to it (these three gifts being from a single individual). The President then put in a plea for additional funds for the college library, stating that at present it does not afford adequate facilities for studying any branch of literature or of science thoroughly. After the President sat down, speeches were made by Gov. English, ex-Governor Hawley, Profs. Trowbridge and Weir, Mr. James, Prof. Fisk, '49, Mr. Roberts, Gen. Burnam, '40, of Kentucky, Mr. Butler, '35, General Carrington, '45, of the U. S. Army, General Tappan, '45, of Arkansas, Calvin G. Childs, '55, U. S. District Attorney of Connecticut, and W. W. Phelps, '60, of N. Y. City. The remarks of Messrs. Childs and Phelps, though revolutionary, we guess, were perfectly harmless. This virtually finished the programme of commencement week, although there were

### Receptions

On Thursday evening at the residence of the President and at the Art Gallery. Both of these were fully attended and were exceedingly pleasant, though neither of them could at all compare, in point of excitement, with the

### University Regatta,

Which came off on Lake Quinsigamond, near Worcester, Mass., on Friday, July 22. As is well known, there was a strong effort made this year to transfer the races from Quinsigamond to some other water, where a straight three-mile course might be had. Commodore Bone was exceedingly anxious to make this change, while the Harvard men, of course, were just as anxious not to. At last, however, they condescended so far as to ride around to several places, on free passes obtained for them by the commodore, for the ostensible purpose of "looking." In this way they secured pleasure trips to Springfield, New London and perhaps some other places, where, at least in the case of the two places mentioned, it is notorious there are straight three-mile courses. All that they saw, however, only confirmed them in their original intention to row at Worcester. The Freshman race preceded the University, in the order of time. For this race, to the surprise of our men, there were four entries instead of two. It seems that the Yale Freshmen, in the first place, sent a challenge to Harvard, which was accepted. Afterwards Amherst and Brown sent challenges to Yale, which were declined, on the ground that an engagement had already been made with Harvard, but, it was added, Yale would row against them on the following Monday. On arriving at Worcester, however, our Freshmen found the Amherst and Brown crews on hand, together with Harvard, who declined to row unless they were allowed to enter. Under these circumstances Yale yielded. The crews were made up as follows: *Amherst*—colors, purple and white: L. J. Warner, Northampton, Mass., stroke; L. Bradley, Methuen, Mass.; G. W. Hale, Montague, Mass.; R. F. Norris, Sodus, N. Y.; E. P. Bliss, Cambridge; T. J. Gray, Boston, bow. *Brown*—colors, brown and white: A. Gower, Sedgewick, Me., stroke; G. F. Browne, Newport, R. I.; A. M. Smith, Grafton, Mass.; W. C. Caldwell, Providence, R. I.; A. D. McClellan, Grafton, Mass.; E. H. Luther, Worcester, bow. *Harvard*—colors, crimson: J. Bryant, Boston, stroke; H. M. Johnson, Bradford, Mass.; W. I. Lloyd, Pottsville, Pa.; C. T. Johnson, N. Y. City; G. H. Lyman, Boston; J. O. Shaw, Milton, Mass., bow. *Yale*—colors, blue: F. W. Adey, Westchester,

N. Y., stroke; C. S. Hemingway, Fair Haven, Conn.; D. Davenport, Milton, Conn.; J. Day, Catskill, N. Y.; G. M. Browne, Cary, N. Y.; S. L. Boyce, Chicago, bow. In position Amherst had the inside, Brown second, Yale third, and Harvard the outside. They came in as follows: Brown, 19.21; Yale, 19.35; Harvard, 20; Amherst, time not taken. A claim of foul was put in between Yale and Harvard, which was decided, as is the custom at Worcester, so as to count against Yale. It is worth adding as a matter of fact, that Messrs. Hemingway and Davenport were put on the crew within two weeks of the race, while Mr. Adece was made stroke at the same time, in place of Mr. Flagg, who was put into the University shell. The race between the University crews closed the regatta. The crews were composed as follows:

#### HARVARD—COLORS, *Crimson.*

	<i>Class.</i>	<i>Weight.</i>
F. O. Lyman, Hilo, Sandwich Is., stroke, - - '71		153
F. I. Jones, Templeton, Mass., - - - '71		152
G. Willis, Cornwall, N. Y., - - - '70		152
J. S. McCobb, Portland, Me., - - - '71		155
R. S. Russell, Boston, - - - '72		145
N. G. Read, Cambridge, bow, - - - '71		133

#### YALE—COLORS, *Blue.*

	<i>Class.</i>	<i>Weight.</i>
D. McC. Bone, Petersburg, Ill., stroke, - - '70		160
W. F. McCook, Pittsburg, Pa., - - '73		155
E. D. Coonley, Greenville, N. Y., - - - '71		160
W. L. Cushing, Bath, Me., - - - '72		160
W. W. Flagg, Yonkers, N. Y., - - - '73		155
C. Phelps, Colebrook, Ct., bow, - - - '70		150

Harvard drew the inside, Yale came in first, in 18.45, Harvard second, in 20.10, but Harvard received the flag on a claim of foul at the stake-boat. In a matter of this kind, any grumbling on the part of the losers is suspicious;—and yet we are bound to grumble. In the first place, there could have been no foul of the kind claimed, had there been two stake-boats. Yale wanted two stake-boats, but Harvard said no. In the second place, the claim of a foul at the stake-boat (in the assertion that the Yale boat ran into the Harvard shell as she was turning and thereby injured the steering apparatus,) seems to have been an after-thought, inasmuch as Harvard rowed about half a mile after the turn, on as straight a course and as steadily as they ever did, and only went

wild and gave up after our boat passed them. After being fairly beaten, a foul was necessary in order to get the flag. Again: Yale pulled 44 to the minute, and Harvard 46 to 48. It looks as if Harvard was blown at the stake-boat, and stopped to catch wind, from the fact that Yale was forced to hold her water twice to avoid bumping, while Harvard had no difficulty in starting when she wanted to. However, Harvard received the flag from the referee, and the way in which it was waved in the faces of our fellows as they were leaving town, indicates that the flag was all that Harvard was after. Our men challenged them to row again, but they had other engagements! The result of it all is, that Yale never should row at Worcester again. A straight course and two stake-boats will render all suspicion of jockeying impossible, and since Harvard has so far disgraced college boating as to make use of tricks only worthy of professionals, it is but right that Yale should refuse to row where a disposition to be tricky finds a fair field for operation. The incidents of the regatta were of the old sort. The crowd was larger than usual—more collegians were present, on account of four colleges being represented instead of two—the usual shower was omitted and the day was cool by comparison with previous days. Our University crew stopped at Mrs. Watson's and the Freshmen at Mrs. Curtis's, the old quarters of the University. Walter Brown had charge of our men all the while they were at Worcester. The betting at first was two to one in favor of Harvard, but after our fellows arrived it dropped down to ten to eight. The streets of Worcester were quiet and the special policemen went to sleep for want of something to do, an example which everybody followed until the fifteenth of September, when the clatter of the bell announced the beginning of a new

### *College Year,*

The one hundred and seventy-first of old Yale. The new year found the old college in process of transformation, so far as its external appearance is concerned. The place that used to know Old Divinity, now knows it no more. Farnam Hall, the first building on College street of the prospective quadrangle which is to delight posterity, is completed and occupied. It possesses all the modern improvements—steam-heaters, gas, water on every floor, water-closets in the cellar, and is altogether a very pleasant building. Durfee Hall is in process of construction, and is already well up in the third story. The old Athenæum has been remodeled, and now contains four luxurious recitation rooms, which will compare favorably with any in the country. The Freshmen swell out of them like bloated aristocrats. Even the old dormitories, beginning

with the venerable South College, have renewed their age so far as to have water-closets in their cellars. The new Theological Seminary is also completed and in operation, with 53 students. It is a beautiful building, and with ordinary industry a man can enjoy its comforts for three years and leave with about a thousand dollars in his pocket. The new college year had a lively beginning, too, in that it was moving time. Everybody's goods and chattels were to have been moved during vacation, according to agreement; but the XVth amendment is not to be bound down by a bargain. The result was that for the first week of the term there might have been seen four or five hundred individuals flying around college in all conditions of distraction and dirt, madly bent upon household affairs. A damper was soon put on this, however, by the Freshman rain, which arrived, with commendable alacrity, on the seventeenth. In consequence of the rise in water which followed, there was a general emancipation from dirt, so that most of the fellows have taken hold of

### *Ball Matters*

Thus far this term with clean hands. A meeting was held September 16, at which H. R. Elliot, '71, was elected President of the University Ball Club, W. S. Moody, '71, Treasurer, and H. W. B. Howard, '72, Secretary. Clarence Deming, '72, was chosen captain of first nine. On the same day the Freshmen formed a ball club by the election of D. A. Kennedy, President, E. D. Robbins, Secretary, and C. Maxwell, captain. The University nine, at present, is made up as follows: c., G. F. Bentley, '73; p., G. A. Strong, '71; 1st b., P. Barnes, '74; 2d b., C. Maxwell, '74; 3d b., G. Richards, '72; s. s., C. O. Day, '72; l. f., C. Deming, '72; c. f., W. B. Wheeler, '72; r. f., A. B. Nevin, '74. A number of matches have been played already this term, in all of which Yale has been victorious. September 28 a game was played at Middletown with the Mansfields, who hold the championship of the state. Score, 29 to 11 for Yale. October 1 the great "inter-collegiate ball match," between Yale and Wesleyan, was to have come off, but, sad to say, the Wesleyan men did not come. October 5 a game was played at Hamilton Park with the Osceolas of Stratford; score, 36 to 11 for Yale. October 8 a return game was played at the Park with the Mansfields, the score standing 40 to 11 in our favor. The Mansfields still retain the championship, however, our nine being ruled out from contending for that honor. But though this earth is a ball, yet there is some water on it, and hence a

### *Boating Meeting*

Was held at the President's lecture-room, September 22, at which I. H.



Ford, '71, was unanimously chosen President of the Yale Boat Club, the organization which has taken the place of the old navy, the other nominees, F. Mead, Jr., '71, and E. T. Owen, '71, declining to run. At a subsequent meeting, held October 1, after several nominees had refused the office, W. C. Beecher, '72, was elected Secretary and Treasurer. The Freshmen formed a boat club September 19 by the election of H. DeF. Weeks, Captain; T. P. Wickes, 1st Lieutenant; R. S. Bussing, 2d Lieutenant, and T. W. Grover, Secretary and Treasurer. The new President has already selected prizes to be competed for at the fall races. Boating matters, however, thus far, have yielded in importance to the momentous question as to who should take the

### *Class Pictures*

Of the class of '71. There were really but two candidates in the field—Prescott & White of Hartford and Warren of Cambridge. September 27 a meeting was held, at which Messrs. Archbald, Beebe, Dudley, Strong and Wilshire were selected as a committee to investigate the relative merits of the two parties. October 1 the committee made a report to the class, after which the job was given to Prescott & White without opposition. The class then voted to raise Mr. Prescott's price for class pictures (\$20 per hundred) to its original amount (\$24), elected Messrs. Davidson and Strong as a picture committee, and adjourned. This unanimity was but the calm preceding the storm which raged in Linonia society hall on the evening of September 28, at the so-called

### *Statement of "Facts."*

This annual farce, held apparently for the delectation of the upper-class men and the astonishment of the Freshmen, came off with due solemnity. The exercises of the evening were chiefly muscular, the usual row between everybody being conducted with great *éclat*. The leading spirits mounted the President's desk, from which they gave their orders with great courage and volubility, while the ignoble throng waged terrible war in the pit below. The thirty Freshmen or thereabouts, who were present, were evidently much impressed with these exercises. Incidentally, it may be well to say that the nominal business of the meeting was to listen to certain statements concerning the respective merits of Brothers and Linonia. The persons chosen to make these statements were—for Brothers, Messrs. H. Mansfield and W. R. Sperry, of '71, and H. E. Benton of '72; for Linonia—Messrs. A. B. Mason and E. F. Sweet of '71, and H. M. Sanders of '72. Owing to disaffection

toward Linonia, Mr. Mason declined to speak, and Mr. C. D. Hine of '71 was finally persuaded to take his place. A great many new and startling "facts" were presented on both sides, but with doubtful effect. After the speaking, the Freshmen gave the campaign to Linonia by twenty-two joining that society to twelve who went to Brothers—which shows how one learns to lie in Linonia. Notwithstanding this bad beginning, the

### *Class of '74*

Is generally conceded to be a pretty good one. It now numbers 152. At the first examination 139 applied for admission, of whom 63 were admitted, 57 were conditioned and 19 were rejected. At the second examination 240 applied for admission, of whom 10 were rejected. One or two have since joined the class. The class is remarkable, if for no other thing, in that it contains the first African who has ever (as our information runs) joined Yale College. This young gentleman's name is Edward A. Bouchet, of this city. He was valedictorian of his class at the Hopkins Grammar School. It is to be hoped, for the sake of his race, that he will do as well as he is able while in college. With regard to societies, we believe that Delta Kappa won the campaign on numbers. Kappa Sigma Epsilon and Gamma Nu will find out, however, if they work, that mere numbers amount to nothing. The class have not been behindhand in observing the regular customs of the college. They bowed to the President with great punctiliousness, until ordered not to; they have stolen hats from their natural enemies, the Sophomores, as they were able; and they have engaged in the usual rush. This latter performance came off at the Park September 24. There were five onsets, in each of which both sides were victorious—the usual result. There were no deaths, but A. T. Bacon, '73, had an arm broken and T. G. Evans, '74, fractured his collar bone. The class, so far as is known, have been delivered from the delights of hazing, but nothing that has yet entered the mind of man can release them from the

### *Studies of the Term,*

Which vex the Freshmanic soul from year to year. They recite in Greek (Odyssey) to Prof. Packard; in Euclid to Tutor Richards; in Latin (Livy) to Tutor Day; and in Latin composition to Tutor Brewster. A fifth division has been formed for the benefit of those conditioned in Latin, which is under the charge of Mr. W. C. Wood, '68. The members of this division recite with the class in the other studies. The regular instructors also hear recitations at special hours from those con-

ditioned in their departments, for which the students are charged extra. Of course, as soon as any student raises his stand to a certain point, he is allowed to join the class in full. These special recitations are to cease at the end of six weeks from the beginning of the term. This new system has been devised in order to save the conditioned men from the exorbitant prices of private tutors. The Sophomores recite in Latin (Horace) to Tutor Wright; in Trigonometry to Tutor Miller; in Greek (Demosthenes) to Tutor Beckwith; and in French to Prof. Coe. Instead of reciting on Saturday noon, they read compositions. The Juniors recite in Greek (Plutarch's Lives) to Prof. Hadley; in English Literature (Shaw's) to Prof. Northrop; in Natural Philosophy to Tutor Perry; and in Calculus, which is optional with Greek, to Prof. Newton. About twenty-eight are studying Calculus. On Wednesday and Saturday noons "forensic disputations" take the place of the regular recitations. The Seniors recite in Political Economy (Perry's) to the President; in Psychology to Prof. Porter; in Astronomy to Prof. Loomis; in Latin (Cicero pro Cluentio) to Prof. Thacher; in History (Guizot's Civilization) to Prof. Wheeler; and in German to Prof. Coe. Of the three studies, Astronomy, Latin and German, choice must be made of two. Lectures are also delivered on Psychology, by Prof. Porter, twice a week, and on the Reformation, by Prof. Wheeler, four times a week. Two compositions are required during the term. Prof. Loomis is the officer of the first division, and Prof. Thacher of the second,—the class being divided alphabetically. The Juniors and Sophomores are divided according to stand for the purposes of recitation. The division officers of the three lower classes have been given in their order. There have been some changes in the

### *Academical Faculty*

Since last year. Of last year's instructors, Tutors Peck, Tinker and Wood and Prof. Silliman have left. Mr. Peck has gone into J. B. Chickering's Institute, at Cincinnati. Mr. Tinker has gone to Andover to pursue the study of Theology. Mr. Wood is now instructing those Freshmen who were conditioned in Latin, as before stated. Prof. Silliman's name still remains on the catalogue, but it is stated that he is not going to deliver any lectures to the senior class. The new tutors are Messrs. I. T. Beckwith and C. B. Brewster, of '68. The former gentleman was the DeForest man of his year—the latter the class orator. Mr. Brewster has been at the Berkeley Divinity School at Middletown for the last year. Theology naturally suggest the theatre, and so by an easy change we come to the

*Town Shows.*

September 17 the Witches of N. Y. gave a ghostly entertainment at Music Hall, followed, on the nineteenth, by a concert, under the leadership of Dr. Stoeckel, for the benefit of the wounded in the Franco-German war. September 20 Lucille Western appeared in East Lynne, and on the following evening as "Nancy Sykes" in Oliver Twist. September 22 Madame Rentz's Female Minstrels exhibited their stale legs; the next night Delehanty, Hengler and Bloodgood's Phunniegraphic Sensation made a stir; and on the twenty-fourth Dan Bryant's minstrels gave us the genuine Ethiopian in unadulterated blackness. October 1 Lisa Weber was hung on "the Horn of a Dilemma" for the public edification, with all her usual *abandon*; followed, on the third, by Prof. O. S. Fowler, who discoursed on phrenology, marriage and kindred humbugs. These

*Trifles*

Through with, we wish to put on record that Prof. Thacher taught the Crown Prince of Prussia, Frederick William, all he knows about English.—The third term Sophomore composition prizes have been given to J. H. Clendenin, Gallipolis, O.; R. E. Coe, Bloomfield, N. J.; C. C. Deming, Hartford; J. H. Hincks, Bridgeport; E. S. Lines, Naugatuck; A. R. Merriam, Goshen, N. Y.; A. A. Murch, Carmel, Me.; C. J. H. Ropes, London, England.—There were six applications for admission to the upper classes this year. Three of the persons thus applying were conditioned and three rejected.—October 8 Prof. Dana and Mr. Dexter walked the Freshmen out to West Rock.—The number of Alumni in town, during commencement week, was 316, of which number the class of '69 returned 24; '68, 9; '67, 48; '66, 11; '65, 3; '64, 18; '63, 10; '62, 7; '61, 4; '60, 24; '59, 5; '58, 2; '57, 3; '56, 3; '55, 24; '54, 4; '53, 4; '52, 2; '51, 3; '50, 14; '49, 1; '48, 1; '47, 3; '46, 2; '45, 20; '44, 2; '43, 1; '42, 2; '41, 5; '40, 15; '39, 5; '38, 3; '37, 2; '36, 2; '35, 5; '33, 4; '32, 2; '30, 7; '29, 3; '28, 1; '27, 1; '25, 5; '24, 1; '05, 1.—The President has been preaching a series of sermons on lying,—for the benefit of the new Theologues, we suppose.—Four Juniors were arrested on the evening of K. Σ. E.'s initiation (September 19), and fined \$20 apiece for standing on the sidewalk.—The Faculty have given permission to pass ball on the college grounds, anywhere outside the row of trees next the dormitories. Knocking, however, is out of order. They also allow the University nine to cut and make up three recitations during the term, if necessary, in order to play games out of town.—The Banner (which appeared on

Wednesday, October 12), is gotten out this year by George D. Miller, of '70. In completeness it is far ahead of any previous publication of the sort. We shall have more to say about it next month.—Foot Ball is again making its appearance in our midst. One was kicked, the other day, directly in front of Lyceum, outside the row of trees, etc., however.—One of the new members of the Senior class, Mr. J. A. Himes, has been called to the Professorship of Natural Philosophy at Gettysburg University, Pa.—C. C. Chatfield & Co. have bought out the college book-store, and have removed it from the reading-room to their building on Chapel street.—The art exhibition closed on the evening of September 24 with a reception.—Δ. K. E. and Ψ. Υ. have abjured pledging men in '74, for at least two terms.—Trinity steeple is nearly completed.—The Faculty having ordained that hereafter no books shall be brought into the recitation rooms, the *Yale Courant* states that this rule will “interfere somewhat with the select course of reading which many had intended to take this term,”—and the *Courant* knows.—At the Alumni dinner the President passed the cigars—metaphorically, whereat there was quite a smoke raised—literally.—The *Yale Courant* intends to offer the Athenaeum article, in the form of one of the “University series,” as a premium to new subscribers. It can be obtained for ten cents, however, by purchasing any number of any paper issued from their office during vacation.—Profs. Hadley and Whitney were prominent members of the American Philological Association, which met this year at Rochester, N. Y., July 24. Prof. Whitney read two papers during the meeting,—one on the relation of linguistic science to knowledge in general, the other on the origin of language, and Prof. Hadley one, on the theory of the Greek accent, which was supplemented by some remarks from Prof. W., in which he showed the remarkable agreement between Prof. H.’s theory and the facts actually known concerning the Sanscrit accent.—A monument was placed in the cemetery July 20 to the memory of President Day. It stands on the Roger Sherman lot.—Dr. Daggett’s resignation from the position of college pastor was handed in at the meeting of the corporation in July. It has been accepted.—September 23 the President was chosen moderator of the college church for the year. By virtue of this office he takes charge of the Friday evening meetings and preaches himself on Sunday or provides a supply.—Frederic W. DuBois, '72, of Brooklyn, N. Y., died in New Haven July 19. Messrs. E. S. Lines, J. W. Wescott and F. D. Root were appointed by the class as a committee to frame the customary resolutions.—The Theologues have been balling. The multitudinous Juniors challenged the Middlers, but the Middlers “waxed ’em” by a score of 36 to 16.

—The college fence is in a chronic state of tumble-down these days.—Two Sophomores are now visiting their friends, at the express request of the faculty, on account of too great familiarity with the Freshmen.—Prof. Loomis read a paper on sun spots, the earth's magnetism and the aurora, before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which held its nineteenth meeting at Troy, N. Y., in the latter part of July. Prof. Geo. F. Barker was elected vice-president of the Association at the same time. It is said that he is the youngest man who has ever held that position. We understand he is thinking of going to Europe soon, for two years' study at Berlin and Tübingen.

#### S. S. S. MEMORABILIA.

##### *The Anniversary Exercises,*

According to the first-come-first-served principle, demand our earliest attention. On Monday, July 18, the following theses were presented,—those whose names are in italics reading at the public exercises in the evening: DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY—N. P. Hulst, A.B., Ph.B., A Chemical Examination of the "Malleable Iron Process." CIVIL ENGINEERS—A. J. Dubois, Ph.B., Design of a Parabolic Truss Railway Bridge; A. B. Hill, Design of a Steel Railway Bridge. BACHELORS OF PHILOSOPHY—*I. W. Abbott, A.B.*, "On a two-feet guage Railway in Wales;" H. M. Bailey, "On the Marble Quarries of the neighborhood of Rutland;" C. T. Ballard, "On Sheep Raising in the United States;" T. G. Bennett, "On the Works of the Fair Haven Water Company;" T. S. Brandegee, "On the Hoosac Tunnel;" *D. S. Brinsmade*, "On the Water Power at Birmingham, Conn.;" *C. P. Brooks*, "On the Elevated Railroad in New York;" T. E. Calvert, "On the Pneumatic Underground Railway in New York;" *F. H. Churchill*, "On Technical Education in its relations to American Manufactures;" D. Clarke, "On Leffel's Double Turbine;" A. R. Conkling, "On the new Barytes Mines in Cheshire, Conn.;" *J. H. Grant*, "On Permanent Way;" *C. S. Hastings*, "On the Properties of Réseaux;" *W. A. Hinds*, "On the Recurrence of Civilizing Forces;" E. V. Hoes, "On Trade Unions;" W. R. Hopson, "On the Vegetable Kingdom in its relations to Man;" H. C. Humphrey, "On Cumarim and Cumaric Acid;" F. A. Lowe, "On the Geared Screw type of Marine Engine;" *W. D. Marks*, "On the Best Form of a Ship for Speed," with an original example; *A. W. Rice*, "On a Preliminary Survey of a Branch Railway;" G. D. Roseberry, "On Anthracite Coal and Coal Mining;" A. Stanton, "On the Desirability of Irrigation in this country;" C. A. Warren, "On Railway Rails;" *J. G. Watson*, "On an improved Mowing and Reaping Machine." After the reading of the theses, President Woolsey addressed a few words to the graduating class and the company adjourned to the drawing room for refreshments. On Tuesday evening the Class Supper came off at the Tremont House, with suitable reason-feasting and soul-flowing accompaniments. On the afternoon of Wednesday, at Sheffield

Hall, a meeting of the Alumni of the School was held and an organization established called "The Sheffield Scientific School Fraternity." At its adjournment the members of the association proceeded to the First Methodist Church, where the Rev. Dr. Bushnell delivered an address on the "Claims of Scientific Education." The Prizes awarded for the year were as follows: For excellence in the Engineering Studies of Senior year, a prize of \$20, divided between J. H. Grant and A. W. Rice, with honorable mention of C. S. Hastings; for excellence in Chemistry, a prize of \$20 to H. C. Humphrey; for excellence in Mineralogy, a prize of \$20 to B. J. Harrington; for the best English Essay, a prize of \$20 to W. H. Hinds; for excellence in French, a prize of \$10 to J. G. Watson; for excellence in German, a prize of \$10 to T. S. Brandegee; for excellence in Mathematics of Junior year, a prize of \$20 to C. W. Griswold; for excellence in Freshman Studies, a prize of \$20 to D. W. Herring, with honorable mention of J. J. Abbott. Leaving these weightier matters, we turn to our

### *Boating*

prospects for the year, which are not as bright as could be wished. The members of the old crew, which won such honors for us last year, have all gone save one, and it will be hard indeed to fill their places. The regular crew at present is made up as follows: B. H. Boykin, Camden, S. C., bow; C. H. Mathews, Waterbury, Conn., port bow; H. T. Gause, Wilmington, Del., starboard waist; F. Cogswell, Washington, port waist; C. T. Smith, New York, starboard stroke; R. W. Davenport, New York City, stroke. B. H. Boykin takes Colgate's place as 2d Lieut. Most of the crew are entirely unused to rowing, but we hope to be all right in time for the races. The Freshmen will not make up a crew at present. Notwithstanding the unusual dearth of excitement, we have a few

### *Items*

of interest. Of the Junior Class, twelve are taking the Engineering course in some of its departments, six are in the Laboratory, and the rest are pursuing the Select Studies.—A new course preparatory to the study of Medicine is established this year.—Prof. Trowbridge has entered upon his duties.—At almost any recitation hour Freshmen may be seen, all the way from ten minutes before to five or six after, waiting, watch in hand and with face upturned, for the striking of the clock, and such a dividing up as the minutes do get, is truly appalling. Any chronometer that varies the ten thousandth of a second, is simply "nowhere."—Speaking of Freshmen, the nearest approach to anything like excitement, was quite near the commencement of the term, when two or three Juniors, thinking it would be fine to have a spread, and not at their own expense, waited upon a couple of Freshmen and stated their views. Freshmen yielded with alacrity. Scarcely had said Juniors begun to enjoy their feast when the whole Freshman class, having winded the matter, came marching in and in turn express *their* view. The consequence was that the Juniors, crest-fallen and practically sold, were obliged to leave in haste, and the "world said," served 'em right.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

*Book Notices, Exchanges, etc.*

We have received the following new books from the publishing house of Lee & Shepard, Boston :

*The Princes of Art: Painters, Sculptors and Engravers. Translated from the French by Mrs. S. R. Urbino.*

*Life at Home ; or, the Family and its Members. By William Aikman, D.D.*

*The Little Maid of Oxbow. By May Mannering.*

*The Pinks and Blues ; or, the Orphan Asylum. By Rosa Abbott.*

*Charley and Eva Roberts' Hours in the West. By the author of "How Charley Roberts became a Man," "How Eva Roberts gained her Education," etc.*

*The Boys of Grand Pré School. By the author of "The B. O. W. C.," "The Dodge Club," etc.*

*Proverb Stories—Second Series : A Wrong Confessed is half Redressed. By Mrs. Bradley.—Actions Speak Louder than Words. By Kate J. Neely.—One Good Turn deserves Another. By Kate J. Neely.*

The first of these books contains a complete and interesting account of all who have won any reputation with the brush, the chisel or the graver's tools. The second treats of the family and its several parts in a pleasant and thoughtful way. The remainder are stories for children, although some of them are well worth reading by older persons. They are all gotten up in that elegant style which characterizes the works published by Lee & Shepard. Any of them may be obtained of Judd & White, New Haven.

Turning, now, to our regular exchanges, we find the following :

COLLEGE MAGAZINES :—*Ave Maria, Dartmouth, Denison Collegian, Griswold Collegian, Hamilton Literary Monthly, The Owl, The Williams Quarterly.*

COLLEGE PAPERS :—*The Acorn, Amherst Student, Annalist, Cap and Gown, Chronicle, College Argus, College Courier, College Herald, The Echoes, The Madisonensis, McKendree Repository, Miami Student, Notre Dame Scholastic, Qui Vive, Trinity Tablet, Vidette, Western Collegian, Yale Courant.*

OUTSIDE MAGAZINES :—*American Sunday School Worker, Atlantic, Christian World, Educational Journal, Galaxy, Herald of Health, Little Corporal, Manufacturer and Builder, Michigan Teacher, Our Boys and Girls, Overland Monthly, Sabbath at Home, The Schoolmaster, Western Monthly, Wood's Magazine.*

OUTSIDE PAPERS :—*American Literary Gazette, Appletons' Journal, The Art Review, N. Y. Citizen and Round Table, College Courant, The College Review, Chicago Courier, Every Saturday, Figaro, Folio, Journal of Education, Loomis's Musical Journal, The Nation, Our Dumb Animals, People's Journal, Peters's Musical Monthly, Printing Gazette, The Proof-Sheet, Punchinello, The Rapid Writer, The Seaside Oracle, The Woman's Journal.*

Our list of college publications is smaller than usual, owing to the fact that college editors loaf during the summer, as well as parsons and other gentry.

The *Ave Maria*, however, has visited us with the most tiresome regularity.

The *Williams Quarterly* speaks of the fair portrait of the revered Elihu Yale, which adorns the cover of the LIT., as a "wretched wood-cut," and then fills up its own cover with a head purporting to represent President Hopkins. President H. may be a great man, and all that, but he certainly cannot be called handsome, and the cut used by the *Quarterly* doesn't flatter him. However, there's nothing like taste.



*The Chronicle*, of Michigan University, is as bright and witty as ever.

*The College Herald* says "they are building a 'Peabody Museum'" at Yale, which is certainly news to us here.

*The Echoes*, like the *Ave Maria*, has the single merit of punctuality. It is evidently of the feminine gender.

*The Western Collegian* argues against college fraternities in the following ponderous manner: "They also consumes a great amount of time, and consumes it foolishly and uselessly,"—a statement which our knowledge of the English language doesn't enable us to answer. We are under obligations to this paper for a catalogue of Cornell College, Iowa.

*The Amherst Student* is one of our best exchanges.

*The Vidette* says that the Seniors at Williams are studying President Woolsey's International Law under Prof. Perry, to which we add that the Seniors at Yale are studying Prof. Perry's Political Economy under President Woolsey. Clearly, it's a put-up thing!

*The Schoolmaster* comes to us directed thus: "Yale Lit. Magazine." This reminds us of a certain diminutive school which has been sending circulars all around stating itself to be a "Collegiate Institute."

*The College Review* had better shut up its "secret fraternity department," unless it can publish something better than the stale nonsense of anonymous scribblers.

*The Yale Courant* has been very readable thus far this term.

We have received a copy of "a free and independent translation of the first and fourth books of the *Æneid* of Virgil," from the *Winsted* (Conn.) *Herald* office. It can be obtained, post paid, for 25 cents. Every Freshman ought to have a copy.

Of the standard magazines and journals received by us,—such as the *Atlantic*, *Galaxy*, *Overland Monthly*, *Appletons'*, *Every Saturday*, *Nation*, *Punchinello*, etc., etc.,—we have nothing to say. They are welcome visitors at our sanctum, as they are everywhere, we presume.

—But a truce to fault-finding and puffing. Bring out the "Lone Jack" and some clean clay pipes, and let us see where we are. By the long vacation, and for the class of '71, past the last long vacation! When we pack up and leave for another summer's rest, we shall go for always. And there is matter for wonder, and for gratulation, also, that thus far we have not lost a single member of the class by death. We have been subjected to almost everything else, but the "grim monster" has left us untouched. The Faculty, too, are growing reasonable;—for have we not been told that hereafter the scale of marks for Seniors shall be twenty, forty and sixty, instead of sixteen, thirty-two and forty-eight? Surely, we ought to rejoice that these things are done in our day.

The resignation of Dr. Daggett is also a noteworthy occurrence. He came into the college world while we were yet Freshmen;—he did not stay long enough, however, to complete the regular course. Many are probably glad that he has gone—many are sorry. Without reference to that, we believe he will be of more service to the church elsewhere.

There are rumors about that the Spoon Exhibition is to be reformed out of existence. We hope not. It is one of the best advertisements the college has, and is very enjoyable, beside.

Some people seem to be anxious that Yale shall have more students than Harvard and Cornell put together. This seems to us silly. With the accommodations Yale possesses, she has all the students she needs—all she can properly attend to. So long as she continues to receive classes over a hundred strong, there is no need of anxiety. We believe in enterprise and go-ahead-iveness, but it isn't wise to determine our own progress entirely by some other man's measuring-line.

There are other things that might be mentioned,—but the *LIT.* is full.

W. R. S.



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# THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '71.

CHARLES D. HINE,

WATSON R. SPERRY,

ALFRED B. MASON,

GEORGE A. STRONG,

EDWIN F. SWEET.

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## PRO AND CON.

I N selecting the subject I am going to treat, I feel that it is, in an especial degree, one of great, present interest. The custom which makes it the duty of each Junior class to give, toward the end of third term, what is known as the "Wooden Spoon Exhibition," is one of considerable antiquity, which has been faithfully obeyed by many successive classes. But the chronic cry for "reform" has not spared even this. There are those who are now calling for the abolition of this custom. There are others who are equally earnest in its defence. Both sides, as usual, are confident of being right. Meanwhile, the great majority of the men with whom rests the ultimate decision of the matter, are somewhat at a loss to know how to act, or to vote. It will be my object to present, as fully and impartially as I can, the arguments upon each side of this vexed question.

In favor of the Spoon Exhibition it is urged, that it constitutes a very delightful entertainment. Its champions point to the many consecutive years that have witnessed the gathering of large and brilliant audiences, to

which the exhibition was a novel pleasure ; one that was keenly enjoyed and long remembered. They say it is almost indispensable that there should be, in the course of the year, some gala occasion, when students may invite their friends and relatives from abroad, with an assurance of being able to render their visit an agreeable one.

It is also needed to diversify the otherwise dull routine of the year, and furnish a pleasant contrast to the stiff, formal, unenjoyable exhibitions that occur under the immediate supervision and control of the Faculty. It is asserted to be of great actual advantage and value, as constituting an admirable advertisement of the college, extending the reputation of its name throughout the whole country. It also affords to the class an opportunity of honoring the men whom it may delight to honor. Finally, its advocates come to their grand, culminating argument, which is always triumphantly broached, as one not to be gainsaid—that it cultivates the social virtues of students, and is thus the necessary complement of the varied discipline by which the Faculty seeks to develop and train their mental capabilities.

On the other hand, those opposed to the continuance of the Spoon Exhibition suffer from no lack of arguments. To say that it furnishes a delightful entertainment, they reply, is fast becoming the extreme of Parisian courtesy. The truth is, that since the novelty of the performances, customary on these occasions, has worn off, they have been gradually losing their interest. By the very nature of the case, the Spoon Committee is confined to one limited cycle of exercises, and is not to be justly blamed if the product of its laborious efforts does chance to be dull and stale.

This exhibition, moreover, dull and stale though it be, costs a sum of money which is no inconsiderable burden to a class. The amount necessary to carry it through in any suitable style, varies from twelve to seventeen or eighteen hundred dollars. The average share of each man, therefore, would be from eleven or twelve to fourteen or fifteen dollars. This is on the supposition that every

man should bear his share of the burden. As a matter of fact, however, this is not the case. Some men are unable to pay anything towards it, and consequently the rest have to be taxed more heavily. How many of these men, it is asked, ever receive any equivalent for the money they pay out in this manner?

But the greatest objections to the Spoon Exhibition are, undoubtedly, those which concern the election of the Spoon Committee itself. So long as a position upon this is held in its present high estimation, so long will there be the strongest rivalry to secure these positions. The prerequisite to successful rivalry is supposed to be the possession of eminent social qualities. Who is there that does not deem himself the peer of any in this respect? Friends are needed to push the claims of each aspirant. Everyone has friends. Consequently all who aspire to this honor can easily have their names brought forward. This gives rise inevitably to the keenest wire-pulling. No great party issues in the world at large are planned and carried on with more vigor and persistence than are the manifold issues of college politics, among which by all odds the most prominent is the election of the "Cochleareati." The natural result of this fact is the impossibility of the right men being elected to these positions. As it would be untrue to deny that some of the most popular men in each class are always placed on the committee, so it would be equally untrue to assert that the committee ever consisted of the nine most popular men in the class, who were willing to be candidates. Some men are always put in solely through tireless wire-pulling on the part of shrewd friends. Such being the case, there is no difficulty in understanding the origin of the bitter feeling invariably aroused by the rivalries of Junior year. There is no need of any attempt to show how this bitterness of feeling originates, or, on the other hand, how it might be avoided. It never has been avoided. It may be considered inevitable. It constitutes by far the strongest argument against the continuance of the Spoon Exhibition. The opportunities of college life are too brief, and its friend-

ships are too valuable to be sacrificed to anything of such passing moment as this. Were all the arguments in favor of this exhibition to be admitted, and all the other arguments against it to be waived, so long as this one argument stood unrefuted, it would furnish abundant reason for giving up the "Spoon." None of its boasted advantages can compensate in the least for the introduction of so fertile a source of dissension and hard feeling, as the election of "Cochleareati" has always proved to be. The reason is found in a fundamental defect of the system itself, in that it assumes to make distinctions on grounds that should never find expression. It says to A, "You are not so agreeable, so gentlemanly, in short, so fine a fellow as B." This distinction, if true, could but be odious, but when taken in connection with the fact that it is as often false as true, becomes simply unendurable.

There are also some things to be said in regard to the influence of the whole institution upon individual men, both before and after their election. A natural tendency is constantly noticed among a certain class of students to become insincere and hypocritical in their efforts to attain popularity. It is useless to deny this. Examples can be found in every college class, perhaps not always among the Spoon Committee, but certainly either there or among the unsuccessful candidates. And the evil effect upon the character will be none the less, whether a man fails to attain his object or not.

The successful candidates, also, suffer some pernicious results from the system. It has already been said, that an immense amount of work is inevitable in preparing for the exhibition. This necessitates neglect of studies and absence from recitation, and often culminates in suspension from college. There are two more arguments advanced against the "Spoon" that should be allowed some weight.

In consequence of the change just made in regard to the time of Commencement, the Spoon Exhibition is no longer needed to fill up Presentation week. There will be no lack of interest or excitement, during that week.

Moreover, it may be seriously questioned, whether (at

least of late years, since the Spoon Exhibitions have begun to grow somewhat stale,) the main object of having a "Spoon" has not been in order to have a "Spoon Promenade." And in reference to this it may be said, that it is not, perhaps, essential to having the latter to have the former. If there are enough who desire a Promenade Concert in Presentation week to furnish the necessary funds for getting one up, or if it can be made to pay for itself, well and good. A Promenade Concert can be had. If not, it is manifestly unjust to tax men who have little or no interest in the matter, *not only* enough for the Promenade, but also for the exhibition to which it is tacked on, merely because it is easier to call this a "*college* institution," and thus force men, against their will, to pay for it.

I have tried to present with impartiality the arguments on both sides of this question. It may not be amiss to give in closing a summary of them, for the convenience of those most interested in the subject.

Those who support the "Spoon" claim that it affords a delightful entertainment; that some such occasion is desirable in order to furnish a suitable time for a general visit to New Haven of the friends and relatives of students; that it is needed to diversify the regular, dull routine of college life, and contrast pleasantly with the stiff, uninteresting exhibitions held under the management of the Faculty; that it is a valuable advertisement of the college; that it gives to a class a fit opportunity to honor its worthy men; finally, and chiefly, that it is needed to cultivate the social virtues in the students, and thus complement the work done by the discipline of the curriculum.

The opponents of the "Spoon" urge the following considerations:—That the exhibitions have in great part lost their interest; that they cost large sums of money, which they take from those who are but slightly interested in the matter, and for which they make no adequate return; that they give rise to extensive wire-pulling; that hereby it becomes impossible for the right men to be elected; that in consequence of this impossibility the hardest feelings are engendered, and the peace and harmony of a class



destroyed for the remainder of the course, an evil which is inevitable, by reason of a fundamental defect in the system itself; that insincerity and hypocrisy are, by the existence of the "Spoon," introduced into the list of college virtues; that the effects of an election to the Spoon Committee are bad; that the change in the time of Commencement does away with the necessity for the "Spoon," in order to fill up Presentation week; and finally, that the Promenade Concert, which may be considered the best thing about the "Spoon," could be given, if desired, without the expense of giving the latter also.

These arguments on both sides are worthy to be carefully considered and impartially weighed. Let the question be decided simply and solely on its merits, without regard to any personal solicitations. Without doubt, there will be men, who, for reasons best known to themselves, will strenuously work upon the present Junior class, to prevent any such step as the abolition of the Wooden Spoon Exhibition. But, unless they can present sound arguments to support their views or wishes, let them work in vain.

If the members of the class of 1872 think that it is desirable to keep up the "Spoon," let them elect their best men, and furnish them with the necessary funds to ensure a *good* exhibition. If they do not, let them have the moral courage to say so, and vote so, in spite of personal solicitation or venerable custom.

G. A. S.

## THE INFLUENCE OF NATIONAL CHARACTER UPON TRAGEDY.

[YALE LIT. PRIZE ESSAY.]

By JOHN HOWARD HINCKS, of Bridgeport, Conn.

TRAGEDY may be termed the mouth-piece of national character. A careful study of its master-pieces of different periods shows how completely the joys, the hopes, the fears—all the emotional experience of a people—find expression in its utterance. Its authors cannot, if they would, remove from their writings the inwrought characteristics of their age. While a writer of great creative genius may throw off entirely the trammels of conventional literary form, he is, nevertheless, forced to become the unwitting delineator of the inner life of his times. He does not merely portray to the audiences of his own day the characters of his drama, but he reveals through those characters to all posterity the emotional nature and moral sentiment of the society in which they acted their parts.

It is casting no reflection upon the originality of an author of tragedy to say that he cannot escape the influence of his age. For tragedy, more than any other branch of writing, depends for its excellence upon the portrayal of the deepest emotions of the human soul. Now, however richly an author may be endowed with intellectual gifts, his creative power extends to the intellect alone. He cannot excite in his breast the emotions of another age, for those emotions are not the result of any intellectual process, but are the spontaneous impulses of a character which has been developed by a variety of influences to which his own is a stranger. There are, it is true, certain emotions which are common to human character of all kinds, and a master hand can often strike a note which will waken a responsive chord in distant ages and in a totally different civilization. But aside from these emotions common to the race, the character and moral senti-

ment of different ages differ so radically that sentiments whose avowal would thrill the hearts of the generation in which they were uttered, would elicit little sympathy from those whose character is the product of different influences. Even if an author, by careful study, succeeds in comprehending the main influences which formed the character of a preceding generation he is as far as ever from being able to depict accurately the emotions of that generation. He can no more do so than he can transform himself into another person and be at the same time an Englishman of the Elizabethan age and an Athenian of the age of Pericles. For, in portraying characters of the past, he must either express through them the sentiments of his own heart or he must attempt to express those which he supposes they would feel in like circumstances. Whichever horn of the dilemma he takes, he is equally far from being successful. For in the one case his writings, being filled with anachronisms of thought, will present an odd mixture of the antique and the new, while in the other, however perfect may be his art, a constant artificiality will reveal itself which will render his plays stiff and powerless. Nowhere does Horace's critical tenet,

"Si ves me flere, dolendum est  
Primum ipsi tibi,"

hold with greater truth than in tragedy. We shall realize the poet's difficulty if we call to mind the plays of our own times which are intended to represent Athenian and Roman life. Even those plays of the great master of human thought himself which have this aim in view, so far as the accomplishment of their immediate purpose is concerned, are failures. They are replete it is true—for, coming from that hand, how could it be otherwise?—with wit, with wisdom, and with noble thought, but the wit is the vicious punning of the Elizabethan age while the wise and noble sentiments are, for the most part, such as appeal to modern emotions. Those which would more naturally spring up in a Greek or Roman soul are so evidently the product of a modern mind forcing itself to imagine what

an ancient would feel in the same position, that they lack the vitality of real emotion. The result, so far as the delineation of character is concerned, is a strange medley which both ancient and modern would disown as faithful pictures. The Antony and Cleopatra of Shakespeare bear no closer resemblance to the historical characters than do the strutting heroes and painted heroines of the stage to the persons of the battered warrior and the witching beauty of Alexandria. Strip from the actors their purple rags, and from the plays their heathen oaths and similar imitations of the external features of the ancient character and their resemblance to the ancient ceases. Like Chatterton's celebrated forgeries, the plays convey modern thought, in modern idiom, under the disguise of ancient words.

We cannot perhaps better develop our subject than by a careful comparison of two representative types of natural character and of the different schools of tragedy which each developed. And since the drama has risen to no higher perfection than at Athens in the age of Pericles, and in England in modern times, and since no two ages have been more dissimilar in the character of the influences which have affected them, we propose to examine the peculiar features of the national character of those periods, and to trace their influence, so far as practicable, upon the dramatic literature of those times.

The most striking difference between the Greek and modern character is that which proceeds from the religious belief of the two ages. The peculiar features of the Greek belief as distinguished from the modern faith, were fatalism and polytheism. The Greeks, who were cut loose from any well-defined notions of an over-ruling power, but who saw the manifestations of that power around them, were, perhaps, more impressed with a sense of divine direction than they would have been had their knowledge been more precise and accurate. Little as their thoughts could rise to a conception of divine purity, they were at least fully awake to a sense of divine power. Every unusual event which modern science has shown to

result from natural causes, they regarded as a token of divine will. Every thunder-bolt was to them a veritable weapon hurled by offended Zeus; every tempest was excited by an angry sea-god; every earthquake was a judgment from the earth-shaker. More logical than modern atheists, they could not fail to perceive that a power which could call into being the human race, which could control the natural forces, which could direct the sun in his course through the heavens, and bring rain in its season, was able to fore-order the acts of its creatures; or rather they believed that that power, together with the creatures it had called into being, were swayed by another power, whether intelligent or inanimate, whose resistless decrees divine agency could delay, but not annul. From their imperfect views of divine character, however, they had not established that paradox of modern theology, the free agency of man co-existing with divine direction. Accordingly we find brooding over the mind of the Greek a constant apprehension of divine visitation. He fears that the divine power will penetrate into the innermost springs of his being and there prompt him to actions which shall make him the mere puppet of its purpose. He dreads to become a fratricide like Oedipus, or a devourer of his own children like Thyestes, or the expiator of ancestral crimes like Agamemnon. In his anxiety to escape from the meshes of this terrible power he is led to consult oracles, and in his attempts to escape the fate there announced to him, he often precipitates it upon himself. His entire nature is affected by the solemnity of the thought that the meshes of fate may be closing around him and enveloping him in its inextricable folds.

The polytheistic faith of the Greek was a not less marked feature of their religious character. And it was this peculiarity of their belief to which a considerable part of their excellence in tragedy is due. Probably no material for tragedy will ever again be afforded to the human mind so favorable as was afforded to the Greek. His eminently objective religious feeling had created divinities who were mere exaggerations of humanity, in the visible manifestation of whose power he delighted. His analytic

mind was not satisfied with the conception of one God, who should unite in himself all divine qualities, but demanded an incarnation of every emotion of the human soul and of every force of nature. He had a goddess of wisdom to decide a disputed case in the court of the Areopagus, a god of hospitality to avenge any infraction of its sacred laws, and Eumenides to personate the stings of conscience. And that too frequent an introduction of divinities might not weaken the reverence felt for them, he had an ample supply of stock characters for his drama in the persons of the heroes of Greek mythology. No characters could possibly be better adapted for dramatic purposes than the traditional Greek heroes. Having an historical basis of truth, they impressed the Greek with all the power of reality, while their supposed divine descent, with the false perspective lent them by tradition, caused them to loom up in the dim mists of antiquity with a grandeur greater than human. We may derive some feeble idea of their hold upon the popular imagination by a comparison of the popular conception of William Tell or of Washington in our own times.

Modern character, we need not say, is almost diametrically opposed to the Greek in the particulars we have mentioned. The modern conception of divine character it is true, recognizes predestination as one of its attributes. But if the doctrine of predestination may be considered to bear some degree of resemblance to fatalism, it differs widely from it, as we have noticed before, in that it is held not to impair the freedom of the agent, while fatalism regards him as a passive instrument under the guidance of some mightier power. As a consequence the idea of an overruling power as directly interfering in human action is practically excluded from the modern mind.

In rejecting the doctrine of polytheism again the modern loses a fertile source of dramatic material. For the gods and demi-gods of the Greeks formed an important part of their *dramatis personæ*. At first thought, we should say abundant compensation is afforded the modern in the more extended historical stores from which he can draw. For, in the long ages which have rolled over ruined Greece,

many memorable characters have appeared upon the world's stage whose lives have been full of tragic interest, whose deaths have added a final act to the tragedy of their lives. But though these characters are infinitely superior to the licentious, brutish heroes of Greek mythology, they are never idealized in the modern conception as were the heroes in the ancient. A belief in the divine descent of the heroes, the false proportions lent them by tradition and the superstitious feeling engendered by paganism, combined to exalt humanity to a height which modern enlightenment and minute historical information fails to accord to human character of far higher kind. The modern dramatist therefore, unlike the Greek, can rely upon no previous conception of character to lend interest to his piece. The representation of neither Cæsar nor Bonaparte, nor of the unhappy Queen of the Scots can lend any great power to his play save as the incidents of their lives in themselves afford an interesting theme for dramatic action. Macbeth and Hamlet, which may be considered two of the finest specimens of modern tragedy, though resting upon a slender basis of fact, would lose nothing of their interest if the action were evolved entirely from the poet's fancy. But had other names been substituted for Agamemnon, Clytemnestra and Cassandra of the Oresteia, the characters for a Greek audience would have lost half their interest.

These vital distinctions in the religious belief of the two ages have given an entirely different character to the tragedy of each. For difference upon these points involves the retention or the rejection of two of the strongest elements of tragic power. We may assume—and a little reflection will sanction the assumption—that two chief requisites for the most powerful dramatic effect are an idealized humanity and an element of supernatural power. Both of these dramatic elements, we have seen, the Greeks possessed pre-eminently in their material. The gods and heroes of their mythology supplied them with the one; the dark cloud of fatalism which brooded like a night-mare over the ancient world, with the other. With the quick perception for which they were noted, they were not slow



to avail themselves of the advantages which they possessed. Accordingly we find the action of their most celebrated plays is, for the most part, a manifestation of divine wrath or an unconscious working of divine will. The leading characters are generally their traditional heroes and often the gods of their mythology. The Greek conception of the fates, or over-ruling power, like the modern conception of the divine will, excluded any idea of the gradual development of a divine purpose, but regarded it as fully fixed in remote times. As a natural consequence, Greek tragedy consists of a few startling positions where the characters appear in the acme of passion or crisis of interest with little previous action, as in tableaux or in scenes portrayed by marble groups. Possibly a portion of the religious coloring with which Greek tragedy is tinged may be traced to the religious rites from which we are told tragedy sprung. But, while this influence may have given a bias in that direction, we must believe that the retention of the religious element of tragedy was due to the far more philosophical reason of artistic propriety than from a blind imitation of the rude performances of village revelers. Had no deeper reason than custom argued for its retention, it would have been thrown aside with the wine-lees with which the early performers stained their faces in lieu of masks.

From what has been said it is evident that modern tragedy has far less favorable material for its basis, and must depend more for its excellence upon the original power of the dramatist. The modern conception of divine character is such as to shudder at the impiety of the thought of representing upon the stage the law-giver of Sinai, or of presuming to interpret his inscrutable purposes with regard to individual destiny. Thus the element of supernatural power, which, with an idealized humanity, we have assumed to be requisite for the highest dramatic excellence, is eliminated at once from the material of the modern dramatist. We say eliminated, for the feeble modern substitutes for the supernatural in the form of ghosts and witches, while they may afford an excellent opportunity for an exhibition of the poet's fancy, can never



come home to us with the awful sense of reality with which the representation of pagan divinities smote the ancient. Forced, therefore, as modern tragedy is, to leave out of sight the revelation of a divine purpose, it must content itself with a delineation of the development of human character under given influences. From the nature of the field which it occupies, it must, unlike the Greek, be progressive, tracing the steps by which men deviate from the beaten tracks of human life, whether to rise to exalted nobility of character, or to sink to a state of diabolical, or to be driven to misanthropy, madness or despair.

There are many other peculiar features in the character of the two ages taken for illustration, which have modified, to a greater or less extent, the character of the tragedy of each. There have also been minor differences at different times in that period, which we have taken to represent modern English tragedy from the time of Elizabeth to our own day. But none have been so radical as those of which we have spoken, and in consequence none have affected the drama so radically. We shall dwell upon them no further than to say that the same acute sense of form which is so signally exhibited in ancient statuary and architecture distinguishes the ancient drama. The alternation of episode and stasimon, the wave-like flux and reflux of strophe and antistrophe inspire us with a sense of that harmony of form which meets the eye so gratefully in the regular columns of the Parthenon. Modern tragedy, while not wanting in ornament, reveals the defective perception of form which is characteristic of the modern mind. There is no conventional mould in which it is cast, but its form, in any particular case, depends upon the caprice of the author. The distinction is delicately expressed in the remark of a British reviewer, that while the muse of ancient tragedy should be represented by a nude statue, the muse of modern tragedy should be represented as decked in rainbow hues.

It is not altogether foreign to our subject to discuss which influences have succeeded in developing the better form of tragedy. To which school must we then award the pre-eminence? Beyond doubt to the Greek if we

judge of tragedy merely by the effect it produces upon the stage. The drama, which appeals for its interest to the deepest emotions of the human soul, must excite a more profound interest in its representation than that whose distinguishing quality is its metaphysical character. The proof of this axiomatic truth is to be found in a comparison of the interest awakened by representations of tragedy among the ancients and the moderns. The power of the drama over the Greek heart is shown in the political and social honors heaped upon Athenian tragedians. It is shown yet more in the fact that when news came to the theatre, in the midst of a representation of the total destruction of the Sicilian armament, news which brought personal affliction to the greater part of the audience and foreshadowed the utter overthrow of Athenian power, no interruption of the play was suffered. The thirty thousand attendants of the Athenian theatre who were unwilling to apply the Theoric fund to the preservation of their liberties, attest yet more significantly the hold of the drama upon the affections of the people. Much of the power of Greek tragedy we undoubtedly lose by our inability to project ourselves, so to speak, into the Greek mind. We may have a perfect intellectual conception of the feelings which animated the Greek soul, but yet we cannot let those feelings have such mastery over us as to cause us to look upon the drama as he looked upon it. But much of its power as we must undoubtedly lose from our widely different moral constitution, superadded to the obscurity of a foreign tongue, we can yet catch enough of its soul-stirring movement to lend probability to the story that, during the representation of the *Eumenides*, women were seized with premature pangs of labor and children died of fright. Such emotions contrasted with the comparative indifference with which the masterpieces of modern tragedy are received, are convincing proof of the dramatic superiority of the former. Indeed, modern managers of theatres never bring Shakespeare, who may be said to comprise in himself modern tragedy, upon the stage unless some brilliant actor can lend attraction to what an ordinary audience would find dull.

But if we drop out of sight the power of the plays to produce an immediate effect upon the stage, and compare them as literary compositions, the superiority of the modern in this new field is as conspicuous as its inferiority in the former field. Precisely the same reasons which interfere with its dramatic excellence renders it a most fascinating subject of private study. For, to one who properly appreciates modern tragedy, the interest does not centre in those violent consummations which formed the centre of interest in the ancient play. It may, indeed, be necessary for the unity of the piece to have certain trains of thought or of passion lead to certain startling *dénouements*, but the interest for the intelligent reader lies in the process rather than in the issue. Representation upon the stage could aid the Greek imagination to conceive of the violent deeds upon which the interest of tragedy for the Greeks depended; it could aid them in forming a conception of their divinities, as a Madonna may give the Romanist a vivid conception of the Virgin; but any outward expression of the insidious motives at work in the human heart, the portrayal of which constitutes the essence of modern tragedy, can add but little to our individual conception of them. Every man knows too well their reality not to feel that tricks of elocution and pantomime are feeble exponents of a reality which is constantly asserting itself within. No; representation upon the stage may call up vividly before our minds the less essential features of Shakespeare's art, the ghosts, the murders, the conspiracies; but he who would seek to appreciate Shakespeare must not rest satisfied with witnessing one of his plays. Rather let him in the stillness of his closet trace the great master's delineations of human character and seek for the germ of their counterpart in his own heart.

What is true of the influence of national character upon the drama of Greece and of England is true, though in a less degree, of its influence upon other schools. Tragedy, like the hall of some ancient mansion, presents a series of paintings in which we may trace the features, character, and fashions of preceding generations. In its stately gal-

lery is imaged forth that inner life of a people which escapes the notice of the chronicler. Passion, violence, wit, superstition, culture and debasement, all have there left their indelible mark. In its pages we can escape, in some measure, from the life of our generation and live among the scenes and personages of another age. In its pages we may pursue our studies of human character, not groping blindly through the dry details of history, but lighted by the splendor of genius and lured on by interest in the living characters before us. If it be indeed true that

“The proper study of mankind is man,”

then the noblest and most fascinating method of research is the study of mankind in tragedy. -



## REMONSTRANCE.

Now why will you harden your hearts,  
O faculty, learned and sage,  
To banish the gay female part  
From the Spoon and the Jubilee stage?

How great is the mirth and delight,  
When students are dressed up like girls,  
With drapery, graceful and bright,  
With waterfalls, frizzles and curls!

One elegant lady appears,  
Of exquisite beauty and grace ;  
She speaks, and there falls on our ears  
The sound of a thundering bass.

Another one comes on the scene,  
Whose voice is a falsetto, sweet ;  
She is stately and tall as a queen,  
Her stature is over six feet.

One steps on her own trailing dress ;  
Another one pulls off her hair,  
While trying her grief to express,  
By tearing her locks in despair.

Ye banish the jolliest part  
From the Spoon and the Jubilee stage ;  
How can you now harden your heart,  
O faculty, learned and sage?

T. R. B.

## NEW HAVEN AND YALE COLLEGE.

PROBABLY every student has been asked why New Haven gives so little aid to Yale College. There is an impression existing in the world that the possession of such an institution should stimulate the pride and unloose the pockets of the men of means in the city. Outsiders are surprised that the library should be in want, a new chapel and a museum waiting for lack of funds, and an extremely valuable collection of paintings passing into other hands for the same reason, when all these enterprises tend directly to benefit and beautify the town.

In considering the relations between the college and the city, it seems idle to dwell in detail upon the benefits accruing to the city. It is well, however, to give our thoughts a more practical form than we are wont. The college has in a great degree made the city what it is. From the possession of Yale, New Haven has derived most of the culture which it claims. For this reason it has become known and honored among cities. It has ever had a body of learned men in the different professions and in places of trust. The educational interests have been mainly dependent upon the college. College men have ever been devoted to the material interests of the city, and its beauty is in a great measure due to their taste and foresight. Such considerations convey force only to the minds of those who rise above mere selfish considerations and take pride in their city. Taking a view more material (and one which appeals more closely to most New Haven people), the presence of one thousand men as the direct result of the position of the college, together with the large number indirectly dependent upon them, is an indication of the vital connection between the interests of city and college. The large amount of money put in circulation each year—one million dollars at least—by the ordinary expenses of the college and its members, the building continually going on, and by those drawn to the city on account of the college, serve to illustrate the same

point. These are indeed paltry considerations compared with the honorable name which the college has given the city, of which it is unnecessary to speak. To all thinking men—we apprehend this class is not as large as is usually thought—the benefits which the city has derived from the possession of the college are very apparent.

What return, then, has the city made for all this? It is possible that we are not unprejudiced judges, but to most students, we are sure it seems evident that the city has not looked upon the college with pride or exhibited a suitable interest in its welfare, but has regarded it with suspicion, as a kind of necessary evil unfortunately removed by some foolish men of an ancient day from Saybrook to its present place. To very many, this charge will not of course apply. Many noble friends of the college have risen here from time to time. The names of Sheffield, Street and Farnham, as well as those of English, Salisbury and Winchester, will ever be remembered gratefully by the friends of liberal culture, and especially by the sons of Yale. To the majority of citizens, however, and to men of broad views upon most subjects, the college suggests no thought of its past or present greatness or of what the city and the country owe to it. They feel no pride in the great men of Yale's former days, and they think not of the good done year by year by faculty and students alike. Their minds turn to some disgraceful act in which the students have been involved—some rush upon the street which they have witnessed, or of which they have heard. Perchance a gate has been missing some morning, and henceforth they have nothing but maledictions for the college. They have heard of a street lamp broken, an out-building fired, or a hose-pipe cut, and the conclusion forces itself upon them, that the students are a disgraceful portion of the community, the college a nuisance, and that the city would be benefitted by its removal.

The picture is not overdrawn, as any one who has met with many persons in the city, must have noticed. There is a general inclination among New Haven men to take

very narrow views upon this point, and to form opinions upon what in most matters would be thought a very unsatisfactory basis. We speak not of the rabble which is ever to be placed in opposition to institutions of the kind. Reference is not made to the city authorities—in many cases not to be separated from the class just mentioned. We have not in mind the vigilant guardians of the peace of the city, or of the politicians who occasionally through the foolishness of our ancestors, the inactivity of their descendants, and the suffrages of the people, become “fellows of Yale College.” This objectionable tone exists among the better portion of citizens, and thus forms a general public sentiment. The city press is also in full sympathy with this feeling, and announces every disgraceful occurrence among the students, without apology, and frequently with the most *foolish* exaggerations.

Doubtless they feel bound to “give all the news,”—a commodity of which their columns show a decided lack,—but it would seem just that they should take as much pleasure in declaring the good deeds of the students as their bad ones. Very rarely do we find in the city press a manly defence of the college or its students. It has become infected with the common disorder, and seems unable to rise above the taste of its readers, or to take broader views than they. It is certain that to the city press is due that false impression in regard to morality at Yale, which is so prevalent throughout the country. We should not expect everything to be “smoothed over,” and the world informed that there is gathered here a body of men, models in deportment and morality, but we ought to find the press, as a duty to the public and to truth, defending the college from these paltry accusations, instead of giving them circulation.

The action of New Haven men has been in accordance with this prevailing opinion. Very rarely substantial aid has been given to the college in times of pecuniary embarrassment. Its endowments, meagre as they are, have come mainly from outside sources. Generally the city seems to have sought to draw the largest amount possible



from the college, while doing the smallest amount possible for it. We would not wish to see any action taken which would render the college a local institution. Yale leaves that distinction for her elder sister, which lying nearer "the hub," of necessity revolves in a less extended circuit.

We would, however, see the wealthy men of New Haven assisting the college, especially in plans which directly interest the city. We would also see the working classes feeling an honest pride in the University, and showing a concern in whatever affects its welfare. The college is much at fault for the relations of which we have spoken, and in conclusion we consider the duty which the college should perform.

It should elevate the standard of intelligence and taste in the city. How low the standard now is may be readily shown.

But two years since, Emerson, one of the first thinkers of the country, drew an extremely small audience here, and Phillips, the first of our orators, met a like reception. One of the smallest church edifices in the city was not filled by Chapin or Whipple. To the charge that people are wearied of lectures, it may be said that Gough immediately drew a crowded house to listen to his stale stories and witness his buffoonery. The entire Institute course has been changed to gratify this taste. Emerson, Chapin, Curtis, and Phillips have given place to Mark Twain and Josh Billings, an indication that the best men are not appreciated in the city.

In further proof of our point may be noted the fact that New Haven is destitute of a public library, for it will not do to designate thus the collection of second hand books at the Institute. There are cities in the East, like Hartford, Worcester and Waterbury, and a large number in the West, with less population and wealth than New Haven, in possession of libraries valuable for consultation by professional men, and also doing excellent service in the improvement of the community. Should the existence of the college library be urged as an excuse for



this, it is sufficient to say that private munificence has not expended upon it an amount which would detract from a public enterprise.

From these and other considerations of a like nature, we are led to consider the standard of taste in New Haven far below what it should be in a university town. For it the college is in a measure responsible, for by its own action it is too far from the sympathies and service of the people of the city. To most of them this old row of brick buildings represents Yale College. They feel, and with too much reason, that it does little directly to improve them. They look upon the instructors as embodying learning beyond their use or capacity.

It is the duty of the college to remove this misapprehension. The labors of such men as Dana, Whitney, Porter and Hadley—to mention no more—should be made directly available to ordinary men. Their works are indeed published, but generally in a form suited for the class room or the library of the college-bred man, rather than the scanty book shelf of the mechanic. Yale College should become more than a name in New Haven, and its best men should become more than myths.

The lecture system, open to many objections, is the plainest method of exercising this direct influence. Courses of lectures might readily be devised, not like that last winter, suggesting a host of theories, and leaving the mind confused upon all, but those which would give a good fund of information upon one point. Other series of a more familiar character for working-men, with other plans having the same end in view, would extend the influence of the college, and gain for it a heartier support.

Such action would prove the college a living reality, consisting of more than piles of brick and stone, inhabited by a few hundreds of noisy students and a few scores of solemn instructors.

The reception of the course of lectures last Winter, and of the annual series in Boston, with the success of the elder Prof. Silliman, forty years since, in interesting the mechanics of New Haven, attest the utility of such mea-

tures. A proof still more conclusive is found in the Scientific School at the present time. Here efforts have been made with eminent success, to reach the common people and interest the citizens in general, and to-day this is the most prosperous department of the University. The instructors have found the mechanics intelligent listeners and longing for self-improvement, and thus the Scientific School is exerting a most beneficial influence upon the community. So also the academic faculty will find the people glad to receive the results of their researches from their own lips, and they will thus endear Yale College to hundreds who have been deprived of its advantages.

They will moreover aid in the removal of the false relations existing between the city and the university, and they will open the way for a hearty coöperation of the citizens in all that is for the best interests of the college.

E. S. L.



## FIRELIGHT FANCIES.

Musing in front of the fire,  
On a chill November night,  
Watching the spark-lights expire,  
As they fell from the embers bright,  
Twining thoughts clustered around me  
With fairy-dreams borne from afar,  
Memory's chains gently bound me  
In cloud links from out my cigar.

Back from the shadowy portals  
Guarding the great unknown,  
Back from the band of Immortals,  
My angel spirit had flown.  
One year that night since she left me,  
Turning to darkness my day,  
For death of her presence bereft me,  
And ruthlessly snatched her away.

Now her brown eyes sadly peering  
Out 'neath the tresses of gold,  
Beamed with fond looks of endearing,  
As in the love-life of old,  
O'er my lone spirit stealing,  
Soothing my sorrow and pain,  
Every heart-wound she was healing,  
Bringing back daylight again.

Then, as a gentle love-token,  
Drooped she her head on my breast,  
And these kind words by her spoken,  
Lulled my sad spirit to rest,—  
“ Darling, no longer be lonely,  
For, when I seem to take flight,  
Still am I near thee, and only  
Veiled by Death's hand from thy sight.

“ When the bright sun on thee glancing  
Wakes thee at morn from thy dreams,  
I shall, its brightness enhancing,  
Bathe in the light of the beams ;  
And, when the zephyrs are sighing,  
Wafted through leafy-green trees,  
I to thy side will be flying,  
Borne on the murmuring breeze.

“ Thus, in the sunbeam and zephyr,  
Morning and noon and at eve,  
I will be near to thee ever,  
Life's daily ills to relieve.  
And, while I'm watching above thee,  
Waiting thy pathway to bless,  
Still shall I tenderly love thee,  
Joy in each daily success.”

Slowly the embers were dying,  
Silently fading away,  
Sadly the vision was flying,  
Able no longer to stay.  
Thoughts which had clustered around me,  
Cruelly vanished from sight,  
Memory's chains which had bound me,  
Burst into darkness and night.

W. K. T.

## THE USE OF TRANSLATIONS.

THE unsatisfactory results which commonly follow the large portion of time allotted to classical studies in our educational institutions, have inspired a wide spread feeling of dissatisfaction among the friends of education. While few whose opinions are entitled to any weight deny the value of that branch of study, many feel that the results obtained by it are altogether disproportionate to the time devoted to its pursuit. The question therefore arises, whether the manner in which classical study is commonly pursued is not open to censure; whether there is not some more expeditious way of learning the ancient languages than that now in vogue?

We presume it will be admitted at once, that if Latin and Greek were living languages, the speediest way to acquire them would be to follow the method which nature dictates in the case of children, and which experience has shown to be so incomparably superior to any other method of learning a foreign tongue. Failing in this condition, however, it would seem obvious that a method as nearly as possible related to the natural one of learning an ordinary language would be most effective. For we must not lose sight of the fact that Latin and Greek, with all the difference which separates them from modern tongues, were once spoken languages and are subject to the same laws in their acquisition as modern tongues. What then is the nearest substitute for the natural manner of learning a language? We reply, the oral translation of an author by some instructor, or the use of a printed translation. The first method, to the utility of which any one who has tried the experiment can testify, presents some points of superiority, but as it can be adopted with full success only where the number taught is very limited, we shall confine our argument to the second method, which is essentially the same. Let us examine briefly the points of similarity which it presents to the ordinary method of acquiring a living tongue. In both cases certain words are taught us

to designate particular objects, certain verb forms to express particular actions, and certain combinations of words to express particular thoughts; only in living languages these various words and their combinations are addressed to the ear, in dead languages to the eye; in the one case the words expressive of a certain thought are taught us orally, in the other they are put before us on the printed page. Of course the use of a translation is adapted only to the acquisition of a reading knowledge of a language, and to that knowledge, so far as regards dead languages, our discussion is restricted. But we believe the conclusion to be unavoidable that, with an equal expenditure of time in both cases, a reading knowledge of a dead language can be acquired as easily as a speaking knowledge of a living tongue.

If we are asked how greater results can be obtained by a recognized use of translations than without them, we reply, in the same way that greater results can be obtained from a labor-saving machine than from work done by hand, or, to give a more exact parallel, in the same way, that a builder can accomplish more if he has his material at hand than if he is obliged to bring up his own bricks, one by one, from some brick-yard, or to select a required number of ten-penny nails from a confused mass of all sizes. In the ordinary method a vast amount of time is expended in the mere mechanical work of turning over the leaves of a lexicon, whose employment in the use of a translation would go far toward giving familiarity with the language we wish to learn. A translator presents very much the same advantage over a lexicon that a lexicon does over an unclassified mass of definitions. Both works rest upon the same principle, that of facilitating the finding of an unknown word. It is as much an avoidance of unnecessary mechanical labor to have the proper meaning of words selected and arranged in the order in which they come in any author, as it is to have those words, together with all others in a language, arranged in alphabetical instead of promiscuous order. In the one case as well as in the other it is true we make use of other men's labors.

But if we did not make use of other men's labors, very little would be accomplished in the material world or in the world of thought.

It will be urged against the use of translations, that our chief object in studying the classics is discipline, and that this object will be defeated, if we give up the habit of independent translations. As this objection, reiterated in various forms, constitutes the chief argument by which any reform in classical study is opposed, we propose to examine it at some length. So far from admitting that the substitution of the translation for the lexicon would interfere with intellectual discipline, we venture the assertion that such a course would exact a greater amount of discipline. In arriving at this conclusion we, of course, take it for granted that lessons of such length be assigned as will require an amount of time for their mastery equal to that required for lessons assigned under the system of independent translation. For the purpose of this essay is not to furnish an excuse for idleness or shirking, but to contribute something, if possible, toward the utilization of labor which we feel is not expended to the best purpose. The translation then, we think, will exact a greater amount of discipline, because it will require a greater amount of intellectual work. When it is used, a greater proportion of the time allotted to a lesson will be spent upon the text, than when we are obliged to devote half that time to looking out the meaning of words, before attempting to discover their construction at all. And if, by the aid of a translation, the meaning of a sentence is more readily discovered, and the construction of the various words rendered more apparent, we must remember that the additional length of the exercise will more than offset its ease. It is quite as useful a mental exercise to translate five sentences with an ordinary amount of exertion as one sentence with five times that exertion. It may well be doubted if it is not a more useful one, for the time expended in looking stupidly at some obscure or archaic form is hardly better than wasted.

But even granting that greater discipline is exacted by the lexicon system, we are very far from conceding that

discipline is the chief object to be considered in the study of any language, ancient or modern. We believe this notion to be a happy afterthought, designed to silence those critics who consider the results obtained from classical study as trivial. Discipline, of course, is important, but it should be incidental, instead of the end at which we aim. To use a homely illustration, a man who had a potato crop to dig, would not be regarded by most persons as wise, if he were to spend a very considerable portion of his time in spading an empty field for the sake of getting up the requisite muscle for his task. And if, by the advice of some theorist, he had consumed most of his time in this way, perhaps he would be narrow-minded enough to regard himself as humbugged when that theorist should tell him that his present crop of potatoes wasn't at all important, but that the strength which he had gained would greatly aid him in digging any future crop he might have. If discipline were the sole object to be considered, the ancient languages might be made much harder by shuffling up all the words of some composition and requiring them to be properly re-arranged and translated. We have not yet heard that this method has been tried, but we look daily for its suggestion by some anti-utilitarian. To use another illustration, we should undoubtedly get much more discipline by working out every logarithm which we use in our calculations; but most of us are content to take them at second hand.

We trust we may be excused if we object to a theory of education which would put classics on a par with a puzzle or a game of chess. We trust it may not be narrow to regard Homer, Demosthenes and Plato as valuable for other reasons than as furnishing convenient illustrations of grammatical rules. We shall even venture on the heresy of believing that a truer and higher cultivation can be gained by mastering the thought of some eminent thinker, than by imperfectly tearing away a mass of artificial husks in which that thought is enveloped. Did we not look to Athens and to Rome for the noblest specimens of poetry, oratory and logic, all the arguments of edu-

cated theorists would fail to convince men of the utility of studying Latin and Greek for the discipline they might acquire in the process. Those languages would then have no interest save for the etymologist.

Shall we be asked why it is that, if translations may be made so useful an auxiliary to classical study, they are now universally admitted to be the bane of American scholarship? The paradox is easily explained. We have not disputed the fact that it is a far more useful intellectual exercise to work out one page of Greek independently, than with the aid of a translation. The superiority of translating is predicated upon the supposition that the exercise be lengthened to correspond with its ease. If a man has only a small amount of work to do, and after its completion must remain idle, it is better for him to do that work by hand than to employ a labor-saving machine. For in the one case he accomplishes the required amount of work and gains useful exercise in the process, while in the other he merely accomplishes the same amount without getting the benefit of exercise. But does it require an elaborate argument to prove that, if the same amount of effort, applied to working a machine, will give vastly greater results, the latter method is preferable? The loss which a student sustains by the use of a translation under the present system, is in mental exercise merely, not in the amount of language which he acquires. We may go further, and assert that he acquires a greater knowledge of the language he is studying, than *the same amount of independent exertion would give him*. For we very much doubt if the fifteen minutes or half-hour's work which, with a translation, will give a passing knowledge of a lesson, would suffice to keep one-half a class in college if translations were removed. Is there any great absurdity then, in supposing that, if the same amount of work be required when a translation is put into our hands that is exacted without it, we shall be gainers by just so much the more ground we go over, and by just so much the greater knowledge of the language we are studying that we, in consequence of such progress, attained? A distinguished



professor stated in the *New Englander* last year, that the true remedy for the evils which translations are working, is to lengthen lessons to such an extent as to make them no help. It is a little difficult to see what temptation is afforded to a man to get out of a carriage and walk, by lengthening his journey from five miles to fifteen. We venture the suggestion that it would be quite as logical a remedy to lengthen lessons to such an extent as to make translations necessary. When by such lengthening they become useful aids of industry instead of convenient instruments of shirkers, they will cease to be objectionable either on the score of morality or educational interest.

We confess we should feel a greater diffidence about advancing our theory, were it untried or destitute of the authority of great names. But the truth seems to be that our present method of studying the classics is an innovation of an unscholarly age, or rather of an age of perverted scholarship. Formerly, when a reading knowledge of the ancient authors was considered an indispensable part of a polite education, juster and more liberal views prevailed. In Phillip's *Life of Milton* we read, that that great scholar carried two or three private pupils over an amount of ground in five or six years which very few modern college professors go over in the course of a lifetime. How he ever could have done this was for a long time a mystery to us. But we have since found the explanation in his *Treatise on Education*, a passage of which we quote: "We do amiss to spend seven or eight years in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek, as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year. \* \* \* \* Whereas, if after some preparatory grounds of speech, by their certain forms got into memory, they (scholars) were led to the praxis thereof in some chosen short book, lessoned thoroughly to them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the substance of good things, and arts in due order, which would bring the whole language quickly into their power. This I take to be the most natural and most profitable way of learning languages." By the expression "lessoned thoroughly"

Milton means translated and explained, and, as we have previously remarked, this method is essentially the same as the use of translations, though it is applicable with full success only to private tuition. But Locke's testimony is more emphatic still. The best way to learn Latin, he thinks, is to have a tutor about one constantly, who can speak the language, to teach it orally. But if such a man cannot be had, he recommends that some easy author be read with the English translation interlined. From this point we will allow him to develop his methods in his own words: "When, by this way of interlining Latin and English with one another, he (the student) has got a moderate knowledge of the Latin tongue, he may then be advanced a little farther to the reading of some easy Latin book, such as Justin or Eutropius; and, to make the reading and understanding of it the less tedious and difficult to him, let him help himself with the English translation. Nor let the objection, that he will know it only by rote, fright any one. For languages are only to be learned by rote; and a man who does not speak English and Latin perfectly by rote, so that having thought of the thing he would speak of, his tongue, of course, without thought of rule or grammar falls into the proper expression and idiom of that language, does not speak it well nor is master of it."

Such are the views of men whose attainments give them the right to advise. Does not the elegant and thorough classical scholarship of the Latin secretary of Cromwell entitle his views on education to a respectful and serious attention?

\*

## THE YOUTH BY THE STREAM.

*(Translated from Schiller.)*

By the streamlet sat the stripling,  
Flow'rets weaving to a crown,  
Saw the blossoms onward hurried,  
Whirl on dancing wavelets down.  
Thus my days are ever fleeting,  
Like the restless stream away,  
While my sunny youth is fading,  
With'ring like those garlands gay.

Do not ask me why I sorrow  
In of life the blooming time,  
All things hopeful are rejoicing,  
When the spring renews its prime.  
But these thousand joyous voices,  
Nature waking from her sleep,  
Only wake in me the sadness  
Buried in my bosom deep.

What to me is all the gladness  
Sweet, that spring-time offers here?  
One alone I seek unceasing,—  
She is ever far, though near.  
Yearningly my arms outspreading,  
I would that fond image seize,  
But I cannot grasp the shadow,  
Nor my longing heart appease.

Come to me, my fairest, dearest !  
Leave thy haughty castle towers !  
Culling all that spring-time beareth,  
I will strew thy lap with flowers.  
Hark, the wood with song re-echoes !  
And the streamlet ripples fair,  
Room is in the smallest cottage  
For a happy loving pair.

C. J. R.

## BUTTON-HOLE TALKS.—No. V.

My dear Aristodemus, I suppose you, as well as the rest of the college world, have noticed the articles relating to New Haven society and an acquaintanceship therewith which have lately appeared in the various college publications. They reminded me of a remark I heard you make one Sunday evening not a twelvemonth ago. We were sitting in a room in old South College, by the open window, smoking. It was twilight, and the people were going and coming on the street. The moonlight was now streaming through the leafy elms and now lost to sight among the umbrageous branchlets. Altogether the evening and the surroundings were such as to make one think of human companionship and friends and home. In fact, I think you were as near being homesick as it is possible for one to be in the half-Bohemian atmosphere which shuts off the genuine collegian from the rest of the world. Probably many unspoken recollections of those we loved were intertwined with the fabric of our thought, and out of the smoke which floated about us in ever-changing lines of beauty each of us built up the old ancestral homestead with all its well-known features. Our talk, meantime, went on idly. Just then C. Augustus Primrose walked by the window. The sight of him brought out to your mind the opulence of society acquaintances you had formerly enjoyed in sharp contrast with your present lack of the same—for *you*, my dear Aristodemus, are *not* in society. With a savage puff you said: "He's a conceited puppy, and yet he goes in the best society: that's what makes me mad!" Your remark might have been derogatory to the youthful member of the highly respectable and useful dog family—it might have represented Primrose in a wrong light to posterity;—that is a question I don't care to decide. Primrose is of no importance to me, except in so far as he represents a class; and it must be understood that a great many society men are not Primroses—indeed, perhaps Primrose

himself is not near as much of a puppy as I shall make him out to be ;—I am only going to put him in as strong a light as his inherent weakness will bear, in order to illustrate what I am going to say about this wonderful matter of getting into good society.—As I tipped back in my chair that Sunday night and took a few meditative pulls at my pipe, I must confess, my dear Aristodemus, I felt some surprise at the statement you had just made. I looked at your external comeliness and manifest manliness—I remembered the many proofs you had given of intellectual superiority—I thought of the store of good fellowship there was in you—and in utter amazement I said to myself: “By George, *he* wants to get into society!” Not that it was such a singular thing—I myself had a disorder of the same kind once for several days in succession ; but for the moment it seemed such a coming down for *you* to want to put yourself into a market, in competition with Primrose, where there was not much demand for anything but the Primrose goods. And yet, I say, it is natural. Notwithstanding the inevitableness of such feelings, however, I have gradually come to think a man somewhat foolish who makes any direct attempt to gratify them ;—and I will tell you why I think so, my dear Aristodemus, and if you find I am in the wrong, I shall take it in good part if you will tell me so.—Now, in the first place, I suppose that New Haven society, especially that portion of it with which students come in contact, is very much like the society of other towns. I need not stop here to give these general characteristics ; unfortunately, they are too common to need recital. It is enough to say, that of those who make up this society, perhaps one in twenty is worth the acquaintance of a man of sense—and perhaps not. And I want you to understand me on this point, Aristodemus : if there are any who are good for anything under heaven except to eat their father’s bread and butter and spend their father’s money, I am not talking about them. I like to see a woman womanly, but I don’t like to see a woman helpless ;—I am sorry to say that helplessness is often mistaken for refinement and breeding in America.

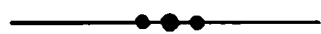
But New Haven society is modified in a certain degree by the fact that this is an university town. There are in New Haven many learned men who are genial and social, many intelligent women who are cultured and courteous. These have their influence on the so-called best society. Accordingly, learning in some degree is thought to be the thing and conversation has a bookish cast. Even the flimsiest of Flora MacFlimseys acquires a certain facility in turning phrases after this fashion. To be sure, nineteen out of any twenty are as uncertain in their knowledge as the boarding-school miss (of whom "Ik. Marvel" I think makes mention in his "Mirror," published in volume VI of the LIT.), who asked if Lalla Rookh was not written by Miss More. I remember an encounter I had with one of these dangerous creatures last summer. She talked to me of books I had never read in the gravest and readiest way possible; I rejoined in the most assured (but wholly *extempore*, I assure you) manner;—we were both highly entertained—she because she thought I did not observe that she was giving some man's statements about the works in question at second-hand—I because it did her so much good to accept her talk at her own valuation. Beside these, there are in New Haven society a few women whose acquaintance would be of worth to any man. Capable, self-reliant, disciplined in head and heart, they, and they alone, have really gotten knowledge from the combined culture of New Haven—they, and they alone, are the salt of its good society.—Well, my dear Aristodemus, you wish to be admitted to the social life which results from the association of these two classes. But don't you see, at a glance, that there is room for ten Primroses where there is room for one man like yourself? For Primrose delights, where you would disgust these damosels. He repeats his trifling inanities in a cheerful way, and they understand and appreciate his sentiments. He never goes very deep, but he skims over a score of questions in as many minutes and mouths the names of things with masterly dexterity. They reply in kindred style, and no thought is wasted on either side, Now how

long would you, my dear Aristodemus, endure this sort of thing? How many evenings in the week would you consume in going through this formula of friendship? Why, just as many as you spend in Primrose's room—that is, none at all.—There is another respect in which Primrose, as a society man, possesses an immense advantage over you. He is willing to do things for the sake of other people's opinions about them. Perhaps you noticed him at Music Hall the other evening. With what beaming complacency he sat and chattered to the woman at his side! And why? Because he liked her and enjoyed her beauty and sprightliness and wit? No, sir. He was happy for the simple reason that some scores of students now knew that *he* was in society. Primrose's shallow soul was filled exactly evenly full with happiness at that! It made small odds to him, you see, whom he took, provided she had a certain social position. His enjoyment was derived wholly from what other people thought about it. I am much mistaken in you, my dear Aristodemus, if you would be gratified by a similar exhibition of yourself. Indeed, I know you would not. You wouldn't give two straws for what all college thought, provided you were with some one who suited *you*. You value yourself and your own judgment (as every man ought to do in such a case) above the opinions of the multitude.—In view, then, of Primrose's conversational powers, and the minimum of happiness which satisfies him, you see at once, my dear boy, that he and those like him have a natural monopoly of the greater part of New Haven society. With regard to the lesser, but more valuable part—the only part with which you would have any sympathy or friendship—it is, unfortunately for you, too true that those who compose this portion have already attracted to themselves a host of admirers, many of whom are gentlemen in every sense of the word. Even Primrose's cheerful prattle is heard now and then in their neighborhood. All these are first by right of prior discovery. Of course discoverers are always open to invasion and conquest. But the chances are against you.

In a word : you would find very few persons in the best society of New Haven whom you would take the trouble to call on twice ;—you would find the few, whom you would probably enjoy seeing at least seven evenings in the week, already sated with good companionship. Hence, as I said before, it seems to me somewhat foolish for you to make any attempts to exchange your college solitude for the doubtful pleasures of society ;—and the more foolish, since college solitude, as you, my dear Aristodemus, know full well, is as far removed in point of fact from loneliness as the jovial life of Friar Tuck, the Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst, was from the ascetic devotion of a genuine servant of the church.—There is another thing about this matter of good society, my dear Aristodemus, which I wish you would notice, and that is—the nonsense of it. You call a certain class of persons in New Haven good society, and of course it follows from this that certain other classes are *not* good society. And why? Hath not the one class “hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions,” such as belong to the other classes? Is not the one “fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer” as are the others? And yet, of two persons, alike in all these respects, you say one is in good society and the other is not. The fact is, you accept them at their own estimation—which is an exceedingly foolish thing to do. Their ancestors, more or less remote, were associated into a class, by reason of local causes or some real or fancied excellence of character. These their children assume that they inherit the ancestral merits, whatever they were. Accordingly they cling together on the principle of exclusion. They do *not* recognize certain persons or classes, and hence they are *in* society. But in nineteen cases out of twenty they are mere puppets, upheld in their places by the family name or the family wealth. In other words, their separation from the rest of the world is wholly factitious, and fictitious, too. If you will think a moment, my dear Aristode-



mus, you will find that there are only four qualifications essential to a woman's admission to really good society (for I am talking chiefly about women now, since almost any man can obtain entrance therein, if he will), viz.: virtue, amiability, intelligence and breeding. Wherever you find a woman possessing these qualities of character, my dear Aristodemus, *she* is not only in good society, but she *is* good society. But how many of those who figure in the so-called good society of to-day occupy their position by reason of possessing these qualifications? Well, perhaps two or three in twenty. You see the great trouble is this: our notions of aristocracy are entirely changed by the assumed and asserted bestness of these people. Now I believe in aristocracy as much as anybody can—I *know* that some people are actually better, in any sense you may understand the word, than others. I would no more consort with Primrose, for example, than I would with a monkey. But for all this, I don't choose to accept any class of persons as the best class, just because they claim to be so. The truth is, there is no best class—there are only best individuals. And it is worth a man's labor to find these out. Some of them, as I have already said, are in so-called good society—many are not. You will be wise, my dear Aristodemus, if you look out these and use your own judgment in the search.



#### NOTABILIA.

——The subject for the Senior Prize Debate in Linnonia has just been decided upon. It is: "ought the United States to pursue a policy of strict non-interference in foreign affairs?" In view of this highly interesting theme our soul is stirred up within us, remembering as we do the prophecy in the May number of the LIT.:—"At the Senior debates, next January, there shall be discussed a question which shall be both interesting to, and capable of discussion by, the undergraduate mind."

This one is of course capable of discussion, but it certainly lacks interest. And yet it was chosen from a list of forty-seven proposed, and, we are forced to conclude, chosen wisely. The idea of discussing college reforms is a good one in theory, but bad in practice. It is an impossibility to obtain unprejudiced judges. Every one within the sphere of Yale's influence has strongly marked opinions upon every topic of college reform, and the result is that the wary undergraduate shuns questions of this sort as dangerous ground. Occasionally, however, he ventures upon them, as in one of the debates in *Brothers* last year. The result of that debate is too well known to need mention here. The second best speech of the evening received no prize whatever. It was too advanced for the conservatism of the judges. This question of prejudice is an insuperable objection. Until this can be done away with, we suppose that the average student must content himself with questions of national policy and national interest, and leave untouched questions of college policy and college interest.

———Nearly a year ago the *Yale Courant*, in criticising some article in the *LIT.*, objected to it as "pedantic." The criticism was perhaps a good one. The word was certainly a good one. At least so the *Courant* seems to think, for it has almost invariably used it since. Pedantry is a thing to be earnestly rebuked, but we would suggest to the *Courant* that learning is not pedantry, that the skilful treatment and thorough analysis of a subject is not pedantry, and finally that a man is not necessarily pedantic even when he shows that he has more knowledge of his subject than his critic. A careful study of these three facts will make the *Courant's* criticisms less ridiculous and more just.

———A few days ago a party of students was noticed whose occupation for the time being was the endeavor either to stop the college clock, or to break off the hands, by throwing up a base ball at it. This clock has long been almost as fertile a topic for grumbling as the college

Choir, and it may, doubtless, have deserved all the complaints made against it. But, poor as it certainly is, it is a great deal better than none at all; nor will any injury done to it result in aught but inconvenience and annoyance to the students themselves. It is very unpleasant, to say the least, to all who room in the college buildings, whenever the clock does not run. If men, who are old enough to come to college, are childish enough in their tastes to derive amusement from such juvenile acts as stoning the clock, and are sufficiently unmindful of the convenience and wishes of others not to abstain from such amusement, then the only resource is to have these performances frowned down by all students who are unwilling to be classed among the infants of Yale. It is impossible for the Faculty to see these things done, save in exceptional cases, but they are always witnessed by more or less who heartily disapprove of them. If these latter would also actively disapprove of them by outspoken and earnest remonstrance with the offenders, we might easily, at no distant date, bring about a public sentiment which would effectually protect us in this matter.

——The LIT., which has often criticised unfavorably the actions of the Faculty of Yale, is glad to be able to praise heartily and frankly the spirit of regard for student health and student happiness which has actuated them this year. The college grounds and the college buildings have been greatly improved, base ball is actually encouraged to such an extent that our players no longer live in constant dread of marks and suspension, and boating is flourishing in “the sunshine of Faculty smile,” for Yale has refused to co-operate with Harvard in suppressing the University races. We but echo the sentiment of the whole college when we say that the feeling of the undergraduates towards the Faculty is better by far than it has been for years. To be sure the Jubilee is abolished. This is, it seems to us, a great mistake, but let us be thankful for the good the gods have given us.

——The author of “Society and Solitude” wishes to have it distinctly understood that he did *not* write the

reply to his own article, which appeared in the *Courant*. The utter lack of argument and the ludicrously feeble attempts at satire of said reply have caused some evil-disposed persons to accuse him of having written it in order to burlesque the other side of the question. It is of course intended for a burlesque, but his is not the hand which penned it.

———The Editorial “Five” are anxiously looking for a large subscription list to support, in a substantial manner, their efforts to improve the Magazine. This latter is at best no more than a barely self-supporting institution, and the present Board are beginning to anticipate a possible financial failure, and a consequent drain upon their Editorial pockets, as a reward for their attempts to cater to the college wants in quantity as well as in quality. The first four numbers of their administration contain 228 pages, an average of 57 pages to each number. To do this has involved heavy printers’ bills, and they appeal to the college for a generous subscription list and prompt payment. One word more. Some complain that they did not get all their numbers last year. Now if any subscriber applies within any reasonable time after the issue of a number, he is always sure to get his copy. If any one delays a month or more, he *may* lose it, as the orders to the printers have to be made rather close to bring matters out “square” at the end of the year.



## MEMORABILIA VALENSIA.

### *Our Record*

Extends from October 9 to November 10. It covers a period in the college year of comparative dullness, and yet one from which much pleasure and fun are extracted. These autumnal days are full of the ripened glories of the dying year, and pleasant weather, as the rule, has enabled every one, “whom wisdom and whom nature charm, to steal themselves from the degenerate crowd” “and meditate the book of nature ever open.” Riding and walking has accordingly been the pre-

vailing form of dissipation in college during the past month. This new-fangled "bumming" has been so general in the Senior class that sundry

### *Geological Excursions*

Have been undertaken, under the leadership of Prof. Dana, nominally after rocks, but really after crackers and cheese and lager beer. The first of these came off October 15. Mill Rock was the objective point. Forty infatuated fellows started, with the best intentions in the world, but a "pooty considerable number of individoals," in the words of E. L., wilted under the influence of too much lager. The result was, that only the professor and a handful of courageous souls completed the grand tour. Mill Rock, at the moment of being inspected by these heroes, is said to have been a spectacle for gods and men. The second expedition of this sort occurred November 5, and was aimed at Seymour, situate on the Naugatuck R.R. One of the morning recitations was omitted, whereat the "Senior Sophisters," earthward tending, rejoiced. Only thirty-two of those who thus rejoiced, however, were willing to undergo the rigors of a second campaign. These appeared at the depot at half-past nine, a. m., armed and equipped as the law directs. The column moved off with Profs. Dana and Newton commanding. E. S. Dana, '70, went along as a diplomate, in order to draw up the articles of capitulation which should announce to a civilized world the surrender of the savages of Seymour. Seymour is a large place, but our fellows filled it. The inhabitants took them for the common council of New York city, out for a prize fight. Under this impression they yielded at once. Soon after, it was discovered that lager was the national beverage of Seymour. Crackers and cheese, as usual, added to the madness of the hour, which was increased somewhat by multitudinous ham sandwiches. Multisonous multiloquence became general, and much knowledge was gained about the earth. A retreat was sounded late in the afternoon. The majority bravely took seats in the cars. Seven men of sterner stuff, however, refused to obey orders, and though the iron entered their heels, yet they walked to New Haven—distance twelve miles. Three diminutive rocks, "old and gray, and, as regards quality, gneiss," were the total results of the expedition. This

### *Base Ball*

Of matter, however, which we call the earth, has received but a modicum of attention as compared with that given to the "dead red" balls, regulation size. Every body in college has had a match game with

somebody, classes have been divided against classes, the orthodox seminary has shaken the worldly bat against the new education, while on the college grounds crushing effects have been produced by Amidons coming in sudden conjunction with passed balls, missed with unerring precision by enthusiastic muffins. Under these exciting circumstances the University nine have not been idle. October 18 they played a return game with the Osceolas of Stratford, beating them by a score of 31 to 23. October 19 they played the Mutuals on the Union grounds at Williamsburg, and were beaten to the tune of 31 to 9. In this game our nine were short two men, Messrs. Day and Richards—their places being occupied by Messrs. Thomas, '73, and F. W. Foster, '74—while only four men played in their regular positions;—which may account in some measure for the dismal score. The University men celebrated this, the closing game of the season with them, by a general and protracted visit to the Old Bowery Theatre. The effects have been visible ever since. The nine, under the new organization, has played five games, in four of which it has been successful. The total number of runs made is 145 to 87 in favor of Yale—putting our nine ahead on total score by 58 runs. This is a very fair record, and one which promises good work next summer. October 26 the class nines of '72 and '73 played a game at the Park for the college champion flag. '72 kept the flag by a score of 40 to 12. "Dear Mr. Maxwell," '74, acted as umpire. October 15 the "Archons" and "Muffins," all of '72, played a game whose score was 25 to 18 in favor of the party of the first part. The Theologues have played any number of games with one another, in all of which the Seminary has been victorious. A game played with the Scientifics resulted differently, however, as is noticed elsewhere. The Juniors of North Middle and Farnam have played several games, in which the Farnamites have been ignominiously "sat on." Several peculiarly

### *English Games*

Have lately been introduced or revived in college. One of these is "Hare and Hounds," a game of which Tom Brown has given a full description in his "School Days at Rugby." The afternoon of October 15 was devoted by the Junior class to this sport. Messrs. Jenkins and A. B. Chapman were the hares, and a goodly crowd of their classmates "went for them" as hounds. Another game which has been played lately with a good deal of devotion, is Foot Ball. From 1840 (and probably earlier) up to 1860, this was the great game of college.

In those days students were permitted to play on the city green, in front of the Parthenon of America—otherwise, State House, without a “peeler” to molest them or make them afraid. About the middle of every fall term the game of the season, in which the sides were made up according to classes, took place. Quite frequently in these games some “towny” would get a chance to kick the ball, and this was always considered as a challenge from the great unwashed and a row of varying proportions straightway followed. Ah, those were the days! November 9 a match game of Foot Ball took place at Hamilton Park between '72 and '73. Each class was represented by twenty-five picked men, with C. Deming as captain for '72 and D. S. Schaff captain for '73. The latter has played the game at Rugby. Five games were played during the afternoon, in each one of which '72 was victorious. These various sports of the land lubbers, however, interfered in no way with the interest taken by all college in the

### *Fall Regatta,*

Which came off on Lake Saltonstall on the afternoon of Saturday, October 22. At half-past two a train of nine well-filled cars left the New Haven cellar, dignified by the name of depot, for the lake. Numbers had already started in carriages, and on the arrival of the train, the best points from which to see the races were crowded with spectators. The first race was for double sculls over a two-mile course—prizes, two silver cups. There were three entries for this race—the “University,” pulled by E. D. Coonley and J. K. Howe; the “Lively Polly,” pulled by C. S. Jelley and A. W. Curtis; and the “Junietta,” pulled by J. B. Morse and G. M. Stoeckel, all members of the class of '71. The latter boat was not rowed. The other boats appeared promptly, and started with the “University” on the inside. The “Lively Polly,” however, turned the stake-boat five lengths ahead of her competitor, and won the race easily in 16 m., 52 s. Mr. Howe, of the “University,” was unwell, and Mr. Coonley pulled his boat down from the turn alone. The next race was for shells over a three-mile course—prizes, six silver cups. Two boats were entered for this race—one from the Scientific School, and one from the Sophomore class. The crews were as follows: '73—Boyce (bow), Hemingway, Thomas, Davenport, Day, Flagg (stroke);—Scientific—Boykin (bow), Parks, Gause, Cogswell, C. T. Smith, Davenport (stroke). The Sophomores had the outside, but won the race in 22 m., 43 $\frac{3}{4}$  s.; Scientifics, 23 m., 13 $\frac{1}{2}$  s. The next race was for single sculls over a two-mile course, with two stake-boats—1st prize, chased silver cup; 2d prize, plain silver cup.

For this race there were five entries—J. K. Howe, '71; W. P. Hall, '72; E. R. Troxell, '73; C. Dewing, '73; and S. Merritt, '73. Mr. Howe, however, failed to put in an appearance, and the others started in the following order: Hall inside, Troxell, Dewing, Merritt outside. They returned as follows: Hall, 17 m.,  $24\frac{1}{4}$  s.; Dewing, 18 m.,  $04\frac{1}{4}$  s.; Troxell, 19 m., 13 s.; Merritt, 19 m.,  $29\frac{1}{2}$  s. "Lambda Chi" Hall accordingly took the first prize, and Mr. Dewing the second. The next and last race was for barges over a two-mile course—prizes, six gold crossed oars. Two crews entered for this race—one from '73, the other from '74. Their names were as follows: Sophomore—F. D. Allen (bow), Webster, Meyer, Brown, Wheelock, Oaks (stroke), Flagg, coxswain; Freshman—Dunning (bow), Weeks, L. H. Bailey, Harrison, Wickes, Bussing (stroke), Boomer, '72, coxswain. The Freshman crew demanded a handicap in weight, on account of the superiority of '73's boat (it having a shell bottom), but finally took 20 seconds in time. '74 had the inside, and the time was—'73: 14 m.,  $34\frac{1}{2}$  s.; '74: 14 m.,  $49\frac{1}{2}$  s.;—which gave the race to the Freshmen by five seconds. This was the best race of the afternoon, and excited great enthusiasm. '74 came out in shirts and pants alike—an exhibition of "dog" which speaks well for the condition of the Freshmanic exchequer. The "officers of the day" were—Referee, A. L. Clarke, of Boston, at one time connected with an Oxford University barge, and a man who is rendering yeoman's service to the boating interests of Yale; Starter, I. H. Ford, '71; Time-Keeper, F. S. Wicks, '73; Judges, E. D. Coonley, '71, L. E. Curtis, '72, C. A. Brinley, S. S. S.; Prompters, W. L. Cushing, '72, W. F. McCook, '73. Messrs. C. H. Clark, G. P. Wilshire and J. H. Hofecker acted as conductors of the excursion train, and every other man one met was selling programmes. Felsburg's band was *not* present. Thus ended the first race under the management of President Ford, and in every point it was a success. There were no delays, no fouls, no complaints. The races were finished up in good time, and everybody returned to town in the best of humor and in time for supper. It ought to be stated that Mr. Townsend, who lives near the lake, put up the boat-house which the crews use, and also has erected a flag-staff and furnishes a flag on the days of the races. We have not been aided in making up our account of these races by any of the

### *College Publications,*

From the fact that the *Banner* was published before they came off, the *Pot-Pourri* is too inaccurate to be used as an authority (for example: there are two Baileys in the Freshman class, and one of them rowed



in the barge race, and which one thus rowed is the question, but the *Pot-Pourri* only says: "—— Bailey"), and the regular college catalogue utterly ignores boating matters. Of these several college directories, the *Banner*, whose first number bore the date of November 5, 1841, appeared earliest. The old double-sheet of eight pages, to which those who are now members of college were accustomed, and which was to be had for fifteen cents, has given way this year to a substantial pamphlet, made up of about seventy pages of college news and fifty pages of advertisements, with a corresponding advance in price. This is a form in which the *Banner* has appeared previously, though before our time. It contains the usual lists of the faculty and students, an unique and useful directory of all the dormitories, arranged according to entries and floors, statistics of residence, appointments of '70 and '71, a full and accurate statement of prizes awarded during the year, together with the debate and prize composition subjects of the same period, a full and classified list of periodicals in the reading room, and a list of all the societies in college, of all the boating organizations and races up to date, of the ball clubs and matches of the year, of the musical organizations, chess clubs, eating clubs, together with eleven pages of miscellaneous organizations and facts, such as one often wants to know about, but never knows where to find. A complete business directory of New Haven tradesmen, express and telegraph offices, R.R. time tables, a calendar and post-office regulations are added. In the amount of its information and the general accuracy of its details (it will be remembered that the compiler had to collect all the matter himself), it is a master-piece of college work. In looking over it cursorily, we find that Connecticut has 272 representatives among the students (though many put themselves down as living at New Haven who really belong elsewhere), New York 163, Pennsylvania 57, Massachusetts and Ohio each 49, Illinois 22, Kentucky 11, Canada and Cuba each 2, Wales 3, Africa, China, England, Japan, Sandwich Islands, Siam and Syria each 1. Altogether twenty nine states are represented in college. One new society appears—the "L. L. O. E." of the medical department—with eight members. Of eating clubs,—the commons feeds 81; '72 has a "Hung(a)ry club," whose motto is "Chau-cer;" '73 has "The Peace Makers," "The Fowl Fiends," and "The Gobbl(e)ins." Various indescribable wood-cuts figure prominently in this department. Thomas Thompson is put down as janitor of Farnam Hall; but his sensitive conscience, which prevented him from becoming a priest of the church of England in the West Indies, on account of its ritualistic tendencies, led him but a sorry life here, and he has given place to one Chipman, whose exis-

tence is only sustained under the mad appeals of the top story for steam by spiritual influences. The *Pot-Pourri*—first published in October, 1865—appears in the usual form, and has eighty-two pages of college facts and eight pages of advertisements. This additional number of pages is largely due to the system of arrangement, by which many whole pages are filled with single organizations. It is printed on tinted paper—as is the *Banner*—and its title-page is in colors. It contains a list of the corporation, it states to which of the open societies each undergraduate belongs, and it gives a list of the DeForest men and recipients of the wooden spoon; in these points it differs from the *Banner*. As for the rest of it, it is in the main a reprint of the *Banner*, with a changed order, and with one of the best points of the *Banner*—the dormitory directory—left out. Published at the time it was, there is no excuse for the errors it contains—presenting a marked contrast, in this particular, to the number issued last year, which was one of the most accurate numbers ever published. Of its mistakes we shall mention but two. The first is the omission of the Lrr. medal taken by the class of '71. This was deliberately marked off from the page of the *Banner* which was used as copy, unquestionably on account of personal reasons. How far a man, who is ostensibly preparing a record of facts for the public, should be influenced by his personal predilections, is a question. But it may be said that this was not a “college award,” because it was not given by the faculty. How was it, then, with the honorable mention given to '70 for compositions written during Senior year? This was a “college award,” if anything is, and yet this was left out. The *Banner*, as stated last month, was compiled by George D. Miller, '70; the *Pot-Pourri* by Clarence E. Beebe, '71. We are under obligations to both gentlemen for complimentary copies. The first was published October 12, the second October 27. The annual catalogue appeared October 31, and, unlike the one issued last year, save one or two typographical errors, is correct. It has the old look about it, except that the rule border, used last year, is left off—which is, to our mind, an improvement. It shows some changes in the working of the college machine. The corporation is wholly changed in its *ex officio* lay members—the clerical portion remains unchanged, except that the place left vacant by the death of Rev. George Richards, of Bridgeport, is still unfilled. Franklin B. Dexter is the new secretary, in place of Wyllys Warner, deceased. The place in the Faculty occupied by Dr. Daggett is unfilled, while the names of Prof. Trowbridge, Tutors Perry, Wright, Brewster and Beckwith, Instructors Lounsbury, Allen, Hill and Delfosse, and Assistant in Palæontology Harger now appear for the first time.

The Theological department shows an increase of 20 over last year; the Law department, 5; the Medical department, 5; the Academical department, 4; while the Scientific School shows a loss of 16. Total increase, 18. In the studies of the course Loomis's Algebra is substituted for Day's in first term Freshman; Bowen's Logic (which '71 studied) for Atwater's and German as an optional with Greek in place of Chemistry in third term Junior; while the lectures on Chemistry in first term Senior are transferred to the second term, to which lectures on Botany are added, to be continued in third term, together with modern European History. In the way of lectures Dr. Sanford's talks to the Freshmen on Health are the only new ones. In the matter of expenses, the tuition is advanced from \$60 to \$90; the average of "rent and care of half room in college," from \$20 to \$28, which increases the treasurer's bill (according to location of room) by about \$30 yearly. It is stated that by September 1, 1871, forty additional rooms will be provided—in Durfee Hall. The beneficiary funds have been increased from \$2900 to \$5000. The yearly tuition in the Law School has been increased \$10. The statement of the Sheffield Scientific School has been changed in various particulars, but as to what those particulars are we must refer to the catalogue. We will add that the tuition has been increased \$25 per year. During the year the college library has been enlarged by about 4,000 volumes, while the increase of all the libraries connected with the college has been about 7,000 volumes. The total number of volumes now belonging to the college is 90,000. The *Banner*, the *Pot-Pourri* and the Catalogue are all from the press of Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor, the Lit. printers. They are all, like everything that comes from their office, models of good printing. The promptness and accuracy with which they do their work, however, is fully equaled by the

*Unique and Only Kelly,*

Who, on the afternoon of October 31, broke a student's head with his billy in a way which must have sent a thrill of patriotic pride through all Mackerelville. It seems that some members of the Sophomore class were kicking foot ball on the Public Square, contrary to one of the by-laws of the city. One policeman in uniform and one or two detectives in citizen's clothes, appeared, whereat the fellows ran for college. The policeman, Kennedy, meantime found a coat, belonging to one of the players, which he immediately took and started for the police station. At this the students hooted at him, blowed horns, etc., until the placid Kennedy lost his temper, turned back and entered the college grounds in a vain attempt to catch some one, threw his club in futile rage, but

hung to the coat. Finally he again started down across the square. The crowd followed in order to get the coat—for he had no more business with that than they had to play ball on the green. At or about this time more policemen came up from the station, and one or two men were arrested, on the supposition that they were the ones who had violated the city regulations. The crowd followed to see the fun. They were not allowed to pass the outside gate of the station-house, and accordingly stood about there on the sidewalk, talking about going in to bail out those who had been nabbed. Just then the gate was opened and a number of policemen appeared, who ordered the crowd to disperse. The students immediately began to give way, but were obliged to move slowly, especially those nearest the building, on account of the crowd behind. This warmed the heart and nerved the arm of policeman No. 14, one Kelly, who immediately swung his billy and struck Arthur Watson (his head was the most convenient at the moment), a member of the Sophomore class, with such force as to knock him down like a dog. The blow was on the left side of the head, cutting it badly and almost fracturing the skull. The young man was at once taken to Dr. Townsend's office, and is now slowly recovering. Meantime two or three other men had been arrested "for twenty dollars and costs," and the crowd slowly left. All told there were five men arrested—Mr. Strong, '71, the responsible editor of this number of the *LIT.*, and Messrs. Lehmer, McCook, Oaks and Perry of '73. One of the Falstaffs of college was seized by two of the "peelers," but he slipped away from their clutches and came up to college with one hand on top of his beaver in splendid style. He made the best run on record, and had an appetite for supper beside. The Sophomores arrested were discharged on the payment of \$12.50 each; but Mr. Strong bluntly refused to be separated from his shekels, and was accordingly discharged for nothing. November 1 a general mass meeting of all college was held at Linonia Hall, to take measures for the prosecution of Kelly, against whom a complaint had already been entered by a citizen who was standing near and saw the whole affair. Mr. Sweet, '71, occupied the chair, and H. R. Elliot, '71, C. C. Deming, '72, W. W. Flagg, '73, and T. W. Grover, '74, were appointed to procure legal counsel and raise money for the prosecution of Kelly. They handed in a complaint against him that evening, and he was tried before the Police Commissioners, Dr. Carrington, Messrs. Fabrique, Shelton and Egan, Mayor Lewis presiding, on the evening of the fourth. At that trial three citizens, entirely unconnected with college, William McGill, Herman Youngman and Dr. Charles H. Gaylord, swore that they saw the entire

affair and that there was nothing in the character of the crowd which warranted the use of the billy—and least of all in the case of Watson. Officer Hyde, a member of the police force, swore to the same effect. The fact that the officers made arrests without hindrance in the very face and eyes of the crowd, substantiates these statements. Mr. McGill, who entered the first complaint against Kelly, also testified that he asked him (Kelly) for his number three times before he received an answer. The testimony on the other side was in effect that the crowd was disorderly and force was necessary in order to disperse it. Kelly also said that Watson swore at him—which was proved false beyond question;—though if it were true it would be no justification for such a use of the club. William C. Robinson, one of the Faculty of the Yale Law School and a Police Justice, when called on for his testimony, made an elaborate argument in defense of Kelly, which shows whose thirty pieces of silver he is after. After hearing all the testimony, the vote of the commissioners stood—two for and two against sustaining the charges. His Honor, the Mayor, declined to vote, and so the matter ended for that time. The committee appointed by college have, however, secured the services of Henry B. Harrison and Simeon E. Baldwin, and Mr. Kelly will have another opportunity of giving his side of the story, and before a different kind of a court. Whatever decision that court may render, however, it will not change the destiny of

#### *The LIT. Prize Medal,*

Which has been given this year to JOHN HOWARD HINCKS of the Junior class. The successful essay treats of the "Influence of National Character upon Tragedy," and appears in this number. The judges, in addition to the chairman of the LIT. board, Mr. Sperry, were Profs. Edward B. Coe and Arthur M. Wheeler. Four other articles competed, viz.: "The Present and Prospective Condition of the Papacy," "President Dwight," "Charles Dickens," and "Sir Philip Sidney." Unless called for within a fortnight by their owners, they will be destroyed, together with the envelopes which accompanied them. The subject of tragedy naturally suggests the

#### *Town Shows,*

Which have been, for the month, both many and excellent. The list begins with Lydia Thompson, who, with Pauline Markham and other light-haired nymphs, appeared at Music Hall November 10 in "Sinbad the Sailor"—which was very bad indeed, and in "La Somnambula" the following evening. "Harper says: 'Give us a rest!'" October

12 and 13 James K. Emmet appeared as "Fritz Vonderblinkinstoffen" in the play of "Fritz—our Cousin German;" and the next night (October 14) J. S. Clarke shook the blues out of everybody with his "Toodles" and "Major De Boots." October 17 Mrs. Scott Siddons played as "The Lady Elizabeth" in "'Twixt Axe and Crown," to a crowded house. She was well supported by Charles R. Thorne, jr., as "Devonshire" and A. Bradley as "Winchester." At certain points in the play the sups played leading parts, although they said little. One row of seats was occupied entirely by Seniors, while many others were scattered about the hall. The next day Prof. Wheeler criticised the Spanish gentleman, "Simon Renard," by saying that at the period which the play represents the Spaniards were the best-dressed people in Europe. October 18 the Wooster Guard had a drill and ball at Music Hall, at which the XVth Amendment of college was largely represented. October 19 the Misses Gottschalk, sisters of the deceased pianist, L. M. Gottschalk, gave a concert. October 20 and 21 the members of the State Teachers' Association were in convention assembled at the College Street Church. The schoolma'ams swarmed about college like the locusts in Egypt, visiting not only the cabinet building and the libraries, but even the recitation-rooms. On the evening of the last day addresses were made before the Association by Profs. Brewer, Gilman and Thacher. Theodore Thomas's Orchestra drew (for the first time) a full house October 22. Miss Anna Mehlig's playing was liked exceedingly. October 24 Madame Rentz's Female Minstrel Troupe disgusted a small audience. G. L. Aiken appeared October 26 in the play of "The Puss." October 28 Mrs. Scott Siddons played "Juliet" to a brilliant audience. One was at a loss to know which to admire most—the beauty of the actress or the beauty of the play. Charles R. Thorne, jr., as "Romeo," played with his usual evenness and delicacy. L. R. Shewell rendered the character of "Mercutio" with great vivacity and force. The following evening (October 29) Maggie Mitchell appeared in her new play of "Lorle"—but she was still the little barefoot girl, who comes out all right in the last act. October 31 Madame Marie Seebach, whom the *N. Y. Citizen and Round Table* places above Ristori, played as "Mary Stuart." Adelaide Phillips gave a concert November 1. The wonderful cornet player, Levy, belongs to her company. November 2 Rose and Harry Watkins played "Trodden Down; or, Under Two Flags." November 5 Morris Brothers' Minstrels gave a very fair entertainment, considering the fact that they were all blacked. John B. Gough told his usual stories on the evening of October 8 for the benefit of Bethany Sunday School. The teachers are thinking of having a kind of a moral "lark," as a result. On the

following evening (November 9) Hernande & Co's "Peculiar Entertainment and Presentation Festival" took place, at which a set of bedroom furniture was *given* away, which was peculiar, very. A series of Orchestral Concerts have taken place at Brewster Hall every Monday evening, beginning October 10, except on the evening of October 31. They have been commended very highly. A course of lectures by women is in progress at the Universalist Church. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Rev. Olympia Brown have had their say, and others are to follow; but such

### *Trifles*

As they deal out are of no importance as compared with the fact that one of the city papers asserted that a dirty reprint of the *Green Room*, called the *Scalp-el*, and devoted to the Kelly affair, was issued by the students. "You lie, you villain, you lie!"—Timothy Bishop, of New Haven, is the oldest living graduate of Yale, and the sole survivor of the class of 1796.—At the semi-annual meeting of the Oriental Society, held in the Theological building October 21 and 22, the following Yale men were present: President Woolsey, Profs. Whitney, Hadley, Packard and Day, and Addison Van Name. Papers were read by Profs. Packard, Whitney and Hadley.—Prof. Salisbury has presented his Oriental Library to the college.—Mr. C. S. Elliott, editor of the "Songs of Yale," has charge of Beethoven. He played at morning prayers October 29.—Mr. Bryce, Professor of Civil Law in Oxford University, and Mr. Dicey, of England, have lately been guests of Prof. Fisher. They visited college in company with Prof. Porter October 25.—A reference library, costing \$4000, has been presented to the Theological Seminary by Henry Trowbridge of New Haven. It was opened November 1. Additional books have been given by Rev. E. Goodrich Smith, Profs. Salisbury, Thacher, Barrows, Mr. F. T. Jarman, Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich and Mrs. Samuel G. Coe.—Prescott, having made pictures of everybody in '71 and of everything about college, is about to depart to the wilds of Hartford. Such a shaking up of class pictures was never heard of before;—neither was it ever thought before that Seniors were necessarily good looking;—but Prescott has had his way, and there we are, every one of us, looking as if we had just popped out of a bandbox. '72 had better keep their eye on that man.—The Athenæum tower is in process of elevation, so that one can view the starry heavens and not the tree tops.—Ohara Reynoske, of Kagosima, Japan, has been sent to Europe by the Japanese government to make a report of the war.—October 28 Prof. Thacher saw some one smoking in the recitation room, a



thing which he didn't remember to have seen before for 30 years.—The Messrs. Kendricks of '72 have placed the *Journal & Courier* and *Lever* in the reading room.—The championship of Connecticut is still safe for the Mansfields—the State base ball convention having decided that college clubs cannot play for that honor.—The new arrangement, by which Seniors are kept working right up to Commencement Day virtually prevents a man, if he is conditioned, from graduating with his class.—President Woolsey has an article in the last *North American Review*, reviewing Professor Mountague Bernard's "Historical Account of the Neutrality of Great Britain during the American Civil War."—The Medical students receive spreads from the hands of their faculty, which is very kind of them—them referring to both parties.—The following subjects have been given to the Sophomores for first term prize compositions; Use and Abuse of Public Speaking in the U. S.; Literary Friendships; Annexation of States without consulting the Wishes of the People; True Policy of our Government respecting Unlimited Immigration; Bismarck as a Diplomatist.—A letter written from New Haven to ex-Secretary Cox, Department of the Interior, under date of November 4, bears the signatures of President Woolsey, Dr. L. Bacon, Profs. Day, Thacher, Lyman, Norton, Gilman, Brush, Packard, F. Bacon, Dana, Porter, Baldwin, Hadley, Dwight, Fisher, Newton, Silliman, Brewer and Verrill, and Mr. Van Name. The letter sustains the Secretary.—Typhoid fever is raging fearfully in the heads of the New Haven newspaper men.—The Theologues have started a literary society and a missionary society, and now they are fully prepared for work.—Messrs. Holbrook, '72, and Patterson, '73, are assistants in the evening school of which C. T. Driscoll, '69, is Principal.—Prof. E. B. Coe is one of the directors of the Young Men's Christian Association of New Haven.—A new abstract of the college laws has recently made its appearance. It is very pleasant reading.—When it rains the walks about college are nowhere, except under water. If the walks could only be raised some, it would be better than all the drains in New Haven.—It is said that the Fresh Theologues give translations of the original Greek exactly in the language of King James's version, which shows their command of idiomatic English.—Hon. Ezekiel Bacon, of Utica, N. Y., a member of the class of 1794 and the oldest surviving graduate of Yale for the last five years, died October 18. He was born in 1776, in congress from 1807 to 1812, Comptroller of Treasury under Madison, cast his first vote (for President) for Jefferson in 1800 and his last for Lincoln in 1864.—The Thanksgiving Jubilee has been pretty roughly handled by the Faculty. If the thing dies, they should be haled before the great Judge Robinson on a charge of murder.—T. Thacher, '71, obtained a clerk-



ship in the Census Bureau at Washington during the last vacation on a competitive examination. He is now in the class again.—The second division of the Senior class has received 80 marks on cuts from four of Prof. Porter's lectures, which shows how little they care about the "extended sensorium."—Prof. Porter is to deliver the annual oration before the Connecticut Beta of the Phi Beta Kappa, at Trinity College, at the commencement of '71.—October 22 the corner-stone of the "Morgan School" house in Clinton was laid. The building stands near where the "Collegiate School," afterward Yale College, stood. Profs. Gilman and Thacher were present and spoke.—Dr. Horace Bushnell of Hartford preached in the chapel in the morning and afternoon of October 16. The *Sweet-ness* of the singing was due to the presence of a member of the LIT. board in the choir.—October 30 the Rev. Henry Allon of London, editor of the *British Quarterly Review*, occupied the chapel pulpit morning and afternoon.—A temperance meeting was held in the hall of Brothers on the evening of October 16, which was addressed by President Woolsey and Prof. Brewer.—On the same evening (October 16) Mr. Sanders of the Junior class addressed the Good Samaritans at Loomis's Hall, on the subject of temperance. A city paper stated that he was a Theologue, adding, with more truth, that his remarks were "pleasing, pithy and pointed."—An earthquake shook up things about college October 20. The Theologues thought the day of judgment was at hand, and were frightened accordingly. The top story of Farnam Hall described an arc of ten feet, "nearly." A tidal wave in the harbor tipped Jonathan Wales, '71, out of a boat near the bridge, and he would have "sunk down below" in earnest had not a good Samaritan, traveling that way, fished him out with a strap. The last earthquake that visited these parts was in 1858.—October 23 all the Freshmen went out to see two haystacks, near the west end of Oak street, burn down.—In the evening of October 24 a curious auroral display was visible in New Haven, extending from the north-east to the south-west, and forming a broad band over the zenith. In color it was dark red. It appeared on succeeding evenings.—The glee club of '71 did *not* serenade Mrs. Scott Siddons October 28.—The two under classes have had several little "onpleasantnesses." In the evening of October 29, on Chapel street, there was a fraternal meeting. November 1 a slight brush occurred at the gymnasium, November 5 there was another tussle on Chapel street, and November 8 Father Hemingway was obliged to separate the children on Church street, near Chapel. Hats and oaths have changed hands somewhat freely, but no serious injury has been done.—Dr. Allon talked to the Theologues October 31.—November 1 the Yale Berkeley Association held its anniversary exercises. Service and communion took place

at Christ church at 7½ a. m. and a sermon was preached at Trinity chapel in the evening by Bishop Williams. Afterward, the members of the association had a social meeting at Rev. J. Brewster's residence.—November 4 the President announced that the following members of the Sophomore class had distinguished themselves in English composition last term; 1st division—Bent, Bacon, Barber; 2nd division—Denslow, Elder, Howard; 3rd division—Prentice, Lathe, Robson; 4th division—Tarbell, Sutherland, H. M. Wright.—The State House and '71 were taken by Prescott November 4.—November 6 the Rev. Mr. Hastings, for many years missionary to Ceylon, addressed a missionary meeting at the President's Lecture Room.—November 7 the city voted, by 1039 to 508, to permit the building of the Centerville Horse R.R. It is to run (unless stopped) down Elm and through College streets.—October 8 Messrs. Archbald, Clark and Dudley were appointed a committee to select the place for planting the class ivy of the class of '71.—October 9 the Art building was opened to the public for the winter by a lecture from Prof. Weir.

#### S. S. S. MEMORABILIA.

##### *The School,*

We think, needs only to be known to be appreciated, and therefore some of our Professors have for the past few weeks been engaged in visiting at intervals a number of the larger manufacturing towns in the State, and there setting forth, by lectures or familiar talks, the design and scope of the School,—what it has already accomplished and what it yet hopes to do. They have been everywhere very cordially received and courteously shown about the manufactories in the towns visited. To no one more than to large manufacturers is the need of thoroughly educated scientific men apparent; and it is hoped that this newly created interest, together with the results of the effort made last winter, may do much towards creating a general acquaintance with the School, and hence much towards increasing its influence and prosperity. It was feared that something had happened to

##### *The Report,*

So many weeks had passed since the usual time for its publication and it had not yet been seen; but notwithstanding fears, guesses and sly jokes as to its whereabouts, it has at last appeared, welcomed by all except the Freshmen, whose names, sad to say, were not thus given to immortality. It contains, besides the usual reports of visiting committees, lists of students, courses of study, &c.; an account of Prof. Lyman's visit to Europe last year for the purpose of purchasing apparatus for the

school, and a catalogue of the new collection of mathematical works, now all arranged on our library shelves. We would here suggest that if any one is desirous of experiencing a real mental stomachache, he has but to spend a half hour reading the titles of some of these books. The apparatus and models of Prof. Lyman's purchase are all here, and are being used in the various classes as occasion requires. Over \$1,000 worth of books on mechanics, engineering and natural history, obtained at the same time, are added to our collection. Leaving the report tenderly to its fate, we notice that

### *Lectures*

Are quite frequent this term. Dr. Francis Bacon every Saturday gives to all the classes lectures on the general subject of Health. The usual winter course of Sunday evening lectures was commenced several weeks ago, and Prof. Gilman is now in the midst of a series of lecture-room talks on various scientific men of the past. He has already taken Galileo, Sir Isaac Newton, Leibniz and Pascal, and is to continue with Descartes and perhaps others of a later time. Besides these are the regular lectures in the various departments on Chemistry, Agriculture, Military Science, &c. Among our

### *Items*

We may place one of those little occurrences which not only add to our knowledge, but facilitate the acquaintance and good feeling between our instructors and the students. We refer to the inaugural address of Prof. Trowbridge which took place on Friday evening, October 7. Prof. T. set forth very clearly, and in an exceedingly interesting manner, the design and scope of his profession, comparing it with other departments of engineering and showing its relations to them. In another room a table of fruits was provided, and there, after the lecture, a pleasant hour was spent in introductions and acquaintance-making.—The result of the races, so far as our crew was concerned, was, perhaps, not different from what would have been expected, considering the little training that it had received, and the almost entirely new set of men who pulled. Everything was conducted fairly and we can only hope for "better luck next time."—The Freshmen are this year studying Ganot's Physics.—In one of the halls of the school, presented by Mr. Eli Whitney, is one of the original cotton gins, bearing the date of 1803.—A game of base ball came off on Saturday, November 5, at Hamilton Park, between the Scientifics and Theologues. The score stood, at the end of seven innings, 27 to 11 in favor of the Scientifics. Surely here New Haven theology is at fault somewhere.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

*Book Notices, Exchanges, etc.*

The following new books, from the publishing firm of Messrs. Lee & Shepard, Boston, have been laid upon our table during the past month :

*Piano and Musical Matter.* By G. de la Motte.

*Letters Everywhere.* Illustrated by Theophile Schuler.

*The House on Wheels.* Translated from the French of Madame DeStolz by Miss E. F. Adams.

*Why and How?* By Col. Russell H. Courdell.

*The Social Stage.* By Mr. Geo. M. Baker.

*Light at Eventide.* Compiled by the author of "Chimes for Childhood" and "Echoes from Home."

*Little Folks Astray.* By Sophie May.

*The Springdale Stories.*—In Six Volumes. By Mrs. S. B. C. Samuels.

Of the first mentioned work, our well known ignorance of musical principles forbids any attempt at criticism. The House on Wheels is a translation of one of Madame DeStolz' interesting stories, and will amply repay perusal. The complimentary notices bestowed by the outside press upon "Russell's" work ("Why and How") upon the inhabitants of "The Flowery Kingdom," preclude the necessity of any from us. We will say, however, that the book is one that students should read and remember. "The Social Stage" is the title of a book we would recommend to our newly-fledged "Society-men," as calculated to assist them in their histrionic efforts. "Light at Eventide" is a collection of admirable sacred poems. The rest are works for young readers, that should be kept in mind by any who may have little friends to remember at the approaching holidays. All are unexceptionable in respect to typography and binding. They are for sale by Messrs. Judd & White, New Haven.

Of regular exchanges we have received the following :

COLLEGE EXCHANGES:—*Lafayette Monthly, College Herald, The Owl, Vidette, Madisonensis, Western Collegian, Cap and Gown, Trinity Tablet, Amherst Student, University Reporter, Lawrence Collegian, Targum, The Echoes, Virginia University Magazine, Irving Union, Annualist, Qui Vive, Union Lit. Magazine, Dartmouth, College Argus, Miami Student, Notre Dame Scholastic, Antiochian, Chronicle, Harvard Advocate, College Courier, The Acorn, Hamilton Lit. Monthly, Yale Courant.*

OUTSIDE EXCHANGES:—*Punchinello, Appletons' Journal, Nation, Every Saturday, Oliver Optic's Magazine, College Review, Galaxy, Atlantic, New Englander, Overland Monthly, American Lit. Gazette, College Courant.*

*The Madisonensis* devotes considerable space, relatively, in its "Editorial Notes" to remarks upon two articles in the Oct. LIT.:—"Concerning Falstaff's Creation" and "Society and Solitude." We would advise them, before assuming to pronounce upon the *style* of an article, as they did in pronouncing the first-named article "dogmatic," to perfect themselves either in spelling or proof-reading. May we be pardoned for suggesting that they should lavish but one "l" upon the word "Falstaff."

*The Annualist* characterizes as "very pretty," one of the most flowery things we have lately seen:—a description of the appearance of the Vassar girls on "Founder's Day." We should say the writer of the said description must either have used "rose colored glasses," or a drop of the "craythur." If the

specimens of Vassar's beauties that have fallen under our notice were "multiplied by 500"—we shouldn't fall into ecstasies over the sight, most certainly.

*The Amherst Student* has a "mysterious document," which appears to be a Freshman's washing list. If he puts that number of articles in the wash, each week, he must be far ahead of the student we remember hearing of, early in our course, whose washing bill for the term amounted to 35 cents.

*The Trinity Tablet* advocates the donation, by each Senior Class, of a sum of money to be added to the fund accumulating for the erection of a *Chapel*. Suppose we have a call upon the students of Yale for subscriptions towards a similar object!

*The Harvard Advocate*, from the lofty heights of self-complacency, condemns the author of the Oct. "Button-hole Talk" as "spoony." The unfortunate man has not yet recovered from the shock. Spare us henceforth, most noble censor, such "crushers." The same sheet is "disappointed" by the account given in the "Memorabilia" of the July Regatta. It must also be "disappointed" by the general sentiment of the country concerning that race. It is decidedly in error when it speaks of receiving the "Yale Pot-Pourri *under cover* of the Banner." The "Yale Banner" appeared, this year, in its ancient form, and is *the original* publication of the sort. The "Pot-Pourri" being merely a modern imitator.

*The "Virginia University Magazine"* and "*The Echoes*" come to us disfigured by extravagant eulogies of the late Gen. Robert E. Lee, whose death the former deems a "national calamity." We should rather prefer to use this expression in regard to his life. We do not believe in animadversions upon the dead, however reprehensible their lives may have been. They should be suffered to pass into oblivion. But partisan encomiums call for notice. Robert E. Lee was a traitor to the government of the United States. Although he died in peace, there are thousands who think he ought to have died upon the scaffold. However this may be, no sectional attempts to make him out "a living commendation of the noblest work of God" can succeed. His name will go down to future ages blackened by this verdict: "In the hour of his country's greatest need, he knew what was the patriot's only duty—and did it not!"

But we must close. Our notices have been much more numerous than we had intended, so we will omit any remarks upon college affairs.

The Editor, however, must be permitted to raise his "Te Deum" over his miraculous escape from the heretofore all(student)-embracing clutches of a New Haven court. The joyful surprise consequent upon this, combined with the failure of several contributors, upon whom he had relied, to redeem their promises, have occasioned two things for which he asks indulgence:—tardiness of issue, and a lack of that variety he had planned for this number, there being contained in it none of the entrancing stories that have given to the "LIT." so world-wide a reputation.

Let the college, however, understand one thing. The Editors do not pretend to furnish all the articles published in the "LIT." This is both impossible and undesirable. They invite articles from *every class*. Therefore, if any one wants more variety, or a different tone in the "LIT.," let him sit down and compose a piece of the style he deems requisite, and send it to us. Make a note of this.

G. A. S.



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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '71.

CHARLES D. HINE,

WATSON R. SPERRY,

ALFRED B. MASON,

GEORGE A. STRONG,

EDWIN F. SWEET.

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THE CORPORATION CONTROVERSY.

IT is a cause of the deepest regret and sorrow to all true Yalensians, that the controversy concerning the admission of alumni to the corporation of the college is conducted, by one side at least, in a spirit of bitterness and partisanship. The expediency of giving alumni a voice in the councils of the college was very pointedly presented by Mr. W. W. Phelps, at the last commencement dinner. Since that time the question has been discussed by various correspondents of the *Nation*; most of them in favor of the reform. With the single exception of the second "Alumnus," who makes a foolish and uncalled for tirade against ministers, these discussions of the question have been conducted in a fair and dignified though earnest manner.

In reply to Mr. Phelps, and those who think with him, an opponent of the plan, over the name of *Timothy Pickering*, presented an article in the last *New Englander*, entitled "A Voice from Squashville."

Considering that this article comes from one of the Reverend members of the corporation, we should natu-



rally expect it to present in a calm and dignified manner the view which that honorable body takes of the request made by the alumni. Remembering the affection of the alumni for their Alma Mater, the material assistance which they have rendered the college in the past, and the probability of their rendering still greater assistance in the future, if fairly dealt with, we should at least expect that their demands would be met by that manly courtesy which cannot justly be denied the meanest petitioner. But what do we find to be the case? This ministerial self-appointed representative of the corporation, occupies twenty-seven pages of the *New Englander* in invective against the reformers, and in knocking down wooden men of his own setting up. Why this talk about force? and this elaborate defense of ministers? He knows that the alumni as a body have the highest respect for ministers. He knows that the "Alumnus" who said that ministers as a class are inferior men, is an exception, and that in this age of the world his defense of ministers is entirely superfluous, and cannot be justly brought into this discussion. This is not the issue. He knows too that the alumni have not the remotest idea of *forcing* themselves into the corporation. What a spectacle! The alumni say to the corporation of the college, "We love Yale. We are willing to assist her in every possible way with money and influence, and in return we ask for a voice in determining her policy." A member of the corporation replies with an elaborate argument to prove that the alumni cannot *force* themselves into the government of the college without the consent of the present corporation. The bare thought that they would attempt such a thing is an insult.

The two principal advantages claimed for the admission of alumni into the corporation are,—first, that it would infuse a more modern, vigorous and practical spirit into the government of the college; and secondly, that it would secure the confidence and enthusiastic support of the alumni, which would be more especially advantageous to the college in a pecuniary point of view.

In order to bring about these results the more moderate and sensible reformers simply ask for a fair representation in the management of the college. Mr. Phelps does not state definitely to what extent he thinks this representation should be carried, but he evidently has no idea of superseding the present corporation by one composed exclusively of alumni. He says "put alumni into your government," not "put your government entirely into the hands of alumni," as Mr. Pickering seems to imagine. The "infusion of new blood" which he pleads for, can scarcely be construed into meaning an utter overthrow of the old system. Yet Mr. Pickering chooses to so consider it, and upon this construction bases his whole argument. But in the course of the discussion he defends the conservative policy of the college in the past, and to that extent opposes all change which tends toward a more liberal policy.

He points to the high position which Yale has already attained, and asks for some indication that a change is needed. We point to the fact that President Grant's son goes to Harvard instead of Yale, that "Tom Hughes" visits Harvard and Cornell without even stopping to say "How d'ye do" to Yale, that the papers are constantly parading the fact that Goldwin Smith, Bayard Taylor and G. W. Curtis are lecturing at Cornell, and that Lowell, Longfellow, etc., occupy professorships at Harvard. These facts may be of slight importance in themselves (though we by no means think they are), yet as betokening a spirit of enterprise, vigor and drive on the part of our rivals as compared with ourselves, they are matters of the very greatest importance. They show that something is lacking here. And that *something* is precisely what we propose to add—the business like worldly wisdom of live alumni.

We gladly acknowledge the high position of our college under the present management; but this is not the question. There is room for improvement. Our supremacy among American colleges is disputed. We should not cease our efforts for improvement till our superiority

is universally acknowledged. Our motto is not *good* but *the best*. Our principal rivals have adopted a more liberal policy, and are for the moment taking the lead. Let no ideas of false pride prevent us from following their example. Because our enemies have first adopted the use of gunpowder let us not stubbornly persist in fighting them with cross-bows.

They tell us that we do not know what we want,—that the talk about modern ideas and liberalism is mere rhetoric. This is not so. We do know what we want. We do not want all of the reforms which Mr. Pickering specifies and seeks to make ridiculous, but we do want the abolition of the present system of “compulsory religion,” not because it “defiles the conscience” of a “promising young atheist” or a “heathen Chinese,” but because it is wrong in principle and injurious to the cause of religion, as amply proven by the experience of every student. We want the wretched system of “letters home” abolished or amended, for, as it is, the parents of the more steady students are unreasonably shocked and worried by them, and the parents of really bad students seldom if ever receive them, owing to the ease with which they can be intercepted. We want all of the college laws to be overhauled and remodeled in the light of modern common sense; instead of remaining as they are at present—a subject of ridicule and a monument of the bigotry of a past age. In a word, we want a fair share of the government of the college to rest in the hands of those who will be of *active* assistance to the faculty; who will guard the interests of the college with that judgment and discrimination which practical business men use in their own affairs; who will not shrink from making a manifestly desirable change simply because of a sentimental respect for antiquity; who will take a broader view of the college than that its main object is the providing of ministers for a single sect; who do not regard the college with the cool indifference of strangers, but are bound to it by the strong ties of a warm filial affection.

I think I can illustrate by an incident of recent occurrence what we mean by the terms liberal, practical,

business like. A large number of the class of '67 at Andover were unable to get the required "letter" from the Principal of Phillips Academy on account of a boyish freak in which nearly the whole class joined. It was a foolish affair, but not of such a nature as to lead anyone to believe that those engaged in it would not make desirable students. Yale—with that lack of tact which has characterized so many of her actions,—says: "Beg your instructor's pardon, get the customary letter." A practical man, accustomed to dealing with his fellows, would have known that such a large number of persons, sustained by mutual support, would not submit to what they would naturally regard as an indignity. The result was they made application to the authorities at Harvard. Harvard, "with that worldliness which is not inconsistent with godliness," recognized her true interest, and received them with open arms. Since then the yearly supply which Yale formerly received from Andover has been given almost entirely to Harvard. Some ingenious persons trace our annual defeat in the inter-collegiate contests to the men thus lost, and that too not without some show of reason. This was a great mistake. Whether it was the fault of the faculty, or of the corporation which retains superannuated laws, and takes pride in "not interfering with the faculty," makes little difference. The fact as it stands shows that we want "an infusion of new blood,"—a new element which shall not be raised so high in its own saintliness as to be above all considerations of interest.

Mr. Pickering opposes the demands of the alumni, because, forsooth, they may quarrel among themselves when making the necessary elections. He predicts strifes and contentions innumerable. He foresees political divisions and religious divisions. Republican tickets, Democratic tickets, Women's Rights tickets, Orthodox tickets and Anti-religious tickets. If all the alumni were as pugnacious and fond of office as Pickering shows himself to be, such would doubtless be the case. But the great body of alumni are not actuated by the bitter partisan spirit which

he manifests. Men distinguished for ability in business, and love for Yale, would be readily selected, with none of the wire-pulling which Mr. P. deems inevitable. Sectarianism and politics have so little to do with a literary institution like Yale, that they could not be made issues in an election to the corporation. After the first members were chosen it would be necessary to elect but one or two annually. Men like Mr. Evarts, Mr. Sheffield or Mr. Phelps, would probably be chosen without inquiry into their political or religious beliefs.

In reply to the pecuniary advantage of admitting alumni to the corporation Mr. Pickering advances absolutely nothing, except that they might now donate money to the college to be controlled and expended by a committee elected by the alumni themselves. Besides involving *election*, which Mr. Pickering regards as synonymous with quarreling, this plan would not put ready money into the hands of the governing power to use at its own discretion, and *this* is the great desideratum. Moreover, if flatly refused a voice in the councils of the college, and not only refused but insulted, as they are insulted by Pickering, the alumni are not likely to be in a very generous state of mind for some time to come.

A correspondent of the *Nation* proposes that the financial difficulty be solved by raising the tuition \$50 or so. This he thinks would make no difference with wealthy students, and that the poorer class could be assisted with a portion of the money thus raised. But it must be borne in mind that there are many poor but independent students who would not accept of assistance, and that the reputation for expensiveness which our college would acquire would keep away many of the class which Pickering regards as furnishing the most desirable students.

But we are told that the charter stands in the way of this change. Let us see. In the year 1792, in consideration of pecuniary aid from the state, the charter was changed so as to admit into the corporation eight members of the state government. The state has not kept up the supply of funds and the college is in a state of per-

petual poverty. What is to prevent another change in the charter by which alumni may be admitted into the corporation? They are intelligent, enthusiastic and wealthy. Admit them in consideration of pecuniary advantage. Call it a bargain if you will,—a sale. The college sold eight votes to the state for a trifling remuneration. It is again in need. Let it sell a place in its council to the alumni, and it will receive a far better return.

In the former case eight senators were admitted to the corporation, many of whom know little about the college and care less. By the change which we propose the college will receive earnest, devoted sons, whose presence in her councils we believe to be essential to her highest prosperity.

E. F. S.

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### LAST SUMMER.

YOU go mackerel fishing in one of two ways; wearing a bosom shirt, by the aid of your uncle's friend who is a ship-owner, paying for the privilege of working hard, for fishing in the poorest "lay" and being thought a spooney from first till last; or in garb *a la rush*, after a two hours' wrangle with the skipper about "lay," berths, &c., rating as an able seaman. In the latter manner sailed from Boston, last vacation, two youths who were willing to sacrifice dignity, and perhaps comfort, if they might only enjoy good, exciting sport.

We were seventeen who stared each other in the face, as the "Billey Atwood" went bowling down the harbor, querying who would be good shipmates, and who not; a motley crowd,—old fishermen, green hands, men-of-war's men, tradespeople, and college students; bluenoses, Cape Cod men, Downeasters and genuine Yankees; a rough set, you say; so much the better. After years of refining and polishing, a little contact with rough edges, with hearty

real life never hurts one if his metal is good. Before you get much acquainted, Boston grows indistinct, the hub of the universe is settling into a rut, and only the spokes are visible, stretching out in cliff and beach.

Through the glass you make out the bold headlands of Swampscott and Marblehead, with the white tents along the neighboring beaches, and through your mind, as you lean over the rail, float visions of summers past spent in dreamy enjoyment along these coasts, fishing, shooting, riding, reading in sheltered nooks among the gray cliffs, or playing merry games by moonlight on the smooth sand floor of the beach in company which shall never meet again. And thus, as the sun sinks below the hills of the fast receding coast, you dream, student-like, with sombre pleasure, until the cold mists of night recall you to yourself.

We were bound for the "Eastern Shore," the coast of Maine, where we arrived on the second day, though we did not fall in with the fleet for several days more. Our arrival at the fishing grounds was heralded by no unusual phenomenon; "*Coelum undique et undique pontus*," and this sea no wise different from that in which we had been sailing, so that the question of the emigrant, years ago, seeking the then submerged city of Cairo, in whose stock he had invested largely, "How do you know when you get there?" rose to our mind; but some one evidently knew, as the cry of "Fish ho!" from the lookout satisfactorily proved. "Ah, then and there was hurrying to and fro." The hatches were off and the deck speedily covered with empty barrels and tubs. When all was ready for action we turned our eyes in search of the fish, naturally supposing after the hurry and excitement of such preparation that the sea would be alive with monsters, convoyed perhaps by a whale or two, spouting forth the news of their approach, but were, it is needless to say, disappointed. The swell of the sea, the light, fleecy mackerel clouds, a few gulls skimming about, or resting on the waves, we saw, and nothing more till an old hand pointed, a score or two of rods over the bow, to a slight, tremulous agitation



of water hardly noticeable except on close scrutiny. It was a school of mackerel, moving rapidly across our track. All hands were now at the rail close together, like the crew of a man of war going into battle; behind each, at arm's length, his "strike" barrel; amidships an old veteran throwing bait, so that as we went along we left a white trail behind, to attract the fish, if we should pass them. We were almost on that moving mass whose size increased to wonderful proportions as we drew nearer. A moment more and we were among them. Over the rail they come, the shining beauties, one, two, three, a dozen at a time; poor fellows, the work for them is short; a sharp decisive bite, they are too manly for nibbling, hand over hand they are snatched from their briny home; not even the satisfaction of being unhooked is given them; the line is caught a few inches from the end, a sharp twirl breaks the hook from their tender gills just over the rim of the barrel, the backward motion of the hand sends the hook for another victim, and the fish is barreled. But for us—you have fished with a drop line and recall the delicious thrill of a bite running from finger tip to the roots of your hair—what then do you think of three lines at short length incessantly taut, of hauling in beauties rivalled only by the brook trout, as fast as your muscle will permit, not for a moment, but for hours, while your second or third barrel full is rolled away, until, in sheer exhaustion, as much from excitement as from labor, you coil your lines and give up.

I have caught fat bass and pickerel from well-stocked western lakes, have speared the latter by torchlight as they "run" in the spring time, have followed the hounds in full cry, have crept along the shore of lakes black with wild ducks, for prime shots; but for satisfying, I had almost said, for unmitigated excitement, give me mackerel catching on the main deck over a low rail.

Yet it has its vexations as well; for instance, all around you the fish are flying from the water into barrels not your own, while, as sometimes happens, you get not a bite; at length your turn comes and you are drawing in a glorious



“No. 1,” congratulating yourself that the ice is broken, when your hold breaks and your prize drops back; it is hard, but then good discipline for the patience—in isolated cases.

The “dressing” is not so exciting, particularly if it lasts, as it often does, to the small hours of the night. Two work together, and with practice can take care of a day’s “catch” in an incredibly short time. According to tradition, two old hands will keep a fish all dressed constantly in the air, flying from the hand to the barrel. The sight of a whole crew at work thus by night, with the flaring lanterns swinging above them, reminds one of the folding room of a large newspaper establishment when the morning issue comes out.

I recall a scene which I witnessed, one night, while we were in a fleet of 150 to 200 sail after a good day’s work. On every vessel a dozen lanterns swung to and fro, bringing out in a weird fantastic way the forms of the sailors in their oiled-skin suits, bending to their work like demons at their orgies. The scene was constantly changing, as the vessels, with fore-sail set and wheel lashed down, were driven about, crossing and recrossing each other’s tracks, a shifting panorama comparable to nothing, unless it be New York by night, as seen from the bay, with the ferry boats coming and going.

An example of the fickleness of fish, like men, and their proneness to run after the latest sensation, came to our notice several times in this trip. If, while a vessel is lying to, with a school of mackerel on its starboard, from which side all fishing is done, another vessel passes on the port side, even at the distance of a dozen rods, instantly every fish will leave the former for the latter.

This trick of vessels, to steal each other’s fish, is called lee-bowing. As one would suppose, it is considered dishonorable, and when practised gives the aggrieved vessel the right, by the fisherman code of laws, to retaliate in kind, or by a shower of missiles, and some vessels carry a deck load of rocks for this purpose.

Fishermen are nearly civilized in these latter days, but the observance of the Sabbath is still a mooted question

among them, and many of the observers, I suspect, are such more from a superstitious fear of ill luck, than from reverence. We were "Sunday keepers," and to this we owed a visit to the romantic harbor of Boothbay. Towards evening, one Saturday, we passed the dreary islands, scattered at the entrance of the harbor, and wound our way along the base of limestone cliffs, crowned with a growth of stunted firs. No signs of man were visible, save the lighthouse, as white and drear as the wave-lashed rock on which it stood, until we rounded the last point and came to the upper harbor. There was the town scrambling from the water's edge up the sides of the rocky hills, on right and left along the shores and bluffs a few hotels and summer houses were perched, looking out of place with their white paint and smooth lawns, like a stray dandy on a dirty wharf. A deep, extensive basin, this inner harbor, and now all alive with vessels running in or coming to anchor, and boats hurrying to and fro, while the hills re-echoed with the swift rush of the chains through the hawser holes, the rattle of the sail hoops running down the masts, and the cries of the sailors reefing the sails, or hallooing to old shipmates on other vessels.

That night the town presented a lively appearance; the crews of all the fleet were in town dressed in their best and bent on sport. In other times, before the existence of a Maine Liquor Law, a fishing fleet was a thing of dread to the inhabitants of every seaport. A hostile army without discipline or restraint could not have surpassed in violence or debauchery the two or three thousand sailors suddenly released from the confinement of shipboard. But now, with the exception of a few freaks, which we as students could not severely censure, all was quiet and orderly. Yet we find the sailors regretting the good old times and customs.

Lounging about after service next day, we came upon a unique little cotillion hall, canvas-roofed, with open sides, built on a small rocky peninsula, which is an island at high tide; a charming place by moonlight, with the white waves

dancing at one's feet and mingling their melody with the strains of the dance. On the walls were carved initials of former visitors. We started at this—"—— Yale, '71," deeply carved. Fostering mother, forgive us! We had for a moment forgotten you. Who was it? Did we know him? The boys, the races, then old Yale, and so on, *ad infinitum*, came a troop of tender reflections, (away up here among the rocks of Maine,) as we carved beneath his name what you will find at the end of this if you have patience.

The last was a poor season on the Eastern Shore, and after yachting about for several days, in the fleet, chasing sword fish in the boat, or spearing them from the bow, we set sail for the "Georges," a fishing bank 150 to 200 miles to the east and south of Cape Cod. For a time our destination was unknown, but when it became evident, deep were the mutterings in the forecastle, and gloomy the stories, told around the dim light, of staunch vessels which had perished among the shoals and in the fogs of this fatal bank, and of the stalwart seamen whose bodies are tossing to and fro in their ghostly unrest, in this "Yankee Burying Ground."

The "Georges" are just inside the Gulf Stream and directly in the track of European steamers and packets; the water is shoal and full of sand thrown up by the tide, and a heavy ground swell is never wanting. It requires but a slight storm, driving the waves from the deeper waters around upon these shoal banks, to surround the luckless mariner with a scene of terror which those who have never beheld can but imperfectly conceive.

On these banks we met few fish, a Bremen packet with women and children for passengers, the men having remained to fight the battles of their fatherland, and the great gale of September 3d and 4th, from which we came forth dismantled but with crew entire, humbly thankful for lives unexpectedly preserved. In that night of terror perished a whole ship's company, save one, the crew of a vessel with which we had sailed for days and from which we parted only on the night of the storm.

And thus dismantled we entered Boston, three weeks from the day of our departure, with bronzed faces, hardened muscles, a hearty relish for home comforts, and recollections, some of pleasure, some of hardship; but all chastened by the thought of the fated crew, our late companions; all overawed by the presence of Eternal Power displayed to us that night on the deep; which, graven on our hearts, stamped in our consciousness, interwoven with every sentiment of the grand and awful, will ever and anon, in moments of solitude and companionship, of gloom and mirth, of indifference and seriousness, at a strain of melody, the sighing of the wind, a noble, heaven-born purpose, discover itself to us again, to rebuke, to admonish and to strengthen.

S. J. E.

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CUPID.

Many a hundred years ago,  
When Constantine started to overthrow  
Of Heaven the gods, and of Earth the princes,  
With the motto of "In hoc signo vinces,"  
Jupiter, with a prophetic eye,  
Reading his own harsh destiny,  
Made up his mind to retreat in good order,  
Ere Constantine's cross crossed over his border.  
So one morn, as Aurora unveiling the night,  
With rosy-hued fingers unfolded the light,  
Juno's snoring awakes him: up quickly he jumps,  
Bids Mercury don his caduceus and pumps,  
And gives him a package of letters to take,  
Which should summon a council within half a shake.  
So Mercury carried these notes of his Pa's  
To Neptune, Apollo, lame Vulcan and Mars,  
To Ceres, Minerva, Diana and Venus;  
Although with the ladies, I tell you, between us,—  
He lingered, as men will, their fancies to please,—  
By taking replies to Jove's R. S. V. Ps.  
So the party all got to Olympus that night,  
And took a light supper,  
Of nectar a cup or

Of dove-borne ambrosia a bountiful bite.  
 Then, while Juno went off to see where they'd be placed,  
 Old Jove seized his chance and the ladies embraced.  
 [I'd forgotten to state that he summoned Miss Vesta,  
 But it's needless to say that he didn't molest her.]  
 But when this was arranged, and Night over them crept,  
 Wrapped in Morphean dreams gods and goddesses slept.  
 "At five o'clock in the morning," although it yet was dark,  
 The royal train, as was their wont, rose gaily with the lark ;  
 And 'though, like Miss McFlimsey, they nothing had to wear,  
 Unlike her, this was just the thing for which they didn't care.  
 But, using fig-leaves, *à la mode* in that queer age of fable,  
 They dressed them quickly and appeared around the breakfast table.  
 This meal despatched, the council met, but Jove had got the "blues,"  
 For the "Morning Herald," just arrived, who brought the latest news,  
 Announced that Constantine, at last, had started out from home,  
 And, by forced marches, in a week would reach the walls of Rome.  
 "So," said great Jove, "there's just one thing remains for us to do,  
 And 'if 'twere well 'twere done, 'twere well it were done quickly,' too ;—  
 'A roobe to goo invisibell' let each one of you don,  
 And I'll give each some worldly goods to keep his eyes upon,  
 Until that glorious future, when, subduing Christianity,  
 We once again restore on earth the rule of Pantheism."  
 Now Neptune was a boating-man and doated on sardines,  
 Jove placed him o'er Oceanus as "captain of marines,"  
 Despatched him to his scallop-shell, with mermaids to make merry,  
 And promised him, if things went well, a patent paper wherry.  
 Apollo, next, his handsome son, he sent the sun to run,  
 And said "My son, now make you hay while you shines the sun,  
 For, when the troops of Constantine before Rome's walls arrive,  
 I, from this Mount, shall mount the box your chariot to drive."  
 But Mars had grown so quarrelsome, his Ma's delight he mars,  
 By kicking up disturbance with her attendant stars,  
 So, since she swore to mighty Jove she wouldn't have him 'round,  
 He bade him to "vamoose the ranche," and seek some battle ground,  
 Next Jove to Vulcan sentence gave, in this right jovial pun,—  
 "Quid Vulcan vult can Vulcan do, and so adieu, my son."

Jove, when he'd sent away the gods,  
 The goddesses addressed ;  
 Quoth he, "Of all the market affords,  
 We'd give to you the best."

"But, since my realm, hung by a thread,  
 No safety now enjoys,  
 To you I'll say just what I said,  
 When I sent off the boys."

"Let Ceres to the cornfields go,  
 Vesta keep up her fire,

Diana, taking up her bow,  
To mountain heights retire."

"Minerva, still watch over art,  
Be youth's bright guiding-star,  
But 'maid of Athens, ere we part,'  
Embrace your fond Papa."

"Venus, with us you must remain,  
Though all the rest disperse ;  
Till your spouse Vulcan comes again,  
You shall be Cupid's nurse."

Now when this speech was taken down, and read by the Recorder,  
The "miscellaneous business" came as the next in order.  
The ladies all spoke up at once, but Venus got the floor,  
And, 'mid a flood of sighs and tears, did Cupid's fate deplore ;  
"What," quoth she, "would you make all love a matter of the forum,  
And buy and sell our women there for their millia sestertiorum?"  
Why, as Hood says, 'Twere better to be a slave along with the barbarous  
Turk,

Where woman has never a soul to save, if this is to be your work.'  
Now who, of gods or men, could stand a pretty woman's tears?  
Jove yielded, and sent Venus down to calm young Cupid's fears.

At the foot of a mount,  
Where a crystal fount  
In its pebbly bed was dancing,  
Within the pale  
Of a wooded vale  
Where the sun on the leaves was glancing,  
Venus found Cupid, trying his art  
At shooting his dart through an oaken heart.  
Ah Cupid ! the practice you've had since then,  
Till you pierce through the stoniest hearts of men.

But Venus was sad,  
As she called the lad  
And told him the mournful story,  
How the Christian band,  
With a ruthless hand,  
Were robbing the gods of their glory ;  
And the love-god's tears fell thick and fast,  
For a cloud o'er his sunny life was cast.  
Ah Cupid ! would that the thought of those tears  
Might teach you to pity in after years.

But when the sun  
His course had run,  
And the shadows melted in night,

When Diana unbars  
The moon and stars,  
Revealing their silver light,  
Venus went flying back to old Jove,  
Leaving poor Cupid alone in the grove.  
Ah Cupid ! if you had but stayed in that spot,  
How many a heart would have been unshot.

But he, forlorn, with heavy-hanging head,  
All heedless wandered, praying Jove to pity,  
Until his footsteps near the Tiber led,  
And to the city.

The moon looked down upon a rustic bower,  
Half hid by vines in tangled meshes twisting,  
Whose gnarled old branches, screened by many a flower,  
Made place for trysting.

Cupid looked in upon a Roman maid,  
Whose hazel eyes shone out through nut-brown tresses ;  
A Roman youth to move her heart essayed  
With soft caresses.

Quick as a flash did Cupid seize his bow,—  
Two arrows quick into two hearts went flying.  
I tell no more. What follows none should know  
Except by trying.

But Cupid winged his way to Jove divine,  
Begged and obtained permission from that hour,  
As God of Love, to rule o'er this, Love's shrine,—  
A garden bower.

#### MORAL.

Vanished is the age of fable,  
Buried in a mist of years.  
They, who sat at Jove's great table,  
Rulers in his kingdom stable,  
Now are gone, and on Life's label  
Cupid's name alone appears.  
He alone of gods, has power,  
Lurking hidden 'neath some flower,  
Waiting in the garden bower.

So, I warn each youth and maiden,  
With a love's young yearnings laden ;  
When the winds the leaves are wooing,  
When your heart for love is suing,  
In the moonlit evening hour ;  
Then, beware, lest what you're doing  
You may be, at some time, rueing ;  
Cupid is some mischief brewing,  
Lurking in the garden bower.

W. K. T.

## TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

NO college can boast of alumni more attached to their Alma Mater than Yale. No college can show a like number of Alumni gatherings in all parts of the country, as fully and enthusiastically attended, as she. At no college does commencement time find the graduates gathered in greater numbers than gather here. And were I, as a sub-freshman, about to choose what college to attend, with my inclination vacillating from one to another, a knowledge and consideration of these facts would be enough to decide me at once in favor of Yale. "For," I would reason, "there must be something unknown to the outer world, that exists at Yale to cause this strong and lasting attachment manifested by her graduates." And I would reason rightly. For though you have never before attempted to analyze your affection for our good old college, you will agree with me now, when I say that it is the pleasing associations and customs, clustering around Yale more than any other college, that have made these scenes, which you will soon with such pleasure recall and revisit, the brightest in your fireside reveries and day dreams, as they were once in the realities of a passing life. It must therefore be a regret to all to see one custom after another slipping away, killed by the faculty, or unappreciated and neglected by the students. It may be old foggyish to imagine that affairs must always be the same here, but does it not almost bring up a remonstrance, to see those means no longer existing by which we were once foolish enough to enjoy ourselves? And are we not sometimes inclined to believe in the degeneracy of the college world of this day? Yet we must distinguish here between those customs which have died a natural death from having no further attractions, or from not being suited to the taste of the student of to-day, and those that have been cut off in their prime by the arbitrary decrees of the faculty. For the former our regrets are vain. The latter justly call for remonstrance.



It has seemed to me, that while a more liberal spirit was pervading other colleges in regard to the restrictions on the students and on the studies they must pursue, at Yale, in attempting to guard against the too great laxity which has crept into the latter, they must needs go back instead of forward in reference to our personal liberties, and rake up for our better control the dead letter laws which the advance of half a century laughs at. And chiefly have the faculty manifested this disposition in cutting off our college customs.

Without going back beyond the present, see how many changes there will be in this year, as compared with last. First, the mandate has gone forth that there shall be no singing henceforth around the college by the societies. And this encroachment has struck a deeper blow than is at first imagined. Its effect is decidedly disastrous to that for which Yale has the highest reputation in the country,—her singing. By nothing in college has fine singing been so promoted as by the societies. The finest songs and the best singing in this home of song, every one will admit, are to be found with our secret organizations. For, from sheer rivalry, every effort is put forth to secure the best and most appropriate tunes by each society, so that the tone of college singing is raised; and often from the same influence, talents for singing, which would never perhaps have otherwise appeared, have been so developed and improved, that no singing is now attempted without them. I could point out a number in the class, with just as good voice as you or I, who have never learned to sing college songs, and never will, because they have never joined a society. The next change in our college year, is the abolition of the customary Jubilee at Thanksgiving time. The mere mention of this fact will make your eyes fill with as many tears of regret, as once rolled from them at the comicalities of the old Jubilee nights. But dry your eyes. It is of no avail. The attempt to renew the Jubilee, with the good features of last year, have been met by the faculty with the refusal to grant the use of Alumni Hall. The

attempt to revive it as it was in the past, notwithstanding the pledge of the committee that they would be personally responsible that nothing objectionable appear, has been as effectually stopped by forbidding the appearance of female characters. Notice the magnanimity of our respected fathers. "Certainly you may have your Jubilee. We would not restrict your innocent amusements. But then you must confine them to the limited space of Brothers or Linonia. And there is an old college law of a century back that forbids any student appearing in female costume, so, in order to maintain the infallibility of the college head, we must forbid the employment of anything approaching to female dress. How you will make out to enjoy yourselves we know not. And if you don't, we wash our hands clear of it. We have not stopped the Jubilee. We only impose conditions; you stop it yourselves." But this action of the faculty is just preliminary to their abolition of the Spoon entertainments. They have in fact almost stated as much, and though no direct vote has been taken on the matter, their prevailing sentiments and expressions are against it. You will notice in the calendar of the Pot Pourri and Catalogue, that Presentation day has been put forward to Commencement, and that the latter is moved one day back in the week, coming on Tuesday instead of Wednesday. Thus evidently crowding out from Presentation week, either the Promenade or the Exhibition, even if we grant that they are to be allowed. But I am almost sure that this arrangement, taken in connection with the words of the faculty, can be construed into a determination not to allow our yearly Spoon festivities. Just think of it. Our spoon gone! That which is the most characteristic and distinctive of our customs! That which is linked closest with the name and remembrance of Yale! And for what reason? From mere jealousy of the growing interest in Presentation week, and desire to prop up the old decayed institution of Commencement. If such can be their notion—and the change of Presentation day makes it more than plausible—does it not manifest a most narrow and short-sighted

view of affairs, to say nothing of the injustice to our college amusements! To attempt to impart artificial life to that which is dying of old age! It is like lopping off the young and thrifty branches of a tree, in order to preserve some old worm-eaten and shaky limbs. To be sure we may have affection for these old servants, which have borne us good fruit in their day, and may find in these new comers only blossoms and sweet flowers; but because the old limbs bear neither fruit nor flowers now, how foolish to lay it all to the branches, or to think that were these removed, the sap could again flow where the pores are dry and dead. On like principles why not regenerate  $\Phi. B. K.$  or give new life to Linonia and Brothers, by decreeing that there be no other societies than these in college? Here, too, there would be more justice. For the secret have manifestly killed the literary societies; but the same is not true of the Spoon and Commencement. What shall be said to justify such backward movements in an enlightened age, or what need be further said to show its folly? Has not this truth yet struck home, that things must stand or fall on their own merits. Will the simple proximity of Presentation bring new interest to Commencement? In fact is not the former itself becoming rather a dull affair to any but the graduating class, and dependent for more than half its patrons on those who would come to the Spoon alone? Oh, the simplicity of trying to kindle a fire out of two half-lived coals! Cannot any one see that it is the same persons who come to see their friends graduate at Commencement, that alone would be attracted by the same friends on Presentation day? Now you may put the same corn twice into the measure, and imagine you have obtained two bushels for one, but it does not so appear to the majority of eyes. By the same logical process perhaps, the faculty reason to get a larger attendance at their closing exercises. 'Twould be nothing strange. Some of their reasonings are even more deep and mysterious than this.

And after all I can not see why a larger attendance is desired for Commencement than it now has, or why it does not stand well enough in the college high days. I

was once guilty of attending these exercises—that is, I put my head in the door for five minutes to find a friend's face in the gallery—and for anything that I could discover, the performance was all that could be wished. The church was crowded in body and gallery, the fair hosts above, the “lords of creation” below,—for you know the college Commencement was founded in Puritan times—and I wondered then and since, why this was not a satisfactory attendance. Suppose that half as many more should be tempted to New Haven, by these new arrangements, to see Commencement; what would they do? What larger place could be obtained to hold them all? Center church is the largest in town, and even now is filled to its utmost. Would the Faculty employ Music Hall? But that costs money, and then half their former audience would desert them if they countenanced a theater. And this thought leads to another. What will the New Haven House and the other hotels do in these new times? Their capacity is limited, and even now you can hardly get a room for love or money, when the Commencement folks have come in. Now grant that those who attend at Spoon time be transferred to Commencement. They alone will be sufficient to fill the New Haven House, and half the others. Also this class will be led to come early in the week to see the Races on Monday and Presentation exercises on Tuesday. Thus one of two things will result. Either they will leave on Wednesday, having seen all they care to see, and in this case Commencement will be the same as before; or else they will stay over and monopolize all the Hotel room in the city to the exclusion of our worthy graduates. Where will the numerous class suppers be then, with the Alumni cast out in the cold? And will they not justly begin to grumble at being crowded out in this way from an occasion which they have considered particularly their own? And when they see themselves thus supplanted, will they not begin to drop off in their attendance at Yale? And when they begin to fail in their visits here, they will fail in their interest. And when their interest flags, their support will be

wanting. And when this bulwark is gone, we are ready to drop a tear over the tottering steps of old mater Yale.

Such are the changes which have occurred or are in store for us, and thus is the year stripped of its chief and best means of amusement. In truth it has been remarked with much show of justice, that a thing has only to become an amusement of the students to be at once frowned down by those over us. Our ball and boating interests have almost been under ban, until the few privileges that have been granted this year, and boating seemed soon to be summarily stopped, had it not received such material aid from the money and personal support of Mr. Phelps, '60. Yes, and have we not here a glimpse of how this backward advance in the college is to be stopped, and our affairs again righted? Blessed day for the college graduates and under-graduates, when those who have the true interests of the college at heart, the alumni, shall be admitted to its counsels; when we shall have in our corporation, instead of the half dozen senators, gathered from the by-ways and hedges of Connecticut, six representatives of our choosing, and centered in them the sympathies of students and alumni.

R. W. A.



### ON THE FATHER OF WATERS.

ON a clear bright morning in January, I turned out to find the good steamboat Mississippi under way down the broad stream of the same name, the powers of nature and the arts of man doing what they could to take me further from my home; under steam I could have sworn she was, when I was awakened by the disagreeable hammering sort of a noise coming from the engine room below me, accompanied by the fall of the paddle wheels, and the general creaking, groaning, and earthquake-like shaking, by which a Mississippi steamboat always announces to whom it may concern, that her fires are lighted,

that she's up and away. Conscious by what light could penetrate the dusky little peep hole at my feet, for I occupied the top bunk in my state-room, that the day was pretty far advanced, full of the novelty of my position, and anxious to see what was going on in the outer world, I struggled into my clothes with all possible rapidity, but was greatly troubled at not finding any wash-bowl, pitcher or looking-glass. As I peeped modestly and cautiously forth on the side of my state-room next to the water, in search of that wherewithal to wash and be clean, I espied a sable genius, who grinning at my wobegone appearance, showed me the barber shop, which was also the wash-room, and I was comforted. My washing never took very long, and as I was hungry, I was soon on my way back to my state-room to complete my toilet. Short time as I was out, I ascertained the cause of noises which had puzzled me since day-break. The whole upper deck, or roof, as it is called, was covered with poultry of different kinds, intended for the southern trade. Being in crowded coops, they fought and screamed, crowed, cackled, and gobbled in a most discordant manner. Mules and other beasts of burden were on the lower deck, in the after part of the boat, acting in a similarly indecorous style, each animal using the voice with which nature had supplied him. "This accounts for my dreaming that I was Noah, and that all my animals were loose and fighting," thought I, as I passed on. The bar-room was on my right, as I came up to my state-room, and therein were several early worshipers at Bacchus' shrine, some of whom looked as if they had been keeping up their devotions all night. As I entered the cabin, breakfast was going on in one end, the one allotted to the gentlemen, while the ladies' cabin was nearly cleared, and a young female, dressed in rather a gorgeous style for the time of day, was discoursing sweet (?) music with all her might of hand and voice. A most dignified mulatto, in the capacity of head waiter, showed me a seat, and indicating me to one of his meerschaum-colored officials, I was soon engaged in discussing what had once been a good breakfast, but was much the worse for waiting.

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I was only a boy, being a little over seventeen, and all I saw was full of novelty to me, and I hope my readers are not wearied by this "wealth of description."

The boat was a regular floating community, with the captain as president, or rather as emperor, for few who have never traveled on a Mississippi boat can appreciate the amount of absolute power, which, at that time, about three years before the war, was possessed by the captain. This is not true to so great an extent at the present time, but the "old man," as he is always called, without regard to age, is still a potentate on his own boat, although he cannot put his passengers ashore or regulate matters along the banks of the river with the same ease as of yore. The sequel of my present narrative will give some idea of the way things of this sort were done in "the good old times," so regretted by many, when men could commit any amount of lawlessness at pleasure. The tyranny of the river characters was generally, as in the present instance, on the right side, as the inhabitants of the small taverns along the banks in the little towns of Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, and even as high up as Tennessee, were a most desperate set of outlaws, under no law, human or divine, generally overawing the agents of the former, and utterly disregarding the latter. Until Judge Lynch took the case into his mighty hands, they were perfectly safe!

Steamboat traveling is generally pretty monotonous, and this trip was no exception to the rule, for the first few days, but when we were two days out from Memphis, the real incident of the trip occurred. We ran in at a wood landing, to take off a few bales of cotton, a drove of hogs, and, as usual, a supply of wood. On the bank, about ten yards back, was a little sort of a tavern, supplying the place usually filled by a wharf boat; that is, they sold bad whisky to negroes and others who would buy it, and did many worse things, as we were to find out. Tired of being cramped in the boat, five or six passengers went up to this favored spot to loaf away the time, until the boat was ready to start, and I, full of boyish curiosity, followed



them. As we entered the place, we became aware of as hard a looking set of men as one can well see, but as you don't often meet with very well dressed people on the river banks, they did not occasion much uneasiness. Presently one of them approached a member of our company, a gambler from up the river, and proposed a game of cards; the wary gambler had heard of Arkansas "rough gambling," and politely declined, urging that they would not have time to finish their game. The Arkansas youth, beginning to get unnecessarily warm, swore with a lusty oath, that there was plenty of time, and he wanted a game or a fight; and getting warmer and warmer, drew a pistol and flourished it in the face of the gentle "gambolier" from Cincinnati, and demanded his money. This was the signal for a general uprising among the ruffians, and each one producing a weapon, proceeded to take all he could, cautioning those who were submitting to this ceremony to keep silence the mean while. This was all done with such regularity, the robbers were so well armed, and so far outnumbered our party, that there was no resisting, and not much noise. I was slipping toward the door, when I was collared by a long, thin fellow, who advised me to hold on a minute. I attempted a faint struggle, but he informed me that he'd "blow my livers loose, if I either fit or hollered," and so I neither "fit" nor "hollered," but stood staring down the muzzle of his pistol, which to my startled senses looked as big as the mouth of a flour barrel. He got very little from me, as I had deposited most of my funds in the safe, but two of the crowd, one of them a gentleman and the other a gambler, were well supplied, and made a rich prey. The boat was by this time ready to start, so they turned us loose, not supposing the boat would stop for a greater length of time than was necessary to take us aboard. I shall never forget the angry look of our captain, as we told our mournful story. He was an enormously large, powerful man, and possessed a powerful will, and also a most powerful temper. He was so angry now that the result was a most unearthly coolness. He backed the boat up to the bank, and proceeded



to collect his boat hands, arming them with crowbars, knives and cotton hooks, while he, his officers and several passengers belted on revolvers. I followed to see how it would end. The captain going ashore, accompanied only by the second clerk, a bold young fellow, and a few passengers, asked for the landlord. The landlord, looking sulky, soon produced himself, and swore that he couldn't help the matter. "I done all I could, Cap.," he said, "but the boys from the hills was too much for me, and now they're lit out." The captain was too old a bird for that, however, and looking the sorrowful proprietor severely in the face, he replied firmly, "I don't know about the boys lightin' out, but I'd advise you to give up all you took from my passengers." "I don't know nothin about it, Cap'n." "This way, boys," cried the captain. "Run out a head line around this shanty, and make fast the other end to the stern of the boat." The deck hands were delighted, and obeyed the order with rapidity, such as were not working surrounding the house, and making with the officers and armed passengers a most formidable force. "I give you one more chance, landlord," said the Captain, "produce the '*artickles*,' or I'll pull you into the river." "I tell you I don't know nothin'." "All right, pilot," sung out the "old man," and the engines began to work, the paddle wheels turned, and the cable commenced to stretch. Crack, cra-a-a-ck said the old house. "Hold on, Cap., for the Lord's sake, I'll find the things," cried the now livid keeper of the house. "Hold on, pilot, back her a little," said Cap. quietly, for he had expected this. The boat had not got fairly under way, so that the old building was not destroyed, although a good deal shaken, and moved about a foot from its original position. Three or four lank forms appeared at the window of the loft, but started back when the captain gave his order to "back her," amid shouts of laughter from all, the motley crew enjoying it especially. The landlord went in, but returned with becoming rapidity, bringing his hands full of pocket books, pen knives, and the usual contents of pockets. "Count your money, gents," said the captain quietly.

"Just as well do things business like." "Have you got everything?" he asked, after a few moments. "I miss a pen knife that I value a good deal," said a gentleman of the party who had gone ashore. "I had a silver toothpick," said a gambler. "Anything else?" As there was no answer he finished, turning to the landlord, "Will you get them things or not?" but the house-keeper was already searching, and presently re-appeared with the missing articles. "If there's anything else, gentlemen," said the Captain, "speak out, and we'll have it or break something." No one could think of aught else, so he, without another remark to the dejected inn-keeper, directed "all aboard," and in a few minutes we were moving down the river again, everybody well pleased except the "old man," who was still very angry.

I arrived at my journey's end without further incidents of any importance, but my shaken nerves did not recover from the effects of the fellow's wanting to blow "my livers loose" for some time, and I shall not soon forget this incident of my first journey.

L. S.

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## OUR STORIES.

I HAD just entered upon Senior year; that is, I had passed the Junior annual and was going home to spend the summer vacation. My chum and I had made our farewell speeches, and I was about to wend my way to the depot, when he vociferously called me back. There he was, perched upon a box of books and thus mounted he delivered himself of the following homily:

"You are going out from under my eye and won't have any mentor who can stay with you all the time and correct your little vagaries. Now I don't want you, in the absence of my monitions, to get smashed on some witless girl and come back here a broken down man, obliged to

write letters all day Sunday, and dream away all the spare time of the week. I had rather you would become an angel and go to the other side at once; for then I could write you a staving obituary, but in the other case I should preserve a solemn silence."

He was half serious and half in fun. I assured him of my complete ability to navigate my own canoe, and confidently asserted that the beginning of the next term would find my heart intact as his own. This was saying a great deal, for he was an old stager. He had always been making love to every pretty face he met, until an infuriated parent demanded a pecuniary recompense for his daughter's affections, which, as he claimed, had been surreptitiously secured. In the words of Major DeBoots he demanded "death or satisfaction, satisfaction or death." My chum, having no money or any prospect of any, invited the old gentleman to seek the balm of legal proceedings, and there the matter ended. But after this little episode he determined to be a philosopher and devote all his energies to the benevolent work of rescuing unlucky youths from misfortunes similar to his own. Thus he was a kind of lighthouse, and had condescended to shed on me his warning rays. He pretended to be thoroughly acquainted with the fair domain of the female disposition and pronounced the whole sex a humbug. But I suspect he still had some doubts as to his ability to withstand their alluring smiles and winning ways. For when he met them he uttered his *allez au diable* in a manner which indicated a mind ill at ease. However, I verily believe he would rather write a friend's obituary than to know he was in love.

I left him still astride of the box, looking solemn and anxious. He evidently was thinking earnestly about something. From the fact that he gazed after me with a paternal look until I was no longer visible, I imagine he must have had in his mind a mute prophecy of my fate.

I was fully determined to give heed to his words. I agreed with him and was accustomed to present his views to our innocent minded, gushing friends with so much force

and power of argumentation that his face grew ruddy with satisfaction, and his pipe emitted volumes of appreciative smoke. For it was his custom, when unusually satisfied and contented, to envelop himself in a cloud and thus as it were veil from the vulgar gaze the glow of happiness which belonged peculiarly to himself. We took delight in relating our experience and he fairly beamed as he presided with dignity over the Olympus of listening gods,—he, by universal consent, Jupiter Optimus Maximus. It was the *argumentum ad hominem*, and our young friends soon became convicted and converted, and swore never to make fools of themselves by mad indiscretions. I am sorry to say that some of them have sadly mutilated the sober theory in their unworthy practice.

My home was in a country town, a quiet, primitive place. The people were old-fashioned, good and eminently conservative. They didn't want any change, were content to live as their fathers lived; always sharp at a bargain or at detecting youthful indiscretions. I wasn't much of a favorite with old or young. I always visited the village maidens and made myself as agreeable as possible; but they evidently didn't like the odor of my cigars or considered me a man of sin on general principles. Most of them didn't take kindly to me and so I was thrown entirely upon my own resources. Fishing and reading French novels were my principal occupations. I engaged in the former with great zest, and took strong pulls at the latter at irregular periods. I nourished myself with beef and invigorated myself with beer. Thus the days were passing peacefully away when suddenly my plans were broken, the whole harmony of my vacation untuned. "This is a world which is subject to lunar influences, and performs revolutions on its axis, and comes various games of that sort," but there never was witnessed a more complete and ruinous gyration than mine.

Lillie Ray came to visit a friend. I had seen her several years before and had almost discovered what her tender mercies were even then. But we travel to discover, and I flattered myself that I had traveled and made quite

a number of discoveries and was not to be inveigled by any specimen of womankind. Hence, when I learned she was coming and when I met her, I experienced no unusual emotions; it plainly wasn't love at first sight. But I soon found that fishing had lost its charm and French novels their interest. I preferred to play croquet, and wander around after dark, gazing at the stars and building castles in the air. Once in a while I thought of my chum's admonition, then repented and staid at home a few days; chewed the cud of discontent, tugged away at my French, caught a few fish, and then went back more infatuated than before. It is a very great mercy to a man to be a very great fool: for then he don't know he is making an ass of himself, and isn't tormented by any reproachful sense of his conduct.

A warning at this time would have saved me, but my chum sent me a letter which encouraged me wonderfully. He said: "However unphilosophic it may seem, you and I must have a little more experience before we arrive at perfection. Living for the hour is not a bad training for a life that msut be made up of emergencies; therefore do as I am doing, and with all your getting, get experience. 'To love and be wise is scarce possible, even for the gods.' A man in love is stark mad, is in a delirium, and often does not attain convalescence until after marriage. But it is lawful and proper to induce any maiden to fall in love with you; thus you gain happiness for yourself and also make it pleasant for the other party. Simply as a matter of social amelioration it is not a bad line to take. We gain experience and exercise our benevolence, two highly profitable operations. In other words, you make an ass of the world and gain great credit to yourself."

This was sound doctrine; such relevancy joined to such ratiocination was resistless. But what did it mean? The sad result will show. Meanwhile I was reaping a fruitful harvest of trouble, making an ass of myself instead of initiating the world into the mysterious shrine. I made journeys and peregrinations after Lillie and with her. We went a fishing; she made me put on all the worms and

take off all the fish. I didn't see the fun exactly, but submitted with grace. She snarled my lines and broke my pole, and when she apologized I said it was no matter, though inwardly I was collecting all the oaths and imprecations, whose last breach is damnation. She fired my pistol, and when I went to arrange the target would blaze away before I was out of the way (I was about as safe near the target as anywhere). She beat me at croquet nine times out of ten, and accused me of cheating when, by any chance, I gained the advantage; until at length I preferred to lie on the ground and kick my heels in the air, to attempting the game. Though I was a moral man and a member of the church, she made me dance a schottisch with her on Sunday evening. She succeeded in convincing me, in spite of my aversion to cats, that her pet was a highly meritorious and attractive animal. Thus I went on, exercising my benevolence and gaining a vast fund of experience, besides completely subduing my temper. I am inclined to think that the patience which I displayed during a long course of persecution, will be set down to my account in letters of light.

I would not have it understood that she was thus disagreeable all the time. She did everything in a pleasant way, was full of fun, always detected spots of blue in the inkiest and blackest of skies. For figure and appearance all Christendom could not furnish a better. She was a little of the fine lady, a little of the beauty, a little of the coquette, and stuffed full of sentiment. Moreover, she manifested an evident partiality for me, and I was content. But matters could not go on in this way very long, and the result was, that in a moment of unusual admiration, I laid aside rhetorics and oratories and fine words, broke the ice of my affection, and told her that I loved her. It was wondrous silly, but wondrous moving. She smiled and blushed, said a little no and a bigger yes. We at once erected altars in our souls, on which to offer an ever increasing sacrifice of love. We filled our sails with pure devotion, and touched heaven, where eternal happiness reigns. We swore eternal fidelity, and made pretty

speeches, until the twinkling stars and chill night air reminded us that we were fools in more senses than one. I hope some of my readers can echo back the music of these wild vanities and romantic follies.

I had now an anchor for my hopes, a sober substance of felicity. Probably my chum had not contemplated such a strict interpretation of his friendly advice, How should I meet his reproaches? All my friends would wag their heads at me and cast me off as a reprobate. Such thoughts occasionally haunted me, but the daily walks and talks, the building of huge castles in the air, the future after college, and not the year in college, occupied my mind. I cared little for any prospective arraignment before my grim ogre of a chum. Moreover, hadn't I proved his croakings to be untrue? He was a prophet of evil, a soured, disappointed man. Henceforth a woman and not a man should be my mentor.

The remaining weeks of the vacation quickly passed and I returned. To my surprise, my chum made no allusion to vacation experience, a subject which, of all others, he was most likely to investigate. He seemed to have something on his mind, a burden which didn't rest very lightly either. He wrote long and carefully concocted letters and his chirography, which had been execrable, wonderfully improved. He was particular not to insert the name of his correspondent until he was ready to seal up his letters, and always carried them to the Post Office himself. From Lillie, letters came often, full of just what I wanted to know. I was not dependent upon college for my enjoyment but lived in hope.

Security ushers ruin. One morning I found in my box a letter directed in the familiar handwriting, but the envelope bore the letter A instead of R. I carefully opened it and found a wedding card with this inscription, "Mr. and Mrs. Frank Austin. Miss Lillie Ray." This was more than a surprise. I had grasped a cloud and now felt myself tumbling to the ground. A description of my feelings would form an interesting volume. It was enough to make a sucking dove choleric. After I



reached my room, I sat down to calculate with as near an approach to mathematical certainty as possible, whether she was more deceitful than I was foolish. The result evolved was an identical equation; and now that pleasure had departed, philosophy came to the rescue. I determined to swallow the insult and deception for I was reaping a just reward for my abnormal innocence. Now was fulfilled the prophecy of my chum's anxious look; the fates had even then wove the threads of my disappointment and I submitted without grumbling. But they had also chosen to give me a little wholesome revenge. In about three weeks a letter came in the old familiar hand. It read as follows:

"I am so sorry you could not have been here at my wedding and the parties which followed. We would have danced your favorite schottisch, and pledged eternal friendship in a glass of sparkling wine. Frank has heard of you and isn't a bit jealous, and is glad to know that I made so enthusiastic a friend during my summer visit, even after the wedding day was fixed. If you ever come this way you must surely call. I shall be very, *very* angry if you don't. With many wishes for your prosperity and happiness, I am, etc., Lillie Austin."

This was cool and quite a specimen in its line. After waiting a few days for my indignation to subside, I replied:

"Mrs. Frank Austin, Madam: Your highly interesting and instructive note was duly received and contents noted. In reply, I have to thank you for your truly spiced consideration for my feelings. I heartily assent to your proposition that we would have danced the schottisch and taken a "smile" together if I had been there. But this isn't all we would have done. Since Frank knows me and isn't jealous, I would have kissed you and put my arm about your waist as I used to do. We would have taken a walk in the moonlight. I would have shown him the lock of hair you gave me, invited him to inspect the engagement ring I gave you, and then if he didn't begin to be jealous, I would have read him a few choice extracts



from the fifteen letters you wrote me in two weeks. After these preliminaries we would have engaged in a little general conversation. I will certainly call when I return home for vacation, and should be very glad at that time to exchange my letters for yours. Infinitely yours. P. S.—Let us not quarrel, but let us not hug any more.”

In a week this reply came. “You and I are square. I deceived you, and your letter, falling into my husband’s hands, has undeceived him. His confidence in me is gone and there is no more home happiness for us; so call it quits and let me alone.”

This is my story. I drew from it a great many valuable lessons. The heathen Hindoo, of devout frame of mind, indulges in the gentle amusement of swinging through the balmy air of the Ganges, or Ceylon’s favored isle—a hook being passed through his back to facilitate oscillation. So I had indulged in the pastime of falling in love, had been hooked, and swung as high as anybody. The movement had ceased and I was convinced of my unfortunate simplicity. I felt that poetry, harmony, and wisdom are inculcated by misfortune, and lightened and illustrated by a sound application. But let my chum elucidate the moral in his own inimitable way; and here the cause of his singular reticence comes out. “My dear boy,” said he, as he slowly smoked, thereby indicating great internal dissatisfaction, and I knew by his calling me “boy” that something important was coming, “in your case, a fair temple of loyalty has been turned to ashes by inconstancy. Both of us have been outrageously and righteously sold, and that too, when we knew there was no more keep in woman than a hold upon an eel’s tail. We have run experience and benevolence into the ground. The truth is, men in love are drunk and vainly imagine woman to be ‘heaven’s last, best gift to man.’ Meanwhile she sticks clothespins on their noses and leads them whithersoever she will. ‘For so sure as death and sin came into the world by woman, so sure are their soft words and softer looks the utter destruction of all who put their trust in them.’ When we think we are safe we

are in the most danger. In view of your experience remember that

‘The strongest plume in wisdom’s pinion  
Is the memory of past folly.’

But, my dear boy,” and here the smoking almost ceased, “you are safely out of the scrape and I am stuck.”

C. D. H.

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### BUTTON-HOLE TALKS.—No. VI.

My dear Aristodemus, as I was walking by the fence a day or two ago, I heard you preaching, in an oracular manner, a sermon from that stock phrase: “Let us live while we do live.” To say that I was ashamed of you, is certainly true;—for I perceived at a glance that you were using the words as a mere formula, without paying much attention to their meaning, and any such use of words is always sickening. But I was more than ashamed—I was heartily sorry. You see, my dear boy, it is a bad sentiment;—it indicates a feeling of desperation;—and even its thoughtless repetition is to be condemned. If you will think of the sentence a moment, you will discover this for yourself. In the first place, the word “live” is used each time with a different meaning—the first “live” referring to a man’s conduct, the second to his mere animal existence. In the next place, the second “live” implies a natural and healthy condition of the body—the first an unnatural and unhealthy condition of the mental or moral tastes and aptitudes. Thirdly, the first “live” is dependent upon the second in the sense that when man dies he either sinks into oblivion or else loses his freedom of action. You perceive, then, from this partial explication, that the old Latin adage:—*Ede, bibe, lude: post mortem nulla voluptas*,—expresses the sentiment very fairly. And what a sentiment that is;—to say that eating, drinking and

making merry is the *summum bonum* of life! But that's just what you mean, when you perch yourself on the fence some bright morning, after "making a night of it," feeling as though a dozen aches were at fisticuffs with one another in every part of your body, and say: "Well, fellows, we feel like the devil this morning—but didn't we have a red-hot time last night! We have only four years of it here—we must 'hoop her up' while we stay. Let us live while we do live"—and so on, with sundry variations, to the end of the chapter. As though this sort of a thing was all there was to life! Why, as you use words, the man who comes to college for honest, legitimate work, doesn't live at all. The man who tries to discipline his mind and acquire knowledge, is a mere stick—he knows nothing of life! But he who lives an irregular, feverish, mad life, who excites his mental powers by artificial means, who perverts his moral nature, and who, as a consequence of this unnatural condition of his mental and moral powers, subjects his body, in its most vital parts, to sudden and violent changes, strains and excesses,—he understands life—he lives! Don't you see that you transfer, in point of fact, the abnormal state indicated by the first "live" to the second, so that he who follows your rule not only fails in living a true life in the first sense, but also at first weakens, and ultimately destroys his life in the second? The great mistake you make, my dear Aristodemus, is this—in supposing that a man can't live unless he lives fast—in thinking that he who knows life must necessarily be acquainted with a trifling, vulgar, wicked life.—My dear Aristodemus, in so far forth as you live this sort of a life, it is my opinion that you are cutting your own throat. Of course, it is your throat, and no one can gainsay you the unalienable right (*vide* Mr. Jefferson's orthodox fallacy) to cut it; but, after all, it seems to me to be a foolish thing to do. It would be different, if you would only get out of the way as soon as you had used the knife; but you won't. Now, as a mere matter of taste, it is not exactly the thing for a man to go about the world with his throat cut;—and, in addition, it is a harrowing spectacle

for one's friends. But the main reason, as it seems to me, why cutting one's throat is a foolish thing to do, is this: that after it is once cut, it is cut beyond all remedy, and the poor man knows it. It is a horrible thing when a man can't hold his head up, because he knows there is a blood-bedabbled gash under his chin! But you are growing indignant, my dear boy, and even now are furtively feeling of your own well-knit neck, as though to show me by ocular proof, that, in Sancho Panza's well-worn phrase, I am "taking the wrong sow by the ear." You are jumping to a conclusion. I did not say your throat *was* cut—I said you were *cutting* it;—I am not talking to you about an irretrievable result—I am talking about tendencies. And yet I can mention to you cases where irretrievable results have been attained. There was Tom Larkspur, who entered college when you did, my dear Aristodemus. A generous fellow, with brain enough to make a reputable figure any where and an honorable ambition to get some good out of college, he started on his college course with as fair prospects as any body could desire. He succeeded admirably for a while. He came here to do something, and he was doing it, to the best of his ability. His conduct won the respect and confidence of his classmates, and his social qualities secured their friendship. But one day the idea got into his head that

"The proper study of mankind is man."

Books were well enough in their way; a system of instruction was not wholly useless;—but a student ought to make it his main business to study life—to know the world, and all that sort of thing. So, with his natural ardor, he devoted himself exclusively to this new business. He studied men and women—he poked around into a great many dirty places and did a great many dirty things. He succeeded, as Dr. Johnson said, in making himself public without making himself known: the fellows pointed him out with a wise wink as "one of 'em!" He also succeeded in making a very quick trip to the devil. Debt, an absolute stoppage of his college career, a tarnished

name—that's the price he paid for living while he did live—that's the way he cut his throat!—Now, my dear boy, you know that no one gets more enjoyment out of "fun" and a "good time" than I do;—that no one grows mellow over a dish of—shall we say "Welsh-Rabbit?"—with a mug of ale and a cigar for company home, than I do. And yet it never struck me that this included every thing for which I came to college. I had these little luxuries of the flesh before I came to New Haven, and I suppose I could have had many more of them if I had never been matriculated. Whereas, it sometimes seems to me that you think this is all there is to college. If you *do* think so, my dear Aristodemus, you will find some day, even if you get your "sheep-skin," that your throat is cut. You will study law, perhaps, or set yourself up as a physician of the body or the soul, or "run a newspaper," or go into business, but when you come into competition with honest John Dig, as you call him,—under whose quiet demeanor there may be concealed more good fellowship than you ever dreamed of,—you will find that the public, that silent, impartial, relentless, potent judge, will tell you to your face that your throat is cut;—in other words, that you *have* lived while you lived, and it is time for you to get yourself comfortably and decently buried.—And, by the way, my dear Aristodemus, it is singular how many men there are who will let themselves be laughed out of doing what they know they ought to do and what they want to do by that same word dig. I verily believe there are men in college who would rather be called a thief than a "dig!" They will study nights, when no one can see them; they will fizzle and flunk and drop down into another class;—in short, they will run all the risks of failure, both comparative and absolute, before they will subject themselves to the suspicion of being known as a mental agriculturist. But every man comes to college to dig, if he comes for anything at all;—and he who digs the hardest and the most persistently, other things being equal, gets the most good and the most honor out of his college course. At least, such a man escapes

all danger of being influenced by the false philosophy of—"Let us live while we do live."—The whole danger which threatens you, my dear Aristodemus—for I have no time to give more particulars—lies just here: you measure everything by an artificial standard. You accept at once, and without question, either another man's opinion or the rule of custom. You seem to think that because some dozen classes have already considered a certain question in a certain way, that therefore you must consider it in the same way;—and from the time you come here you are constantly engaged in sinking your individual opinion in these previous opinions. The result is that your own principle of action is utterly extinguished. This ought not to be so, my dear Aristodemus. You know that the word principle goes back to *primus* and *cipio*. Now the first thing that you seize hold of—the first thing that you think of—in making up your mind as to how you will employ yourself during any portion of your college life, or as to what sort of a life you will live here, or as to the way in which you will decide any particular question, ought to be something in yourself—some notion of right and wrong—and neither what another man does or thinks, nor what custom may determine. Doing this, my dear Aristodemus, you will preserve your consistency—you will probably get something out of college which will at least partially satisfy you and will do you good—and you will be pretty certain to avoid the evil which lurks under the specious saying: "Let us live while we do live!"

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## NOTABILIA.

——The Spoon is at last dead. Its destruction is a good illustration of the old adage that "pride comes before a fall." Its honors were probably never sought for more eagerly than last year, and now, "none so poor to do it reverence." A history of the institution, from earli-

est times up to to-day, would not be uninteresting, and as a contribution thereto, we offer the following extracts from a volume of Spoon records which is preserved in the archives of the LIT. In 1848 it was resolved that "this volume shall be kept by the Editors of the Yale Literary Magazine, and they shall choose at the beginning of the second term, some man from the Junior class to inaugurate proceedings for a Spoon Exhibition. This man, with the assistance of one man chosen by himself from each division, shall call a meeting of the Cochleaurates, [that is, all the non-appointment men,] who shall select three men from each division as a committee to conduct the Exhibition." This arrangement did not, however, continue, since we find the "colloquists" of 1852 meeting and resolving that "there shall be a Spoon Exhibition: the Spoon shall be given to a colloquist and shall be presented by a colloquist." They actually carried out these resolutions, and, as the records inform us, were "thanked by the class for their self-sacrificing efforts." Imagine a late class "thanking" any set of men who should follow this example. *Tempora mutantur.*

———A suggestion has been made that there should be a Senior promenade concert at the close of the year. It is a good one. With no Spoon Committee there can be no Spoon Promenade, and if this idea be adopted, this will take its place and the place of the usual Senior reception; will provide a suitable entertainment for the evening of Presentation day, and will, if at all well managed, pay all the expenses of that day, and free the class from the usual tax.

———A precipitate descent down a flight of stairs, with consequent physical and mental damage, has suggested to us with unwonted force the expediency of having the entries of the colleges lighted by gas. We do not need it, like the dwellers in Farnam, for a warming apparatus, but it would be of benefit in other ways, and could be very easily introduced, now that there is gas in all the

buildings. Experience has shown that it is impossible to keep lamps in the entries and play ball in them too, and so gas is our only hope.

——It is a patent fact to the constant attendant at the chapel that one great fault with the services there is their want of adaptation to student-wants. A carping mind might perhaps object to a few other things, but these are probably remediless, while this defect could be easily removed, for there are many religious topics in which students are interested. We know nothing that would be of more benefit than a sermon or short series of short sermons by the President on the subject of the observance of Sunday. The day is scarcely observed even by those who believe in it, while there is among us a strong and rapidly-growing sentiment of utter disbelief in its sacredness. The discussion is of too great magnitude to be entered upon here, but we sincerely hope that the President will consider the advisability of bringing this subject before us. And while we are speaking of the chapel, it may be well to mention another slight defect,—an error to which ministers from abroad are especially liable. It is unpleasant to see one at the end of his sermon, turn with a bland smile to the galleries and say “and now, fellow-Christians, it is your duty to guide these miserable sinners [slightly contemptuous gesture towards the pit,] in the way of Life and Truth,” &c., &c. This premature separation of the sheep and goats is uncalled-for.

——Ball playing between the trees is nearly at an end for this season. No one has received serious bodily injury and a large amount of glass has been saved from fracture, which ensures a smaller term-bill than usual. If any timid man has been tormented with fear lest he should be “put out” by some erring ball, he can console himself with the reflection that the spirit of the national game is revived, and that the University nine will go forth conquering and to conquer in the coming season. Now since this extension of privilege has produced such satisfactory results,



and since the hyperborean female who picks feathers in the skies will soon begin operations, we suggest that snow-balling be allowed within the same definite limits. It is unpleasant to be obliged to travel a half a mile to escape being "boomeranged" by some insane devotee, who has practised all summer and can hit a five cent piece at fifty yards. The apprehension of being devoured by wild beasts, or flayed alive by savages, is not to be compared with the tormenting expectation of meeting a white-winged messenger of snow coming around the corner, or entering your window without introduction. Hence we desire that the irrepressible spirit of throwing be allowed to find vent within prescribed limits, and not be abnormally developed in all parts of the city.

——It would benefit students if they would occasionally think. To one who ever has an idea or ever cares to hear an idea, an ordinary college conversation is simply a terrible bore. Society small-talk is sufficiently inane, but yet is delightful in comparison with college small-talk. To be sure, in order to talk thoughtfully and well, it is necessary to read and reason and reflect,—three things which the average student shirks whenever he can. When men are thrown together as intimately as they are here, it is hard enough not to get tired of each other, even when each is original; but when either shines only as a repeater of second-hand sayings, a dealer in platitudes or a buffoon, the soul grows weary of its dearest friends. Talking for the sake of talking is a crime. If one has anything worth saying, let him say it; if he has not, let him keep quiet and spare his friends the torture of his conversation.

——The result of thinking might possibly be that students would have a little more stamina and individuality. If one has no thoughts of his own he naturally adopts the thoughts of another, and is easily swayed and controlled. Supple obsequiousness is scarcely a thing to be admired. If the tendency to this could be removed by

the adoption of a higher and truer standard of manliness, college would be greatly benefitted. One result of the cultivation of manliness in this way would be the destruction of the system of "electioneering" for societies. Electioneering is a confession of weakness. The inferior society always engages in it. An organization which gives out its elections through the year, which submits to packs and dictation, which begs men to come to it, is a fraud. And yet, as long as good men have no stamina and submit to be frightened or cajoled into taking the first certainty which presents itself, so long will a weak society sacrifice its independence and stoop to dirty work to obtain men who, in turn, will sacrifice their independence and stoop to dirty work for it.



## MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

### *Our Record,*

Which extends from November 9 to December 8, covers a period which has an unmistakable flavor of turkey and cranberry sauce about it. All over New England and parts adjacent the ancient gobbler has been stuffed; all over New England and parts adjacent the human family have also been stuffed; all over New England one universal ache has been felt. For all of which everybody has been properly thankful! Beside these material benefits, which college men shared in common with their brother mortals, and for which they were devoutly thankful, these latter individuals had a special cause for thankfulness in the results of the

### *Boating Meeting*

Which was held in the President's lecture room, November 16. In the absence of President Ford, Captain Cushing, '72, took the chair. The first business was the election of L. S. Boomer, '72, as Secretary and Treasurer, in place of W. C. Beecher of the same class, who resigned. A resolution passed by the Harvard Boat Club November 9 was then laid before the meeting. It is as follows:

*Whereas*, It is doubtful whether the article which appeared in the *College Courant* of October 29 (entitled "Worcester Once More"), is authorized or endorsed by the Yale Navy:—

*Resolved*, That a letter be immediately written to the Yale Boat Clubs, inquiring whether they authorized or endorse the views it presented in that article.

After some talk it was voted that, on account of the irrelevancy and impertinence of the demand, no action whatever should be taken. The prevailing opinion seemed to be that the article in question was a correct statement, as to facts, of Yale's views about the last regatta at Worcester; but why we should be called upon to father it was not at all clear. The article was written by a man entirely unconnected with college; it was printed in a paper which has no more to do with Yale than with Harvard, except that it is published in New Haven; and it was nothing more to the Yale Boat Club than the articles in any other paper possessing the enterprise to make itself acquainted with the facts and having the fairness to publish them. It seemed more than likely that Harvard would be "doubtful" about our position with regard to articles appearing in other papers, and the result would be that our Boat Club would have to be in perpetual session in order to satisfy the unending "doubts" of Harvard. But, beside all this, the opinions of the members of the Boat Club concerning this particular article had no more to do with boating than the opinions of the same men concerning a dozen other things—as, for example, concerning this action of the Harvard boating men—and therefore the whole thing was quashed. After this a discussion arose as to rowing another race at Worcester. It was stated, for the members of the crew who rowed last year and who are now in college, that not a man of them would row Harvard again at Worcester. The fact was stated that Worcester people do everything possible to help the Harvard crew, chiefly for the reason that they know that if Yale should win the race it would be held elsewhere, and the advantages of the Worcester course for jockeying, in case either party should be disposed to play the professional, were recounted. The talk finally ended by a motion that when Yale challenged Harvard to row again it should be for a straight-away race on any three-mile course in America. The motion was carried without a no. Thus "Worcester Once More" now reads "Worcester No More,"—though we dare say the Harvard Wouter Von Twillers wiped their spectacles twice before they made it out. This possibility, however, in no wise diminished the general prognostications of fun and feed during the

### *Thanksgiving Vacation,*

Which began November 23 and continued until the morning of November 27. The Thanksgiving Jubilee, which has heretofore been held on the Tuesday preceding Thanksgiving Day, was *not* held this year on

account of circumstances over which the students had no control. Previous to last year the Jubilee has always been a free and easy affair. It was generally held in one of the open society halls, and consisted of plays after the school of Charles the II, an oration such as would have astonished Demosthenes, a poem in which the muse appeared in scant garments and "kicked up her toes at immoral angles," together with sundry singular and cheerful pleasantnesses with the Freshmen. At these festive gatherings the Seniors always had front seats, while the Freshmen stood up and paid the bills; there, smoking was not *outré*, and critical gentlemen with glib tongues were permitted to emit clouds of tobacco smoke and opinions on the individual merits of the actors at the same time. Altogether, it was a rare night, and one most thoroughly enjoyed by every one. Last year the Jubilee was put into stays and kid gloves and taken to Alumni Hall, the better half (in the sense that there's more of 'em) of creation were admitted, tobacco was banished, ushers, with posies in their button-holes, gave their friends the best seats, and everything was as prim and precise as Miss Sallie Prude could have wished. Altogether it was a kind of diluted spoon exhibition;—not bad to take, it is true, and yet not wonderfully good. This year it was determined to try the old sort once more; but the faculty announced their determination to enforce an obsolete rule, to the effect that no student shall appear at a theatrical entertainment in woman's apparel, and also said that they should hold those having the matter in charge personally responsible for everything that was done or said during the evening. This was cold water treatment with a vengeance, and the poor thing at once gave up the ghost. Some enterprising fool, however, amused himself on the traditional Tuesday evening by setting fire to the north coal yard. Notwithstanding the rain, the thing burned—the fire department turned out and carefully and considerately squirted water on the fellows who had come out to see what was going on, in order to keep them from being burned, we suppose, while the police, who, with great conscientiousness, were also on hand, formed a cordon about the burning structure, probably for fear that the dwellers in Farnam would fill their pockets with coal for the purpose of maintaining life in that steam-heated (?) edifice. The chief result of this senseless piece of business will be the addition of a small "incidental" to every man's term-bill. The next day everybody who could went to their own home or somebody else's, and from reliable statistics now in our possession we are able to state that each man eat to the utter consternation of his friends and his own ultimate abasement. Those who remained in New Haven were not without their pleasures. Chapel exercises took place every morning with pertinacious regularity;

the Seniors had one recitation, the Juniors two, and the Sophomores and Freshmen three each; while turkeys and chickens, which had gone to a better world from very leanness, glared at one all along the street. The big dinner came off at the various clubs—the last one '71 will eat in New Haven—with the ordinary excess of gravy and lack of stuffing, while noise and hilarity abounded as usual. Meantime, various devices helped to kill time: quoits were hurled about recklessly; a big stone illustrated the laws of gravitation in the neighborhood of South Middle; the irrepressible base ball monopolized the south end of Farnam, while the charming weather led to unlimited vagabondizing. Speaking of vagabonds reminds us that the

### *Tribe of Si-oux*

Held its thirty-seventh annual convention at the new hall of the Beta Chapter, beginning on November 29 and concluding with a grand "smear" at the New Haven House on the following evening. Of the fifteen chapters which now make up Psi Upsilon, delegates were present from Amherst, Bowdoin, Brown, Columbia, Chicago, Hamilton, Harvard, Kenyon, Michigan University, New York University, Rochester, Union, Wesleyan and Yale, the Dartmouth chapter being the only one unrepresented. The business of the convention was transacted at the hall, where the Yale chapter entertained the fifty "brethren" on Tuesday evening with an elegant spread. About sixty men sat down to the fraternity's banquet at the New Haven House on Wednesday evening, at which Hon. William E. Robinson (Yale, '41), of Brooklyn, served as toast-master. Ex-Governor Joseph R. Hawley (Hamilton, '47), of Hartford, replied to the opening toast. The next annual convention is to be held with the Sigma chapter, at Brown University. Messrs. T. Thacher, '71, and H. E. Benton, '72, represented the Beta chapter in the business meetings of the late convention. It may be well to add that the enthusiasm manifested among some of the Seniors (degenerate sons, they were, though, every one of them) over the prospect of making the acquaintance of representatives of distant lodges, was hardly equaled by the general excitement prevailing in college over the various

### *Prize Contests*

Which have lately taken place between and in various societies. The first of these was the great struggle on the night of November 30, between Brothers and Linonia, in the hall of Brothers. This was an *extempore* debate, between members of each of the four classes in college, chosen by and representing each of the two open societies. For weary

weeks we had heard of this debate. It had been postponed an indefinite number of times—certainly once. Questions (at least one) had been selected and promulgated and thrown overboard. Men had been appointed (especially in Linonia), but there was no power that could make them speak. Finally the last day of autumn arrived, and Linonia grew desperate. A new question had been given out at noon—"Ought attendance upon Sunday religious exercises to be compulsory?" Linonia thought it had—so the lot said;—and clearly she was in need of somebody to give the reasons for this opinion. Madly the committee rushed around—even Brothers men refused the tempting inducements (a glass of Burton at Moriarty's) held out. Evening came, and so did the judges—Tutors Brewster, Perry and Richards. A goodly crowd gathered likewise—such as always fills Brothers hall. At last the speakers came also—Messrs. Elliot, '71, Hincks, '72, Abbott, '73, and Whittemore, '74, for Brothers; Messrs. Bliss, '71, Elder, '73, and Sellers, '74, for Linonia—the decrepit old lady still lacking one man. After the question had been discussed by the speakers in all its various phases, the judges gave their decision in favor of Brothers, as you might suppose. And so ended the great debate between the two open societies. It seems to us that in such a contest those who make a practise of attending the regular meetings of these societies ought to be given the places of honor, and then there would be no failures to attend and the faithful few would receive some reward for their devotion. On the evening of December 3 the secret society Freshmen declaimed for prizes. Kappa Sigma Epsilon met for the first time that night in its new hall in the "Collins Building," which is situated on the north side of Chapel street, just east of the depot. There were eighteen competitors, of whom S. A. Souther received the first prize, G. F. Doughty the second, and C. J. Harris the third. Messrs. Hine, Mason and Sweet, of the Lit. board, served as judges. In Delta Kappa there were sixteen speakers. The first prize was given to T. P. Wickes, the second to P. Barnes, and H. H. Chittenden and H. G. Higley received honorable mention. The judges were Tutor Brewster, '68, and Messrs. Elliot (of the *Courant*) and Thacher, '71. The prizes consisted of the usual gorgeously-bound books; but those who received them were not half as much surprised as was the general public at hearing of the

### *Abolition of the Spoon*

By the class of '72. This important action was taken at a class meeting which was held on the morning of December 3, thus finishing up in first term what it is customary to leave until second. After some

discussion, and after a statement in behalf of the society of Delta Kappa Epsilon, that none of its members would accept any Spoon honors whatever, it was voted, with but one or two opposing voices, that no Spoon committee should be appointed by the class of '72. This virtually kills the Spoon, and with it a great deal of the dirty work known as Junior politics. It is barely possible that an effort may be made to revive it again in '73, but, with the general feeling against it, the material difficulties that now stand in the way by reason of the recent change in the calendar, and the fact that there will be no committee in '72 to initiate a committee chosen by '73, such an effort (if made) does not promise to be very successful. The Spoon Exhibition was started in 1847, but in its early days it was a very different affair from what it is at present. Smut and deviltry characterized it then, and at certain periods it sank so low that any man who was caught attending it was suspended. In 1852 Prof. Gilman reorganized it in its present form, since which time it has been a very pleasant affair on the outside, and has done some excellent advertising for the college. Back of the mere exhibition, however, there has always existed a nasty pool of intrigue and jealousy and personal hatred, and the death of the custom is probably a benefit for everybody concerned. After this business was transacted, the meeting proceeded to the selection of the

*YALE LIT. Editors for the Class of '72.*

The first formal vote resulted in the election of J. H. Hincks of Bridgeport; George Richards of Bridgeport; R. E. Coe of Bloomfield, N. J.; and C. C. Deming of Hartford. The requisite majority necessary for an election not being received by any of the other candidates, after balloting several times the meeting adjourned until December 7. At the adjourned meeting C. B. Ramsdell of N. Y. City was elected on the first vote. The names are given according to the number of votes received by each, there being only a difference of five, however, between the highest and the lowest numbers. Immediately after the election was completed, Mr. Hincks was chosen chairman of the board. Δ. K. E. is represented on the board by three men, and Ψ. T. by two men, one of whom is chairman;—which shows that the good sense of a class willingly gives to the Junior Societies what they often fail in securing by a coalition.

*Town Shows,*

However, it is fair to state, have not shown us the cold shoulder during the last few weeks. Of a good, bad and indifferent sort, of course; but still plenty of them. At Music Hall, November 11, Mrs. Jas. A.



Oates's Burlesque Opera Troupe gave us the "Fair One with the Blonde Wig," and on the following evening "Little Faust." November 16 Lotta played two characters in "Little Nell and the Marchioness," a play worked out of Charles Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop" by John Brougham, and on the next evening she took six characters in the "Female Detective." November 18 Oliver Doud Byron went "Across the Continent," a trip which he repeated on the following evening. November 21 the N. H. Harmonic Society gave a concert, which was opened by the reading of the "Lay of the Bell" by J. W. Wescott of '72. November 22 M'lle Christina Nilsson sang. H. Vieuxtemps, violinist, and P. Brignoli, tenor, appeared on the same occasion. November 24 "Waiting for the Verdict; or, the Dark Deed in the Woods," added to the horrors of indigestion. November 25 J. K. Mortimer shone in "Under the Gaslight." November 26 John Collins played the "Soldier of Fortune" and exhibited "His Last Legs." November 29 Mrs. G. C. Howard appeared as "Topsey" in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." December 1 Cal. Wagner's Minstrels rendered their audience buttonless, while Harry Robinson showed us the "Man with the Silver Horn." December 2 the Satsuma Japanese Troupe gave a first-rate show, made up of feats of strength and sleight of hand, which they repeated on the following afternoon and evening. The company were said to include both sexes, but it still remains a matter of doubt whether the statement is true. Judging from the voice alone, one would say they were all women. December 5 the Great Beethoven Centennial Festival began, concluding on the evening of December 7. Dr. Stoeckel took a prominent part. The N. H. Opera House, situated on the corner of Court and State streets, was opened to the public for the first time on the evening of December 5. Blood and thunder, in lots to suit customers, followed by popular farces, make up the entertainments at this place. There will probably be a change—for the better or the worse—before long. Lectures have been frequent during the month. Mrs. Ada C. Bowles, Rev. Mrs. Hanaford and Mrs. Mary A. Livermore have spoken at the Universalist church. John Mitchell, whom the British Government drove into exile in 1848, together with Smith O'Brien, Thomas Francis Meagher and Richard O'Gorman, spoke at Music Hall December 27. C. T. Driscoll, '69, introduced him to the audience. The Orchestral Concerts at Brewster Hall have been concluded—one taking place November 14 and the last November 18. A concert of sacred music was given at St. John's (Catholic) church November 20. The Bohemian Glass Blowers kept it up for six nights, beginning November 21,



at Brewster Hall. The Stocking Brothers talked about Persia and the Orient at Chapel street church November 23. The choir of the Howe street church gave an entertainment, consisting of music, tableaux and things to eat, November 30, which was repeated on the following evening. Balls and fairs have abounded also, but these are only

*Trifles,*

And deserve no mention.—Profs. Brush and Gilman presented the claims of the S. S. School to the citizens of New Haven at the Superior Court Room November 10.—November 12 the President and Prof. Porter might have been seen listening to the harangue of the “Lightning Calculator.” Prof. P. said that the L. C. had a good head.—Mr. Dexter read a paper on the “Lives of Goffe and Whalley, the Regicides,” before the N. H. Colony Historical Society, at their rooms in the city hall, November 14. His views led to some talk, in which Dr. Bacon and Prof. Brewer took part.—The prospective game of base ball, which has excited so much interest throughout the country, between Eta Pi and the King of Clubs, did *not* come off November 14, on account of the former club’s refusing to play.—On that day, however, one of the boilers in Farnam College *did* give out, whereat the north temperate was succeeded by the frigid.—The only Kelly is no longer employed to break students’ heads by the city of New Haven.—Prof. Northrop delivered a lecture in Brothers hall November 16 on “Good Breeding.”—Messrs. Clark and Sweet, ’71, and Ramsdell, Richards and Sanders, ’72, attended, as delegates, the twenty-sixth annual convention of  $\Delta$ . K. E., held with the Brown chapter, at Providence, R. I., November 16 and 17. Twenty-two chapters were represented by forty-seven delegates. Mr. Sweet was chairman of the convention. Next year the fraternity meet with the chapter at Cornell.—November 18 a number of the  $\Delta$ . K. E. delegates passed a pleasant evening with the parent chapter at Yale.—November 19 the Sophomores and Freshmen had a little time on High street.—A new gas fixture, to shed light upon the clerical compositions, has been added to the chapel pulpit.—November 20 Rev. Mr. Twinning preached in the chapel, and Rev. Mr. Perrin December 4.—Mr. C. T. Collins, ’67, addressed the Senior class prayer meeting November 22.—The residence of J. B. Isham, ’69, was injured by fire November 24.—November 30 the Trumbull statue was removed from the Art Gallery to Hartford.—December 1 some one drove a horse and wagon up on the chapel steps. The influences of the place were such that the horse went to sleep at once. From the looks of the “rig,” it was generally supposed to belong to some enthusiastic mission Sunday school

teacher, about to start off on a trip for evergreens.—A Junior was lately suspended for lighting candles in the recitation room, and two others for calling to a man, who was reciting, from the outside of the division room.—The chapel organ was evidently played by a member of the *Courant* board December 3. It sounded like it, at any rate.—The Juniors and Sophomores played another game of foot ball at the Park December 3, in which '73 was victorious by a score of 4 to 2.—Prof. Gilman made some remarks at the removal of the remains of Lady Fenwick, buried in 1648, to the burying-ground at Saybrook Point, November 23. The construction of a new railroad made the removal necessary.—The *Register* is now to be found in the reading room, through the courtesy of its publishers.—Beethoven was reorganized at Calliope hall November 18 by the election of R. W. Archbald, '71, President; S. Benedict, '71, and W. B. Roberts, S. S. S., Vice-Presidents; W. L. Cushing, '72, Treasurer; H. W. Lyman, '73, Secretary; R. F. Tilney, '72, Librarian. Mr. Spier, '66, is director, and C. S. Elliot, '67, pianist. The society meets on Monday and Wednesday evenings. The "Amphion" tune book is now used in place of the "Arion."—Rev. E. L. Clark has been talking to the Theologues about Old Testament geography.—Prof. A. E. Verrill has recently been on a very successful dredging expedition to the bay of Fundy.—S. P. Coomes, '72, died at his home in Longmeadow, Mass., Nov. 27.—Osborne the Phrenologist has been around with his "Mirror of the Mind." You can look for a quarter.—A portrait of the late Wyllys Warner, formerly secretary of the college, has recently been placed in the Art Gallery.—Look out for examinations about these days.—The South Middle sweep has a habit of cleaning out the reading room at noon, which is so nice, you know.—A new digest of Connecticut Law Reports (the thirty-fifth volume), made by Prof. S. E. Baldwin, is soon to appear.—Prof. Newton, two graduates and three Seniors, watched for meteors, from the top of Alumni Hall, November 13 and 14. Only about 75 were seen. Last year 7,000 were visible.—Dr. Bacon has been talking, on Sunday evenings, at the Center church, about the Puritans.—The *Yale Courant* has placed some of its exchanges in the reading room.—The class ivy of '71, through the kindness of one of the committee, is to come from that which grows about Melrose Abbey.—The Junior class, since finishing English Literature, has been studying Craik's English of Shakespeare.—The sweep Livingston, who has charge of the public buildings, is to have his home in the north end of the Laboratory building.—R. W. O'Brien, formerly of '72, recently died at the West, making the fifth man whom that class has lost within the year.—E. A. Alden, formerly of '71, died at Westville November 4.—

Prof. Gilman lectured in Brooklyn November 15 on "The New England Ascendency in the New World."—Prof. Brewer and Louis Bail attended a State Teachers' Institute held at Guilford December 1, 2 and 3.—November 18 the Class of '72 elected, on the basis of the original divisions, the following gentlemen as historians: 1st division, R. E. Coe; 2d, E. H. Jenkins; 3d, E. S. Lines; 4th, J. W. Stimson.—Ernest Robinson, '67, died in New Haven November 18. Among the pallbearers were Brown, Day and Elliot of '67.—The Divinity building was formally opened to the public November 21. President Woolsey made a brief address and Dr. Bacon offered a dedicatory prayer. During the evening, in one of the rooms, a pack of cards was found lying on a volume of Beecher's sermons, open at the one on Future Punishment. It is said to have been a joke, perpetrated by one of the Fresh Theologues.—December 3 Dr. Ward, '61, read an essay on "Medical Jurisprudence" to the medical students.—Robert Lander, of Bridgeport, has been elected valedictorian of the graduating class at the Medical School.—At the recent election of officers of the New Haven Historical Society, Prof. Gilman was elected secretary, and Dr. Bacon, Prof. Baldwin and Mr. Dexter, directors.—December 5 Prof. Northrop announced that the Junior Exhibition, as heretofore conducted, was dead. The new plan is to have all with a certain rank in the class hand in articles, of which those furnishing the best ten will speak, each of the ten receiving a prize, and that one speaking the best receiving a superior prize.—The new revolving tower on the Athenæum is completed.—Prof. Packard is to be absent from New Haven next term. Tutor Beckwith will take charge of his department.—J. K. Thacher, '68, is to be Tutor in Algebra next term.—The chimneys of the Chapel have been repaired.—A rival to Prof. Porter has lately been about college, but we believe there has been no serious thought of giving him Prof. P.'s chair.—New doors were put up at the foot of the Farnam entries during the recent absence of steam in order to keep the cold *in*. Now that the building is warm once more, they keep the cold *out*.—The last number of *Blackwood* contains a very favorable notice of Prof. Porter's "Human Intellect," which, considering the conservative character of this Review, is a great compliment to American scholarship.

#### S. S. S. MEMORABILIA.

##### *Thanksgiving Day,*

Thursday, Nov. 24, all the classes of the school were engaged in the same pursuit. Seniors, Juniors and Fresh promiscuously devoted them-

selves to the study of Comparative Anatomy, with practical problems and dissections. What is yet more strange is, that there were no fizzles nor flunks; all rushed dead. Though for this day the marking-system was abolished, yet all went well. Surely more ardent and conscientious students were never seen. And this proves? Simply that when all men are as eager to fill their minds as their stomachs the marking-system may be thrown aside. Until then what?—Even those who went to their homes sat solitary and with grim satisfaction over the disappearing turkey, consoling themselves with the thought that at least *they* should be here for Monday's recitations and thus save themselves from a few marks. A large part of the Junior class is studying

### *The Dictionary*

This term. Not in consecutive lessons going through the whole of the little volume, but only taking the history of the English Language varied with Saxon declensions, or as it appears in the first part. This is supposed to be preparatory to the reading of Chaucer next term. In connection with this they are reading, under Mr. Lounsbury, Shakespeare's play of Henry IV. But dictionaries and thanksgiving dinners are weighty

### *Items*

To handle, compared with a fine painting, "Mount Shasta," which is at present in our Library under the care of Mr. Hill, the librarian, and is well worth seeing. The artist is Mr. J. H. Hill, of the 40th Par. Survey.—Prof. Trowbridge's Inaugural Address has been printed in pamphlet form. A room in the Art Building is being fitted up for his use.—Mr. C. S. Hastings, '70, is at present hearing the classes of Mr. Curtis, the Principal of the High School, that gentleman being absent on account of ill-health. The moon and stars were doubtless made happy a few evenings since by being looked at through our telescope by a bevy of the fair demoiselles from that institution. Whether they have shone more brightly since, is the question.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

*Book Notices, Exchanges, etc.*

LET us take a glance at the books which have been received during the past month :

*Field and Forest.* By Oliver Optic.

*Plane and Plank.* By Oliver Optic.

*Double Play.* By Wm. Everett.

*Going on a Mission.* By Paul Cobden.

*Who will Win.* By Paul Cobden.

*Prudy Keeping House.* By Sophie May.

*Lost in the Fog.* By James De Mille.

These books are all published by the popular firm of Lee & Shepard, Boston. They are story books for children, and are just the thing for Sunday Schools or holiday presents. The author of *Double Play*,—Mr. William Everett,—is a son of Edward Everett. He is comparatively a new author, and is meeting with great success in the field which he has chosen.

We have also received :

*Nature's Aristocracy.* By Jennie Collins. Lee & Shepard.

This book discusses the condition of the laboring classes and suggests plans for social improvement. The remarks upon female suffrage are interesting ; though we do not agree with them. The improvement of the lower strata of society is a subject which merits the earnest consideration of all classes.

*The Tone Masters,—Handel and Haydn.* By Charles Barnard. Lee & Shepard.

*Synchronology of the Principal Events in Sacred and Profane History, from the Creation of Man to the Present Time.* Lee & Shepard.

This is just what it professes to be, and is a book which every student should have in his room for reference.

*Art in the Netherlands.* By H. Taine. Translated by J. Durand. Leypoldt & Holt.

*Cornell's Physical Geography.* D. Appleton & Co.: New York.

*Episodes and Lyric Pieces.* By Robert Kelley Weeks. Leypoldt & Holt.

This is a very attractive little book of poems. Every Yale man ought to have a copy, both on account of its intrinsic merits and because the author is a distinguished graduate of our college.

Any of these books can be obtained at the book store of Judd & White, New Haven.

The following exchanges have been received :

COLLEGE MAGAZINES :—*Beloit College Monthly, Denison Collegian, Griswold Collegian, Hamilton Literary Monthly, Nassau Lit., The Dartmouth, The Union Literary Magazine, Union College Magazine, Virginia University Magazine.*

COLLEGE PAPERS :—*Advocate, Amherst Student, Annalist, Antiochian, Cap and Gown, College Argus, College Days, College Mercury, College Times, Cornell Era, Dalhousie College Gazette, McKendree Repository, The Acorn, The Chronicle, The Lawrence Collegian, The Madisonensis, The Miami Student, The Targum, Trinity Tablet, Western Collegian, Yale Courant.*

OUTSIDE MAGAZINES :—*American Literary Gazette, American Sunday School Worker, Christian World, Herald of Health, Oliver Optic's Magazine, New Englander, Overland Monthly, The Little Corporal, Western Monthly.*

OUTSIDE PAPERS.—*Appletons' Journal, College Courant, College Review, Every Saturday, Punchinello, The Chicago Courier, The Home Journal, The Nation, The People's Literary Companion, Scientific American, Woodhull & Claflin's Weekly, Young Folk's Rural.*

We have also received: *The Old Franklin Almanac for 1871*, a little treatise on the *United States Patent Law*, a pamphlet on the *Hypothesis of Evolution*, *Christian Banner*, *Madame Demorest's Magazine*, *The Seaside Oracle*, *The Manufacturer and Builder*, *The Child at Home*. Also the *Report of the Triennial Meeting of the Class of 1867, Yale College*.

The *Trinity Tablet*, from "the future sole capital of the State," is one of the best of our exchanges. It is printed on beautiful paper and presents a fine appearance. Other college papers would do well to follow its example, especially in the matter of cutting leaves. The *Tablet* is warm in its devotion to the boating interests of the college, and sanguine of future "victories on fair Quinsigamond." Beware, Trinity, you will find that the way to aquatic glory is not so smooth as you now imagine. Muscle and pluck alone, are not enough. Cheek and insolence are far more essential.

*The Madisonensis* says: "A Freshman at Cornell is at present laboring under the impression that the words 'du,' 'deiner' 'dir' 'dich,' form a sentence signifying "How do you do?" and is amusing the upper class men by acting on that principle.

The *Virginia University Magazine* replies in a very dignified and forcible manner to the remarks in the last LIT. concerning Gen. Lee. We can not resist the temptation to quote the final clause of this reply, for the benefit of our readers: "The gentleman who announces himself as 'the responsible editor of this number of the LIT.,' gives his initials as G. A. S. Well! we all know what those letters spell, and no one will fail to pronounce the gentleman as odoriferous a specimen of sulphuretted hydrogen as was ever generated to offend the olfactories."

The *Yale Courant* is being extremely well conducted by the present board. We respect the literary ability of its editors and are willing that they should criticise our magazine, but their utter lack of all *musical* talent is so notorious that we respectfully decline their kind offices in judging of our well known ability in that direction.

The *College Review* seemed to be in a remarkably pleasant frame of mind at the time of its last issue. It complimented the members of the LIT. board personally for their remarkable discernment and discrimination. Taking a

couple of lines from the October LIT. for its caption, it proceeds to prove their truth by two columns of the most satisfactory proof possible, viz: by an example in point. We are glad to see that we are not alone in the opinion that the trash published in its secret fraternity department had better be left out.

*The Chronicle*, of Michigan University, is a model college paper in every respect. In its last number it gives a very interesting account of "University Day," and has an excellent article entitled *The Presidency*.

*The Dartmouth* for November, has a good article on "The Old Roman," but it is too long. A college magazine cannot afford to give more than five or six pages to a single article unless it possesses unusual merit. Its article on "The use of Translations," in the same number, takes about the right ground on that subject. It is unconditionally opposed to them; and sustains its points in an able manner.

Many of our exchanges are greedily quoting the statement that a course at Yale costs \$4,265, and are instituting comparisons between themselves and Yale, which seem to be decidedly to their own advantage. The inherent absurdity of pretending to make an accurate estimate of this kind, must be apparent to any one at all acquainted with college. The idea that Yale is very expensive as compared with other colleges, is a great mistake. There are reckless and extravagant students here as elsewhere; and possibly we have a larger proportion than most colleges. But we feel confident in saying that nowhere does there prevail a more democratic spirit, nowhere do men stand more on their own merits, without reference to the adventitious circumstances of wealth and family, and nowhere is better provision made for the assistance of indigent students. Board is doubtless higher here than in country towns, but there are many advantages here for making money from outside work, which could not be found in a smaller place.

Students with no capital but *pluck* are to be found in every class in Yale. They manage to get along, and universally command respect for their sterling qualities. Let no one go to an inferior college from motives of economy.

The abolition of the Spoon is a subject for congratulation among the great body of the friends of Yale. The article in this number entitled *Tempora Mutantur* was intended for the November LIT., but was handed in too late. We publish it in accordance with our policy of giving both sides a hearing.

E. F. S.







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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '71.

CHARLES D. HINE,

WATSON R. SPERRY,

ALFRED B. MASON,

GEORGE A. STRONG,

EDWIN F. SWEET.

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FREE THOUGHT.

FREE thinking is a dangerous something which young men are often warned against. The phrase, in fact, has come to be almost synonymous, in politics, with revolution, and in religion with disbelief. The justice of this, it is difficult to see. The fact is probably due to the influence of the clergy, as a body, more than to that of any other class of men. Disturbance of the social, political or religious beliefs of a country almost invariably has an *apparent* bad effect on the religion of the country. Men who believe in the perfection of things as they are, naturally oppose any change, and the different denominations, each sure of its own inherent truth, are apt to oppose vigorous and free thought in religious matters, lest their peculiar doctrines may lose their hold on mankind; and in political and social concerns, lest the spirit of free inquiry may spread to religion. Each denomination shows the sincerity of its belief in itself, by inviting inquiry into its peculiar tenets, as long as the inquiry is made under its supervision; but if the intellect, unsatisfied with the arguments presented, asks for further proof, it is told that it should exercise faith, and stultify itself by

believing what it has no reason to believe. The clerical profession has always discouraged free thought among the laity. It has attained its greatest power in countries where, in religion, reason was nothing and faith everything. It is to its interest that the whole mind should be kept in subjection to the emotional part of it. It makes the serious mistake of representing religion as belonging to the part rather than to the whole, and endeavoring to sway mankind by appeals addressed to the feelings rather than by arguments addressed to the intellect.

The average undergraduate of to-day is too apt to have an insane distrust of free thought. It is, perhaps, natural that he should. He enters college, an inexperienced lad, who knows too little of the world to have any social beliefs worth speaking of, but who has always accepted with reverent credulity the parental ideas on religion and politics. He is an atheist, a Baptist or a Presbyterian, according as his father is an atheist, a Baptist or a Presbyterian; a democrat or a republican for the same good reason. He has taken his beliefs on faith. He has never thought for himself. Once here, he finds himself under an authority, beneficial in the main, but which leaves him little freedom in everything, which subjects men of all capacities and tastes to the same treatment, which rarely gives a reason for its acts, which seems to pride itself on having as little communication with him as possible and yet keeping him under strict rule, and which is responsible only to the Corporation, and, in regard to its treatment of the individual student, only nominally to that. It is besides, under strong ministerial and theological influence and has the true theological dread of change. Under such a *régime*, it is not strange that his life becomes one of routine and that he puts his intellect in a strait-jacket. As he formerly accepted the ideas of his father, so now he accepts the ideas of his superiors in age and learning, and regards it as an act of presumption if a fellow-student thinks for himself, especially if the result of the thinking is disbelief in a political or religious dogma which he himself has no reason to believe except that he has done so from childhood.

The evil results of this spirit of veneration, this rev-

erence for the old and distrust of the new, it is easy to see. We are ignorant. Knowledge is impossible without inquiry. The main-spring of inquiry is doubt. If we do not doubt we will not inquire. If we do not inquire we cannot know. And if doubt is shunned as dangerous the progress of knowledge is greatly checked. We are credulous. Accustomed to rely upon others for our opinions in great matters, we gradually come to rely upon others for our opinions in small ones. We take the men whom we meet in college and the women whom we meet in society, not for what they are but for what they seem. Because the latter, with the true feminine instinct of adaptation, only amuse us, we forget that they might be more than mere playthings and would be, did we but signify the desire. Because it is an article of college faith that a Freshman is always inferior to a Senior, although the former may be a gentleman and the latter a boor, we believe that it must be so, and consider it the former's bounden duty to yield to the latter, whenever and wherever their interests may clash. In short, we accept things as we find them and never trouble ourselves to think whether, or rather *how*, they might be improved. This fear of free thinking is injurious to the literary life of Yale. We are cramped by want of sufficient range in the choice of subjects which we may treat. A feeling akin to bigotry keeps us from discussing religious topics and the god Custom demands that we should confine ourselves wholly to the College world. Hence we try to furbish up old, worn out ideas and resort to inane ghost stories and the like, and to very bad poetry. Since "language is thought made visible," our want of thought manifests itself in want of command of pure English. And then, finally, our lack of free thought produces among us a painful uniformity. We are all subjected to exactly the same treatment,—our individual idiosyncracies are ignored, and the result is that, unless by independent thought we mould ourselves, college moulds us all alike. Once in the world we grow different again, but the average undergraduate has a dreary sameness about him and reminds you, vaguely, of his hundred classmates, except the few who think for themselves and are, therefore, invariably unpopular.

It seems to me but a puerile intellect which fears to test its own powers by grappling with hard and knotty points ; which shrinks from doubt and reverently accepts upon faith what it does not understand. Observe, I do not say what it *cannot* understand. There are mysteries of religion which defy the researches of our reason and demand our faith ; there are other mysteries of religion to which the intellect may readily find the clue. There are social and political and religious beliefs which many of us have, but which we should find to be false and wrong, should we apply the crucial test of thought. I plead for free thought,—that is, for thought that shall be unhampered by reverence for authority. I plead for it as the one power which will educate us, check our credulity, establish our faith, destroy our bigotry, invigorate our literature, develop those unlikenesses which make us ourselves, and teach us to respect the noblest part of man,—the intellect.

A. B. M.



### ST-T-TAMMERING.

“ Something between a hinderance and a help.”

**S**TAMMERING is probably a blessing—in disguise. It does one good, in spite of himself. Like the paternal rod and the maternal slipper, its influence is cheerful, though not inebriating. Sometimes we curse it, it is true, as we used to curse the aforesaid educating appliances, and do it with great freedom and vivacity and continuity of articulation ; but we curse everything in certain states of feeling, and yet it by no means follows that there is nothing good in the world.

Stammering, however, is not like the rain, which falleth on the just and the unjust. As the rule, indeed, it seems to have a striking partiality for the just ;—from which one might infer that it was in some sense a reward for virtuous living. This inference receives additional support from the fact that the professional stammerer can generally swear with remarkable fluency.

Stammering affords large room for original effects. From the delicate tremulousness of the under jaw to the most prodigious opening of the mouth, in whose expansive cavern that "little member," the tongue, finds itself bereft of all its accustomed associates and almost a stranger, one sees every kind and degree of intermediate fixity assumed by the habitual stammerer. Many remarkable results are thus produced, which always attract attention.

Stammering often indicates character. Your uncertain man sets all his machinery of speech going at once, but each part acts independently of every other. His teeth rattle together in an audible noise while his tongue makes rapid gyrations in attempting to say yes. Your decisive man knows what he wants to say, but his talking apparatus becomes immovably set by his very determination to say that thing and nothing else. Your hypocritical man makes a feeble attempt to conceal his weakness. He will stammer through some sentence, and then smile vacantly as though his way of talking were a good joke, which you and he understood perfectly. Really, however, he is terribly tortured to think he cannot talk more readily.

Stammering puts certain limitations on a man. The stammerer can never tell a story. The minor and auxiliary portions can be managed well enough, but when the interest begins to deepen and the crisis approaches, this unfortunate uncertainty of speech manifests itself, until all at once the machinery stops, and the very gist of the story is still to come. After a while and with much physical labor, the "point" is brought out, but the interest is lost, and everybody thinks it an exceedingly weary, stale, flat and unprofitable yarn,—as it usually is.

Stammering prevents a man from doing his own talking. There are certain people in the world who think it an act of kindness to take up the thread of discourse, whenever the stammerer gets it into a hopeless tangle. The different conclusions arrived at in this way are often very exasperating. A attempts to say: "B is a fool," but comes up short on the f of the last word. C immediately takes it up and says—"funny fellow."

Stammering makes one a victim of advice-mongers. Probably there is not a person in the world who has not

a theory about stammering and a cure therefor; and these gratuitous philanthropists think it their duty, apparently, to state their opinions on the subject to every stammerer whom they happen to meet. This is very diverting, especially when the self-constituted adviser talks mere nonsense in a grave way, as the majority of these individuals do. It is much more pleasant to meet so discriminating a mind as that possessed by a youthful Ethiopian, who, on being told, with various contortions of the face, to shut the door, simply stood and laughed and said, with a great exhibition of "ivory," "You stutter!"

Stammering in college is of great advantage. In rendering an excuse it lends an appearance of candor, while in pronouncing French or German it is an invaluable aid, especially if one be a little weak in the matter of pronunciation. In reciting mathematics it is the most comfortable thing in the world to know that whatever problem may be given, its mysterious intricacies can be satisfactorily gotten over by a sudden inability to talk. In a prize debate stammering is of great assistance. It affords a pleasing change to the monotony of fluent speaking, and invariably keeps the judges awake, especially if they have an eye for the grotesque. At the post-office, if a man happens to have a long line of expectant individuals behind him, it provokes playful remarks from the multitude when the stammerer comes up and gets hopelessly stuck in attempting to give the number of his box or his name.

Stammering, on the whole, is a great addition to the world's stock of funny things. It makes the children laugh and the old folk smile. Sometimes this sort of treatment hurts the stammerer, but then it is the price he has to pay for being so funny. Stammering generally leads a person to be parsimonious of words and develops thought. The stammerer looks upon conversational conventionalities as purgatory, while small talk becomes to him, in the profane language of John Milton,

"All hell broke loose!"

But it breeds a philosophic spirit, and brightens literature with such sweet utterances as those of Charles Lamb.

W. R. S.

## THE BOUQUET.

[Trans. from UHLAND.]

If in the leaves and flowers a meaning lieth,  
If in the rosebud love impassioned burn,  
And from forget-me-not its wish you learn,  
While laurel glory, cypress grief implieth,

If where each other loving token erreth  
You can in colors tend or sense convey ;  
If jealous yellow envious pride betray,  
And hope in sprays of leafy verdure stirreth,

Then culled I wisely in my garden bower  
Of every color, every kind, a flower,  
And bring them thee in artless bunch combined.

For is not all my love, my hope, my gladness,  
My trust, my glory, jealousy or sadness,  
My life, my death, with thine and thee entwined ?

C. J. R.

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THE BEE.

[Trans. from LESSING.]

When Love in bygone ages golden,  
For sport to shepard-loves beholden,  
Light o'er the varied flowers leapt ;  
There stung the smallest god of all,  
A bee that in the roses' thrall,  
Of honey-gathering weary, slept.

Made wiser by his small aggriever,  
The inexhaustible deceiver,  
Love, planned a novel stratagem ;  
He lurked in violets and roses  
And, when the maidens gathered posies,  
Flew out as bee and wounded them.

C. J. R.



## MY SERMON.

IN these days of preaching in churches and other unconsecrated buildings, no apology to the clerical body is needed, for taking their congregations in hand after they have done with them. Especially where there is so much inattention to regular and appointed ministrations, no possible objection can be urged against amateur exhortation and advice. To be sure, it is, with much ground of truth, asserted that amateurs never attain proficiency in anything excepting wickedness. And it would be no very strange or unprecedented thing if the cry of "physician, heal thyself" should be rung in the ears of the volunteer. But to meet such cavillers on their own ground; a sick doctor who devotes all his time and attention to the restoration of his neighbors is a much more unselfish individual than he who waits until he is strong and healthy. Therefore, if the writer is found doing what is inveighed against in others, "that has nothing to do with it" as a woman always says when she is beaten in argument. *Magna est veritas et praevalabit.*

By one author, men were divided into those who had been hanged and those who had not been hanged, including himself among the latter. This, for some purposes, would be a most convenient and simple classification of the human family. Others have maintained that the only sure and invariable division is into males and females. But there is another which far surpasses these. Men, for purposes of moral dissection, may be divided into those who are well enough as they are,—those who might be better,—and those who couldn't be worse.

Let all who can satisfy themselves of good and regular standing in the first class go on their way rejoicing. Let them edify, strengthen and fructify among their scattered brethren; and let them carry forth the banner against the many who are not with them.

As to the unfortunate individuals of the third class, it behooves no unprofessional man to speak confidently.

Orthodoxy and heterodoxy have so changed places since the good old times, that the measures and degrees of total depravity are not settled with precision. It would be a loss of labor and time for one unacquainted with theological lore and not supernaturally sharpened by exercise to attempt an exhaustive discussion on so intricate a subject. It is generally agreed, however, that only a strong spiritual pickle can secure the preservation of those thoroughly corrupted by the evil communications of this wicked world.

Passing by these, the second division—"those who might be better"—affords the most pleasing and satisfactory inducements for its consideration. The truth is not so blocked and locked up from our search, even when viewing ourselves, that we will not either in humility or false pride acknowledge some failing, some serious fault. There are honest men, moral men, handsome men, pretty men, tough men, liberal men, likely men, men of muscle, made like Hercules, and so on to an indefinite multiplication. But no one claims that he possesses all, or any close approximation to all desirable qualities. Indeed, most will confess some particular weakness. Again, if our peculiar delinquencies are not visible to our partial and interested observation, no man ever so loses his own nature, his power of criticism, as to be unable to detect a flaw in some of his highly favored acquaintances. To his chastened understanding, one is tempted by gold, another by flattery, another by ambition, another by fear, and so on through a long category. There is an old couplet which says:

"When caps into a crowd are thrown,  
Each takes what fits him for his own."

This may be true sometimes but not always. The tendency is, to grab a cap which exactly fits oneself, to pull it down over the eyes and ears of some unsuspecting brother, and then exclaim with exultation "That cap fits." These two opposite qualities, our honesty, if we have any, and our irrepressible exercise of critical judgment, help us to find out who might be better.

We meet sometimes with those who have an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, and especially turn their attention to the collection of information which does not concern them. They have noses of prodigious length which they insert into all possible nooks and crannies, often with danger to themselves and inconvenience to others. They have a perfectly diabolical dexterity in the management of this organ and the more you endeavor to conceal the more assiduous are their prying endeavors. Now these are generally well-meaning, meddling fools. They don't intend to disturb or annoy. But much pleasure, much enjoyment, is at the mercy of such men, who contribute nothing to it. A contemptible musquito will destroy a night's rest just by his singing, even when he doesn't come to close quarters and prey on you. And these people, just by humming and buzzing around, unwittingly cause great discomfort. They manifestly might be better. They can have this consolation, that if they don't know any better, they are very great asses.

This naturally leads to those who have a great opinion of their own knowledge. Bardolph enlightened Mr. Justice Shallow in relation to the word accommodate, which he had accidentally used, as follows. "Accommodated" said that acute metaphysician, "that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is—being—whereby—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing." This was conclusive and admitted of no explanation or denial. Bardolph was perfectly satisfied, such men never having doubt of the height and depth of their information. They testify morning and evening, like a watchman upon a tower, when it is manifest that they are totally in the dark or their knowledge is plainly superficial. Like Mark Tapley, they come out strong under difficulties. No rebuff, no melancholy on the part of their hearers, can for a moment disturb the flow of their volunteered advice or disgusting homilies. This does not always result from an unquenchable desire to talk; it is the natural outgrowth of a great opinion of themselves. This conceit of knowledge may

drive a man to the opposite of loquaciousness. It may make him retired, sour, with none of that pleasant, good-natured conceit, which is so readily pardoned. Fellows who might be liked, who really have ability, go about with a settled melancholy on their faces which seems to protest against the wrongs the world is doing them. Modesty, instead of churlishness, would make them better.

There is a way in which this conceit of knowledge works very disastrously. Men come here thinking they are prepared for their whole voyage of life. "There is a wonderful charm about beginning anything, a smack of manliness about a fair start." Hence, at first they are very bold swimmers. They laugh at the rocks and shoals which have wrecked others and are ready to wreck them. In a little while they look back with shame to the time when they were not acquainted with evil, when what is vile and shameful shocked them. They possess an immense amount of actively harmful knowledge and confidently display it as if it were veritable wisdom. They think that these unworthy acquisitions have elevated them; that they are better prepared to meet and overcome all obstacles. Such men, if they keep on, never get enough to satisfy them but often enough to sink them. The less we trace their lives the more cheerily we can speak of them. Whether they will flare into brightness, or flicker, or be snuffed out, is a problem which they must settle for themselves.

The trouble often is that a contempt for religion is included in their attainments. On matters which profound thinkers have approached with deep seriousness, and inspired men spoken with bated breath, they discourse confidently and oracularly, as if they embodied the collected wisdom of the past. They always urge the manifest deficiencies of those who make pretensions to rectitude, while they are ready to point out every conceivable good quality in a blackguard. Christianity, it is true, appears in a distorted form in many individuals. When a fool becomes a Christian he will be a foolish Christian. But this does not prove that there is anything manly in being

bad or anything unmanly in being good. The men who are full of knowledge which leads them into over-confident self-reliance and wrong doing "might be better."

The last and most unseemly development of this profound admiration of self is hypocrisy. Men hedge themselves in with their own supposed moral and intellectual beauty and then weep over the desolation of a world lying in wickedness. They would not lay even the ninety-ninth part of a grain of incense on the altar of Satan; they would not be suspected of holding a candle to Beelzebub; they carefully shun those whom they suppose to be agreeable to Apollyon. But they are always sagacious individuals. They resemble those men of two centuries ago, called "Waiters upon Providence," who never thought of adhering to any cause longer than it redounded to their own credit or profit. They are often saints until opportunity, that faithful touchstone, proves their metal base. It would be hard to minutely trace all the lines which bound this unworthy characteristic. It leads men far away from rectitude, makes them the ready tools of mean and spiteful intriguers. It would be untrue to say that the professedly religious are the only victims of this unworthy conceit of knowledge. But too often that blessed faith in which all good men have lived, is the garb of Pharasaical acquirements.

We live here in a circle so limited that every one knows perfectly the circumstances of the rest, his joys, his troubles, his character. Attempt at disguise or concealment is useless. This openness is more effectual in the discovery of "those who might be better" than a rigid regime of law and penalty. They can at least see themselves reflected in the easily discerned faults of others, and there is no reason why they should not at once commence the work of reform.

C. D. H.

## OLIVE LOGAN AND THE YO-SEMITES.

IN the October number of the Galaxy appeared an article by Olive Logan entitled, "Does it pay to visit Yo-Semite." The extraordinary statements of that article, and the emphatic negation which the author gives to the question proposed in the title, are so different from the results of my own observation that I cannot refrain from pointing out its inaccuracies. A due deference to Miss Logan's age, respectability and infirmities leads me to pass over her somewhat querulous complaints, because she could not find the comforts of the "Fifth Avenue Hotel," and the traveling conveniences of our Eastern states in an isolated and uninhabited valley. Passing over, then, reluctantly the many mis-statements and errors found in the first part of her piece, I shall confine myself to a review of her description of the sights and scenes in and about the Yo-Semite. This lady tourist mentions, among some of the wonderful sights—"a few tall trees, a pretty little river, tall rocks, a high and narrow waterfall."

It is rather difficult to understand just what she means by tall trees. As vegetation is remarkable more for beauty than size in the valley, with the exception of the pine trees, which rise to the height of two hundred feet, it is natural to conclude that she has reference to the enormous trees near the entrance of the Yo-Semite. The tall trees in this vicinity are among the prominent sights included in this trip to the valley. It is impossible to give in the present article anything like a full description of them. It is not my purpose to do so. The dimensions and heights only will be given, and the rest will be left to your imagination. These "few tall trees" in the neighborhood of the valley number some *six or seven hundred*. The Mariposa grove contains six hundred, according to the investigation of Professor Whitney, State geologist. These "*Sequoia Gigantea*" as they are called, vary in circumference from thirty to one hundred and twenty-five feet, and in height from two hundred and thirty to three

hundred and twenty-five feet. One tree in this forest, named Grizzly Giant, is remarkable for its symmetry and beauty. It is very large at its base and tapers gracefully to the top. This rises to the height of a hundred feet, and then the first limb, almost twenty feet in circumference, projects from its erect trunk. It then shoots up in the air for nearly two hundred feet. Through the hollow trunk of another, which had fallen, our party galloped their horses for a distance of sixty feet. There is a second grove which stands on the way into the valley by the route which Miss Logan took. It is not necessary to state the exact number of the trees in the grove which she saw; it is sufficient to say that one alone, called the Siamese Twins, is one hundred and fourteen feet in circumference, and is correspondingly high. Imagine trees twice as high as the steeple of Center Church, New Haven, and in circumference proportionate. It is said of one of the trees in this section of the country, that it required the labor of five men for twenty-five days to fell it. It is three hundred and two feet in height, and ninety-six feet in circumference. One of the guide books states that on the prostrate trunk "a house and double bowling alley have been constructed, and on the stump a dancing room. Four sets of quadrilles, or thirty-two persons, can engage in dancing upon it at the same time, with room for musicians and spectators."

It appears, then, from these facts that what Olive Logan terms a "few tall trees," form one of the most stupendous phenomena of nature. The second thing she mentions as having seen is, "a pretty little river," the Merced. This "pretty little river" runs through the whole length of the valley. It averages about sixty feet in width, and several feet in depth. Its bottom is composed of clear, crystal-like pebbles, which present a most beautiful sight when seen through the limpid water. A more magnificent view cannot be imagined than to stand on one of those dizzy heights, either "Inspiration Point" or "Stand-point of Silence" and watch this silver stream meander through the whole length of the valley. The contrast which the high waterfalls, thundering in their solitude, and the lofty



peaks towering above the mountains present to the stream, adds to its gentle beauty and sublimity. The eye becomes wearied with so much wildness, and turns away with relief to view the stream winding its way peacefully through the gorge. It irrigates the soil, and makes vegetation appear as green and fresh as after a summer shower.

But Olive Logan sees nothing beautiful in this. The third thing she beholds is, "the high and narrow waterfall and tall rocks." Imagine yourself, for a few moments, transported to the Yo-Semite. Think of the most beautiful tract of land imaginable, about ten miles in length and half a mile in breadth. Let the tract be environed by perpendicular granite walls rising to the enormous height of a *mile*. As you stand on the edge of this massive wall, thousands of feet above the level of the valley, there is spread out before you one of the grandest views in the world. From "Sentinel Dome" forty-five hundred feet above the vale is seen Vernal falls, and above these Nevada falls, which pour a torrent of water over the brow of a precipice seven hundred feet high. Change your position and the Great Yo-Semite fall meets your view. This cataract rushes with impetuous force over the mountain-side, and leaps more than *two thousand feet* before it touches the base of the valley. In the descent the Yo-Semite falls are unbroken for *fifteen hundred feet*; it is nine times higher than Niagara; it then strikes a projection of rocks, and rushes on for over a thousand feet below, and contributes to the waters of the Merced. Conceive of one in the presence of such grandeur—surrounded by such gigantic walls of granite—beholding the most picturesque valley on earth—confronting the Great Yo-Semite fall itself, and yet not overpowered by its majestic appearance.

Here, amid scenes which awaken in the soul the sublimest thoughts, the highest conception of Omnipotence, stood one of God's created in the person of Olive Logan, who could behold this noble spectacle and compare this fall to "a fireman's hose playing over the top of Stewart's store." I am at a loss to know whether to pity her lack of appreciation of such beauty or to feel indignant at her



imbecile comparison. I regret that within the limited space of a LIT. article there is no room to examine further this absurd account of the Yo-Semite Valley.

Olive Logan's article will receive its just condemnation by all those whose pleasure and privilege it has been to witness this wonderful departure from nature. To those who have not yet seen this magnificent spot, I would say, wait and form your own judgment, and you can then fully appreciate the puerility of the article whose folly I have attempted to expose. Humanity at best seems dwarfed in the presence of those towering peaks and bounding waterfalls; but Olive Logan in failing to appreciate their grandeur and beauty, seems doubly dwarfed by the comparison.

F. S. D.

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### AT TWILIGHT.

Soft shadows gather in the clefts  
That scar the mountain's sloping side,  
Among whose breezy, storm-rent pines  
The mists of evening creep and hide.

And swung within the fading blue  
Burns one great star with steady glow;  
Its fainter image glimmering  
Deep in the rippled lake below.

Here in the tangled thicket's gloom  
A wood thrush warbles. Hark! how faint  
The answer from some dell remote,  
Where his lost mate makes sad complaint!

A boat draws near, a laughing girl  
With light stroke turns it to the land.  
The waves, with snowy bubbles flecked,  
Leap up to kiss each toiling hand.

She sings a merry air that floats  
And dies along the dewy shores.  
Now listening sits; the sliding drops  
Drip tinkling from her lifted oars.

Still glow the stars, the birds sing on,  
But I am dumb, I know not why;  
Oh, quick voiced echo of the hills,  
Must you be first to make reply?

H. B.

## EMBRYO LIBRARIES.

“That place, that does  
Contain my books, the best companions, is  
To me a glorious court.”—FLETCHER.

JUVENAL drew a portrait for all time, when—after speaking of the narrow couch, the six little pitchers, the ornamented side-board, the diminutive tankard, and the statuette, which made up the household effects of a poverty-stricken man of letters—he added:—“An antiquated chest protected some small Greek works, and unappreciative mice gnawed the celestial poems.”

Whether on parchment, or in black-letter, or between the tasteful covers of a later day, writings, in some form, have from time immemorial been the sought for and treasured intimate companions of the man of thought. A mere day laborer, or farmer, or craftsman, or soldier, or sailor, or lumberman, or trapper, or wild adventurer though he may have been; and though fortune may have frowned, and poverty looked in at the door, and hunger pressed its relentless demand, and tattered garments—the jest of piercing winds—looked their mute appeal,—books of some kind he has found time, or made time, to read.

And books he has digested, pondering them while at his work, analyzing them and sifting out their essence in leisure moments, applying to them the test of his every day experience, dreaming out the result to which their truths lead, acting them out in his life. Books, too, have been his sympathizers. They never kept him waiting at the door, pleaded engagements, were not at home. They never arrayed themselves in conventionalities, kept him at arms-length with common-places. He never found them out of spirits, moody, irritable. He never received their welcome with an uncomfortable consciousness that they welcomed his purse, his position, his power, rather than himself. To them he could at all times have access; wealth or poverty, honor or disgrace, they never inquired

about; they were always in the same cheerful mood; with them, in all his need, he could come into a sympathy, silent and undemonstrative indeed, but intimate and perfect. Well has that man known how to appreciate what a great soul wrote when deprived of his library:—

“As one who, destined from his friends to part,  
Regrets his loss, but hopes again erewhile  
To share their converse and enjoy their smile,  
And tempers as he may affliction's dart,”

“Thus, loved associates, chiefs of elder art,  
Teachers of wisdom, who could once beguile  
My tedious hours, and lighten every toil,  
I now resign you.”—

But I am straying. Every student has a library. It may consist of only a Greek lexicon, the term's text-books and a Bible, and “Chum” may laughingly say of it—*“Catalogues furnished on application,”* or it may cover an entire side of a room, and include a larger collection than the libraries of many professional men; or it may have any number of limits between these extremes. Most, however, are small—a few text-books of permanent value, a half dozen popular novels, three or four favorite poets, and a miscellaneous collection of histories, reference books, college periodicals, pamphlets and the like.

There are several pleas for so small a collection. The man is poor, or there are so many claims upon his purse that he feels as if money spent on books would be wasted. Or he thinks that a collection of books will be a needless addition to his effects as he moves about the world before finally settling down in life. Or when he buys he wishes to buy an entire library—the best editions, uniform style, all new; perhaps by buying so he can get a discount! Neither of these pleas—if we except actual lack of means—is well grounded. No student, with a fair allowance, is unable to place from time to time a new volume upon his shelves. Then, too, if a collection is worth having at all, it will pay the trouble of packing and transportation when he leaves college. And as to waiting till he can at once

buy an entire library, there are two strong arguments against it. In the first place, the thought of pecuniary advantage is exceedingly *small*; and secondly, not only is the advantage of having a library during student life lost, but one puts off to a time uncertain at all events, and probably full of other interests and duties, the enjoyment of accumulating.

But I wish to advocate, rather than defend. The majority of students have at least a moderate allowance of spending-money. Where it goes it is hard to say. Much goes for enjoyments that pay; riding, boating, lectures and concerts, for example. Some of it finds its way into subscription lists, and much of this pays. But if all of these expenses are summed up, many dollars will be left unaccounted for, and—as a late writer has expressed it—“the conclusion is resistless that it is spent for cigars, for billiards, for late suppers, for candies, in treating friends, and for a hundred little nick-nacks which, although pleasant at the time, leave no permanent benefit.” Now, if from time to time a choice volume is purchased, this unaccounted-for sum will be reduced. Even though in wasteful ways a student spends little, he will hardly miss a dollar or two, or three, spent now and then on books. We shall have at the end of the course, however, the foundations of a valuable library. I claim, then, that money spent in filling our book-shelves is well invested.

Then, too, the gradual collecting of a library is a source of much enjoyment, and enjoyment of a high order. Where would be the satisfaction—aside from the mere possession—of spending two or three thousand dollars upon books; of seeing them come in, careful after careful; of arranging them by hundreds upon our shelves? They would be refined company, doubtless, but one would take about as much comfort in them as in meeting hundreds of strangers at a reception. Give me the intimate and loving companionship of friendships which are formed one by one. Let me see a book advertised; read a review of it; examine it at the book-store; conclude to buy it; bring it home and read it through at leisure moments; get acquainted with it in a rational way; and then place it in

its nook on the shelf, as I would escort a new and tried friend to that room in my mansion which he was henceforth to make his own.

But the benefit which a library of his own affords the student is the strongest argument in its favor. In our reading or study we often come upon points about which we are in doubt, and which almost any small collection of books would clear up, but which, unless those books are at hand, we let pass uninvestigated. Having a small library in our rooms is an advantage in this direction.

Most of the books which we draw from the libraries, are drawn with a distinct purpose in view—we wish to read a work, or study up a subject. But in a library of our own, if it is a good one, will be a number of books which may be taken up at any time with pleasure and profit. To these for a few moments we will often turn when we wish neither to study nor make a business of reading. Indeed, it is largely in this way that we are to come to have our favorite authors. They must be near us so that we may drop in upon them without any special object, but just to look at them, and listen to what they may chance to utter. In a word, with books in our rooms we shall do a world of valuable reading which we would not think of doing were they not by.

The selection and use of a library, moreover, is no slight aid in forming a literary taste. Take the man who—aside from study—never looks into a book, unless it be to “read up,” or because, after mature deliberation, he has come to the conclusion that it is his duty to read a particular work; and who, in either case, sets out for the libraries, finds the book, has it charged, and hurries away as if the very atmosphere of books were distasteful,—and how much taste for literature has he? He may be well read, but he has become so under protest, and you will long to protest if he gives you the benefit of it. But let men buy, read and preserve books until it has become a habit, and, though their views of literature may be as different as their names, yet a voluntary, a real and a decidedly helpful taste for literature they will have acquired.

The student comes to find in his library, too, a kind of companionship. When he is alone he is not alone, for there are his books—well used, with many a leaf turned down and many a passage marked, full of associations, full of suggestions, full of encouragement. And if friends are by, they are, too,—silent but in full sympathy,—and they will stay when friends go. They, too, are to go with him into the future, to be his companions in success or disappointment, to have a nook in his home, to be cared for mayhap, by one who will love them for his sake, to be left for—for whom?—when his work is done. I do not advocate a mere sentimentality of this kind, but I believe that a mind at once sensitive and healthful, will come to regard his books with feelings akin to these, only unutterably deep.

It is at once the valuable and fearful thing about our college days that we are fixing habits which are to be ours through life. In this matter as in every other we are fixing our traits. We may think to wait, but in waiting we cannot but be losers.

D. N. B.



## YALE TRAGEDIES.

THOSE persons who have subjugated their natural thirst to learn the circumstances of every bloody deed which meets their notice will do well to pass by this article with a smile of lofty disdain. But to such as have not reached that cultured state, an account of fatal affrays taken part in by Yalensians may not be without interest. Passing over the melancholy homicide of '43, when an officer of the college was stabbed while interrupting the Sophomoric diversion of breaking Freshmanic windows, the two riots of '54 and '58 are particularly prominent.

The Exchange building upon the corner of Church and Chapel streets contains upon an upper floor a large hall which formerly answered the purposes of a theatre, yclept

Homan's Atheneum. Here, on the evening of March 16th, 1854, some difficulty arose between the students present and some "townies" relative to a demand for some of the former who were in front, to "sit down." At the close of the performance an attack was made upon the students as they left the building and they were rather roughly handled. A young Irishman, Patrick O'Neil by name, being particularly aggressive, was borne off to the "donjon keep" by the ever watchful guardians of the public peace. After a night's meditation he was dismissed upon promise of good behavior. During the day the students were not idle, and, incited by the prospect of a row, as many as fifty of them were gathered at the rendering of the "Merchant of Venice," in the evening. Contrary to expectation, perhaps, there was no disturbance in the hall and it was found necessary to pass a paper among the collegians, requesting them to remain a minute after the fall of the curtain and go up in a body. Accordingly, they came down the stairway in pairs, arm in arm, crossed the street and striking up "Gaudeamus" proceeded up the south side of Chapel street. The town boys, who were in great force and had added to their number by means of a false alarm of fire just before the close of the entertainment, took the middle of the street, hooting and yelling. O'Neil, notwithstanding his promise, was to be seen leading and urging on the crowd, and was warned to desist by the "peelers," which was about all that they felt equal to, under the circumstances. Just below Temple street some building was going on and a pile of bricks stood beside the curb. Loading themselves with these the rioters followed along and now commenced hurling them into the midst of the students, so that the high board fence near the corner resounded with the blows of the missiles and a Sophomore by the name of Price was struck and rendered senseless. The students in turn fired pistols, and two persons in the crowd were slightly wounded. When the procession reached the place in front of the store where the Centre Church Chapel now stands, O'Neil rushed forward upon the throng and received two dirk stabs in the left breast,

and, falling where he stood, almost immediately expired. The fury of the mob became intense. The church bells were rung and the city was in an uproar. The students made the best of their way to South College, barricaded the doors and prepared for a vigorous defense. A portion of the mob broke into a barn in which were stored two cannons and, having loaded them with powder, bricks and iron chain, dragged them to the spot. The mayor and other magnates appeared upon the scene and exerted themselves to restore order. The two field pieces were planted in the street upon the corner and levelled towards South College. Three times were they primed and three times did Capt. Bissell, a police functionary, brush off the priming, amid cries of "Let her go!" and "Bring out the murderer!" Finally, while the mayor was making proclamation, the valiant captain succeeded in spiking the guns. This exploit, and a cold breeze which had sprung up, combined to dampen the ardor of the rioters, and they began to slowly disperse, so that at two o'clock the police were able to drag off the artillery to the jail yard.

The next evening more trouble was anticipated and the "Blues," "Greys," "Foot Guards" and other sanguinary organizations now defunct, stood under arms all night, but their prowess was not called into action. The usual coroner's jury "sat," the students refused to answer the usual questions on the plea of self-crimination and the usual verdict that "the deceased came to his death from wounds received at the hands of some person or persons to us unknown," was agreed upon.

In 1858 when the present college carpenter's shop was the headquarters of Fire Engine Company No. 2, a club of Juniors, rejoicing in the highly euphonious and appetizing name of the "Crocodile Club," was located in the house upon the corner of High and Elm streets. Between the members of this club (men of the best character) and the firemen there had been some ill feeling for a week or two, which culminated on the evening of the 9th of February with the shooting of one William Miles, Jr., a member and steward of the fire company. The stories of the



two parties conflict so materially that to get at the truth of the matter is very difficult, but the main facts of the case are the following: It seems that the musical attempts of the students were very distasteful to the firemen and that their disapprobation had been expressed in terms more energetic than elegant, and had been replied to in kind. On the evening of the eighth, as a number of the club passed the house on their return from supper, Miles threw out upon them a pail of water, whether by accident or design is not known. An animated discussion between the two parties followed, in which brickbats were hinted at and which anything but allayed the feelings of either. There can be no doubt but that at supper the following evening arms were displayed and anticipations of an affray indulged in. The meal finished, the members of the club came out and, with "bangers" in their hands, marched singing by the engine house, at the open door of which stood Miles and three others. Some altercation ensued after the students had passed, which caused them to stop and turn about. At this point Miles dispatched a messenger for reinforcements. The altercation cooled down to an amicable conversation and some of the students, though the majority of them were upon the east side of the street, between Alumni Hall and the unfortunate coal shed, were mixing freely with the firemen in the street and upon the west side, when Miles perceived the firemen whom he had sent for coming on a run around the corner of Library (then Atwater) street. "With a cry of "Now we've got them!" he struck with a speaking trumpet the person who was conversing with him, a prominent boating man, and at present a clergyman in a neighboring city. A general fight then took place, one party being armed with wrenches and the other with canes. In the midst of it came a cry of "Yale!" answered with one of "Fire!" Some one cried out "Shoot!" and three pistol shots were heard. At the second discharge Miles received the ball in the back as he was running towards the engine house. He lingered until the eleventh, when he died.

On the day after the affray a grand juror's court of inquiry set about investigating the matter. Upon the death of the victim a coroner's jury was impaneled and proceeded with the examination. But all attempts to ascertain who fired the fatal shot were baffled by the refusal of the students to testify, upon the ground that their evidence might subject them to criminal accusation. Indeed, the "Crocodiles" would not state whether or not they were present at the scene of the disturbance. During his examination, the steward of the club refused to reply when asked if he saw any weapons lying on Mr. ——'s end of the table on the fatal Tuesday evening. Upon this he was arrested for contempt of court and brought before a justice of the peace, who committed him to jail until he should answer the question. His counsel sued him out on a writ of *habeas corpus* and after a lengthy hearing Judge Storrs, of the Superior Court, ordered him to be discharged. On the fourth day of March a verdict was rendered similar to that upon the death of O'Neil four years before, adding that "the jury believe that the unnecessary and unusual resort to a legal right (which, however, is an unquestionable privilege) by witnesses called before them, suppressed evidence which would have disclosed all the most material facts in the transaction."

The literature of these two tragedies is of an extraordinary kind. In '54 the *New Haven Register* made the affray a text for a homily upon the political beliefs of the professors of Northern colleges. The *New York Independent* thought it was a warning against theatre attendance. But, perhaps the most refreshing paper of all was a series of resolutions passed by the fire department, of which we append a part of the preamble:—

" *Whereas*, Wm. Miles, Jr., a member, &c.,—has been, without cause or provocation, stricken down by the hand of an assassin, aided and encouraged by a gang of lank, pusillanimous creatures (who claim an affinity to the human family, although noted for their swinish propensities), gathered together from different parts of the Union, and congregated in the halls of Yale College; and

" *Whereas*, said gang, organized in clubs under oaths of fidelity and adherence to each other, purposely and maliciously refuse to state such facts as we know

they are in possession of, and thereby escaping the penalty of their murderous crimes, knowing that such a course has always protected them from the gloomy cells of a prison, or from the ignominious scaffold, to which some of them have forfeited their lives; and through a scurrilous sheet, edited and printed by these murderous villains (called the *Gallinipper*), they boast and exult to the world at large in the death of their victims and sing of their valorous deeds, with murderous blood reeking from their finger ends; therefore, emboldened by their complete and successful defiance of the law, they have armed themselves with deadly weapons for the avowed purpose of further aggression on the members of the New Haven Fire Department, as we believe from their continued epithets, taunts and insults to persons known as firemen, by the notorious (though strictly pious) Crocodile Club, Therefore,

*"Resolved, &c."*

After this, nothing more can be said.

F. J. S.



### "ONLY ONE KILLED."

In the early part of the war, in a skirmish near Fortress Monroe the rebel breastwork was finally carried with a loss of one killed on the Union side. When the body was brought in, there were found in his pocket a couple of photographs of an old gentleman and lady, evidently his father and mother, and right over his heart, close by where the deadly missile entered, another picture of a bright-eyed, fair-haired girl of eighteen or twenty summers.

"Only one killed," raise to heaven the shout,  
Carried the enemy's frowning redoubt.  
Back rolls the smoke; the struggle is o'er;  
Waves the old banner triumphant once more.  
Tell, through the land, there's a victory won,  
Tell of the valorous deeds that were done,  
Bid each true heart with rejoicing be filled,  
Conquered the traitor, and "Only one killed."

"Only one killed," so the message sped on,  
Thought not of rest while its work was undone.  
Far in the North, where the mid-summer rills  
Dash, in mad frolic, down granite-ribbed hills,  
It stopped, at the gate of a farm-house old,  
To the gray-haired inmates its tidings told,  
But how quickly their joyous emotions are stilled.  
'Twas their darling boy, the "Only one killed."

"Only one killed," but that one was their joy,  
A fond mother's idol, her first-born boy,  
And a mother's tears, and a mother's sighs,  
Told how costly had been the sacrifice.  
But the gray-haired father, with breaking heart,  
Thanked God that his boy played no coward's part,  
And meekly bore what stern Providence willed,  
Yet secretly wept, o'er the "Only one killed."

"Only one killed;" To a cottage so small  
That it scarcely was seen through the elm trees tall,  
At whose old-fashioned door, a white rose bush stands,  
That is taught to climb by yet whiter hands,—  
To a fair-haired girl, on whose cheek the tint  
Of the rosy morn, left its soft imprint,  
Whose bright blue eye seemed with sunlight filled,  
Came the sad, sad story of "Only one killed."

"Only one killed!" See the rich color fly  
Back from her cheek ;—in that gentle blue eye  
Tears find no place, but a cold, stony stare  
Tells of a wound that the heart cannot bear.  
What careth she, though a hundred remain,  
They cannot bring back her lover again,  
Gone from a lifetime its brightness—all gone,  
Buried down deep when they buried that "one."

J. H. B.

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## BUTTON-HOLE TALKS.—No. VII.

My dear Aristodemus, I am afraid you are not always prudent in your purchasing. You appear to think that some things are cheap at any price ;—whereas the truth is, as I conceive it, that certain articles of merchandize,—articles, too, which meet with a ready sale in Vanity Fair,—are dear at any price. There is an old story that Lais was one of the most beautiful and witty of the well-nigh numberless courtesans of Corinth, and so many and powerful were her attractions that she was accustomed to receive 10,000 drachmas for a night's entertainment. Among others, Demosthenes came to see her; but, on being told that he must pay the usual fee, he replied: "I

will not buy repentance at so dear a rate." My dear Aristodemus, Demosthenes made a wise answer. In buying repentance it is foolish—not to say suicidal—to pay round rates. The truth is, the most of us are able to get a good stock of repentance on hand without any extraordinary effort or expenditure; and certainly, when we start out for the purpose of purchasing it, we ought to make our money or whatever we offer in payment go as far as possible.—For I am one of those who believe it is sometimes profitable to buy repentance. I remember when you were a mere toddler, my dear Aristodemus, you were one day making a voyage of discovery round the shop of "Basil the blacksmith." The good man had given you sundry warnings against touching things, but at last you determined to risk one chubby red finger on a well-rounded horseshoe which the smith had just thrown down from the anvil. You got your repentance that time, very cheap; but you also got with it a definite knowledge that iron is sometimes hot when it looks exceedingly cold. It was a capital bargain. I remember another occasion when you bought repentance and made money out of the speculation. When you first left home your father gave you a modest sum of money—though you were a richer man then, probably, than you will ever be again—together with several maxims by which you were to regulate its expenditure. Like the majority of boys, you remembered the money and forgot the maxims. Everything that was desirable in your eyes you bought, neglecting several things of which you were in need, until one day you found yourself the owner of a heterogeneous mass of rubbish, but without a copper. At the time you thought it a pretty heavy price to pay for repentance, but you have since found out that it was a remarkably small sum to pay for a knowledge of the value of money, without which you would have been a repentant sinner all your life-long.—But while all this is so, in my opinion, it is none the less true, my dear boy, that it is unwise to pay very heavily for repentance. For you know, as well as I, that all of us do a great many things of which we expect to

repent, some day. There is your freshman, Tony Blossom, who is a member of one of those democratic organizations known as freshman societies. A wide-awake lad he is, and of good parts; but he has mounted the hobby of freshman politics—and a very unruly nag it is, too—to the utter neglect of all legitimate, honest work. And yet Blossom knows that he cannot stand up before an audience and talk respectably. He knows, also, that only habitual practice can develop this power in him. In addition, he has a strong desire to become at least a respectable speaker;—and yet he neglects the opportunities which are virtually thrust upon him, and contents himself with a vague purpose of making up what he is now losing by some future effort in some succeeding year. But he will find out one day that he has paid a big price for his repentance;—nay, it is quite likely that he will find himself a bankrupt, and will go out of this line of business altogether.—There are many of your acquaintances, my dear Aristodemus, who are buying repentance at too dear a rate. Timothy Crank is one of them. He has got a notion that he is funny—and indeed he is, often. But he tries to be funny all the while, and that is unnatural and impossible. The consequence is, that whenever he attempts to say a sober, earnest thing, nobody listens to him. Everybody treats him as they treat the clown at the circus,—he is nothing unless he is funny. This isn't so apparent an injury to Crank while he is in college as it will be after he gets out in the world;—and I dare say he has never repented of it at all, unless it be that he isn't funnier. But it will be different by and by. He will find this habit of turning everything into a jest sticks to him and grows upon him, and by so much as it does, to the exclusion of a plain and sensible way of putting things, in that same degree will he find his influence among men limited. Believe me, my dear Aristodemus, Timothy will be convinced some day that he has bought his repentance at too dear a rate. I want to caution you, just here, against thinking that I am talking about Lemuel Punster. Why, I have known him to turn out such

wretched work as to make one feel like repeating the old saying: "A man who could make so vile a pun would not scruple to pick a pocket." He is reprobate; and it is a great question whether he ever had mind enough to be responsible for the depths to which he has sunk.—There is one other man, my dear Aristodemus, with whom I have seen you consorting a good deal lately, who is paying too much for repentance. I mean Rodomont Smut. He is a talented fellow, an excellent talker, and as a story-teller is supreme. By some strange perversion of his power, however, Smut has gotten into the way of telling dirty stories. Not only this, but he gives the bad turn to every word that can be twisted to a filthy meaning. And he is an inventive young man, and degrades more words than one would think possible. Now, my dear boy, what must the thoughts of such a man be! How this process of bending words to dirty uses must vitiate his whole mental nature, and dwarf his ideals, and limit his vocabulary and make him what he is, Smut! He goes home now and then and meets his mother and sisters, but he finds himself breathing heavily in their atmosphere of delicacy and purity. Some day he will love some woman, but he will find all the sweet and tender words he wants to speak buried deep under the accumulated mass of derived meanings which he has given them. He may endeavor to worship God, but his old use of words will hold him down very close to the earth; while in his dealings with his fellow-men he will find out what truth there is in one of John Bunyan's sayings; "I know, also, that a man, by his conversation, may soon overthrow what by argument or persuasion he doth labor to fasten upon others for their good." In short he is buying repentance at exorbitant rates.—There are numberless persons all about us, my dear Aristodemus, who are making ruinous bargains in repentance. Jim Dashaway, who turns night into day and eats his heartiest meal at midnight, is buying repentance at a fancy price. Jacob Paunch, who has an ambition to be fat, and who eats so much dinner that he has to lie abed all the afternoon with the sick headache

(for which he has a standing excuse), is fooling away his patrimony of good health and is heaping up repentance at the most extravagant figure. Lysander Hop-Scotch, who thinks he cannot be manly unless he swigs Mr. Keller's whiskies with venerable sinners, is buying repentance in the most reckless manner, But you can fill up the list, my dear Aristodemus. Only remember, whenever you see a person spending health, reputation or honesty, for what is intrinsically useless or bad, that that person is buying repentance at too dear a rate.



### NOTABILIA.

———A short time ago one of our older professors found it necessary to go up into one of the college rooms in order to quell a disturbance which some bellicose seniors were causing, by throwing snowballs at passers-by below. On his approach the seniors ignominiously fled from their room and left the worthy professor complete master of the situation. After waiting in vain ten or fifteen minutes for the return of the culprits, he departed, leaving upon the table the following polite note: "Mr. ——— would remind Messrs. ——— and ——— that the permission to play ball on the college grounds does not apply to *snow-ball* playing." The mild and gentlemanly tone of this note under the aggravating circumstances, is as rare as it is admirable. It shows a gentleness and freedom from passion which only a thorough Christian gentleman can possess. Younger members of the faculty cannot be expected to have their temper under such perfect subjection, but so far as in them lies they would do well to imitate this shining example. The wisdom of the professor's course will be readily seen. If his tone had been angry, it would have roused anger in return. If he had given marks, as is usually the case, the students would have felt as if they had had their fun and paid for



it, and were at perfect liberty to repeat the experiment as soon as a more favorable opportunity presented itself. The course which he pursued gave him a complete victory. The transgressors were sorry for what they had done, resolved to obey college laws more carefully in the future, and what is of far greater importance, they felt an increased respect for a noble and subdued Christian character.

——College wit is a very useful article. We need something to give zest and relish to the common-places of our life. We need refreshment, a sort of mental "eye opener" to arouse and invigorate us. Hence men of jest and gossip and humor are really public benefactors. They bring out the wit that is in others, and deserve our gratitude. Especially in that daily intercourse which brings us so intimately together, almost every man who isn't afflicted with chronic dyspepsia, can contribute something to the fund which renders all more cheerful. Not that all can be jolly jokers or punsters; far from it. It is given only to a few to bring forth things new and old in mirthful shape. But "True wit is nature to advantage dressed," and the most practical and unimaginative can occasionally sparkle. We must protest, however, against that wit which is cut and dried, which is neither spontaneous or natural. It is nothing but chaff and makes the most cheerful man melancholy.

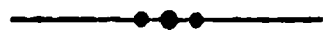
——There are a great many different ways of wearing a hat. It may be elevated upon the top of the head in true orthodox style. It may be tipped upon one side with a rakish air. It may be perched and balanced with extreme care upon the end of a capacious nose. Alcoholic exhilaration may cause the torn and battered sombrero to completely hide the eyes and ears of the reveler. Extreme adolescence may even object to the use of the article at all. But without doubt there is one true and only position which this important article of furniture should maintain. A fastidious man may lavish extra taste and energy upon the embellishment and preparation of his person. He

may carefully renew his shirt-front and invest himself with a new and gorgeous necktie. He may carry a cane of extraordinary appearance and unusual value. He may issue forth, whistling a cheerful air to attract the attention of passers-by. He may attempt to make an uncommonly powerful impression upon his circle of intimate friends. But time and labor will be lost unless his hat occupies a becoming position. Therefore let each man carefully consider his own peculiar style of beauty and wear his tile accordingly ; always remembering, however, that he will invariably appear to good advantage if he wears it upon the back of his head.

——Some lugubrious individuals have objected to the expression “pure cussedness” as used by one of the younger professors, in a neat and appropriate speech on snow-balling. The objection doubtless arises from irregular digestion and cannot be taken as the deliberate opinion of a healthy man. Strong language is often required to do justice to important subjects. It may not be proper to designate a little “unpleasantness” by so emphatic a term. But many a man of decorous demeanor is driven to profanity by the untimely proximity of a well-made snow-ball, and, his Ebenezer suddenly rising, he is led to retaliate and the engagement becomes general along the whole line. Thus peaceful students are compelled to accelerate their movements and are much injured in mind, body and estate. We have not thought it necessary to vindicate the Copernican view of the solar system in the pages of this magazine ; nor do we now propose to engage in a polemical discussion in order to prove that snow-balling arises from “pure cussedness.” It is a self-evident truth.

——The new literary department of the *College Courant* has thus early in its career enunciated an important and startling principle. In noticing a book it is stated that “the facts are indisputable.” This mighty truth is rendered all the more striking when we discover that John

S. C. Abbott is the author of the book,—a writer so far famed for telling “the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.” The editor must have filled his immense mind with stores of careful reading and engaged in deep and patient research to be able thus to flash into ineffable brightness. Such information at four dollars a year, is “darnation dear, *but* prime.”



## MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

### *Our Record*

Extends from December 7 to February 5. Saint Nicholas has been the prominent figure of the period, and all collegians have been more or less engaged in worshipping the jolly saint of Christmas-time. Sundry smoking-caps and dressing-gowns and slippers, made of the sheeniest stuffs and covered with the most bewildering designs in braid and embroidery, which have lately made their appearance in the dreary cloisters of South college and North Middle and in the luxurious chambers of Farnam, indicate in some faint degree how lavishly he of the rein-deers has rewarded their devotion; while an unusual interest in the post-office and a remarkable expenditure for postage stamps on the part of some men we wot of show that the generous patron of good boys and girls has given into their keeping something more precious than silks and satins, which will undoubtedly make them docile Benedicks soon after the coveted “sheep skin” is received from the college magnates. Poor fellows, you have our sympathy! It is all Paradise now;—but only think, when you are once turned out into the briars and brambles of married life, how the little heathens, well-springs of the croup and measles, will daub your best breeches with their molasses-covered fingers as they rush tumultuously forward to see “pa!” Some of these prospective victims of domestic bliss, however, may be comforted by seeing their names in the list of

### *Junior Appointments,*

Which, according to the laws of the Medes and Persians, we infer, was made public on Wednesday, December 21—the day after everybody was supposed to have left town. The list is as follows—the names appear-

ing according to their stand, and those whose mark is alike being inclosed in brackets : PHILOSOPHICAL ORATIONS—Willcox, Hoppin ; HIGH ORATIONS—[Olmstead, Richards,] Day, [Coe, Curtis,] G. Kendrick, [F. T. Brown, Merriman,] Graves, Downing, [Lines, Ropes,] [Hincks, White,] Cushing ; ORATIONS—[Sawyer, Shepard,] Woolsey, [Kendall, Oakey,] Murch, [Blake, Case,] [Grierson, Northrop,] [C. Deming, Griggs,] [Emerson, Holbrook,] Talbot ; DISSERTATIONS—[Beals, Thacher,] Clendenin, Kauffman, [Curry, Wyers,] [Harmon, Sanders,] Weiss, [Chapin, P. Martin ;] FIRST DISPUTES—[Howard, G. E. Martin,] [C. C. Deming, Merriam,] [Hoyt, Schell ;] SECOND DISPUTES—Kirkham, E. H. Hubbard, Ramsdell, Reed, A. B. Chapman, Sperry, E. R. Hall ; FIRST COLLOQUIES—Milburn, [Stimson, Willson,] [H. C. Deming, Gordon,] Jones, J. Kendrick, Robinson, Bacon, [Sherwood, Wheeler,] Holmes ; SECOND COLLOQUIES—[Chamberlain, Ferry, Holt,] [Beecher, Hart, Woodruff,] Root, Jameson. Messrs. O. H. Cooper and G. F. Moore, who have been members of '72 only one term, each had a philosophical stand ;—their names, however, do not properly appear in the list. The stand of the class varies from 2.07 to 3.49, and the appointment men extend from the latter number to 2.57. The “disappointment” men, therefore, cover a range of fifty one-hundredths. According to the catalogue the class has 139 members, though we believe one or two men have left whose names appear therein ;—of whom 76 have appointments. The “Junior Prize Speaking,” which takes the place (as mentioned in our last number) of the venerable swallow-tailed Junior Exhibition, is to come off in the chapel April 4. Seven subjects have been given out for discussion, on some one of which all oration, dissertation and first dispute appointees are required to write unless specially excused. The articles are to be handed to Prof. Northrop, by some other person than the writer, on the morning of March 2. The name of the writer must be in an accompanying sealed envelope. Twelve minutes only are to be allowed for speaking, and the pieces are to be of the proper length when handed in. The ten best articles are to be spoken. The competitors are cautioned against omitting quotation marks, and “thoughts borrowed in substance but not in words must have their origin indicated in a footnote.” The college is to pay the expenses of the show. The usual Junior Promenade Concert, instead of coming off on the evening of the day of speaking, is to take place at Music Hall on the evening of February 15—a change which was made on account of Lent. The committee of arrangements is as follows : Messrs. Baldwin, Boomer, Bradley, Day, C. C. Deming, Dennis, Howard, Hoyt and Payson. These gentlemen are now engaged in the pleasant business of negotiating

exchanges between tickets and ducats, while the ordinary mortals are kept busy in alternately attempting to avoid their kindly attentions and endeavoring to master (without labor) the

*Studies of the Term.*

These, for the Senior class, are Lieber's Civil Liberty, followed by Woolsey's International Law, recited to the President; Porter's Human Intellect, followed by Fleming's Moral Philosophy, recited to Prof. Porter; Hallam's Constitutional History of England, recited to Prof. Wheeler; Barker's Chemistry, recited to Prof. Wright, followed by Dana's Geology, to be recited to Prof. Dana. The President lectures (during first half of the term) on Political Philosophy; Prof. Porter on Natural and Revealed Religion; Prof. Wright (during first six weeks of the term) on Chemistry; Prof. Wheeler (during last half of the term) on History; Prof. Eaton (during last half of the term) on Botany; and Dr. Sanford (for three weeks, beginning about March 1) on Anatomy and Physiology. The class is divided alphabetically. Prof. Wheeler is the division officer of the first division and Prof. Porter of the second. Two compositions are required during the term—one to be written on a subject chosen from a list furnished by the President, and to be read to him, the other on a subject of the writer's own selection, to be read to Prof. Northrop. The Juniors recite in Latin (Tacitus) to Prof. Thacher; in German to Prof. Coe; and in Natural Philosophy to Tutor Perry. Prof. Loomis gives his usual three lectures a week on Natural Philosophy, in which he is assisted by his son. Prof. Newton hears some fourteen or fifteen men recite in Calculus—about half as many as took it last term. The customary forensic disputations occur at regular intervals. The Sophomores recite in Latin (Captives of Plautus) to Tutor Wright; in Greek History to Tutor Miller; in Greek (Electra of Sophocles) to Tutor Beckwith; and in Analytical Geometry to Tutor Richards. Instructor Bailey lectures to them on Elocution, and they declaim before him on various subjects. A certain number of compositions are also required. The Freshmen recite in Algebra to Tutor Thacher; in Geometry to Prof. Newton; in Latin (Quintilian) to Tutor Day; and in Greek (Homer) to Tutor Brewster. The three lower classes are divided according to stand for the purposes of recitation;—but the Sophomores and Freshmen are divided alphabetically for excuses, &c., and chapel. The respective division officers of each class stand in the order named. Church papers are given out this term by Tutor Beckwith, 37 South Middle. This announcement of the beginning of another term's work for the academics reminds us that the

*Medical School*

Has just turned out a new batch of medics to prey upon an unsuspecting world—their graduating exercises taking place in the lower lecture room of the medical college on the evening of January 12. President Woolsey opened the exercises with prayer, and was followed by the valedictory address, delivered by Robert Lauder of Bridgeport, which was devoted to giving a negative answer to the conundrum: "Shall Woman be our Physician?" Dr. H. A. Carrington of New Haven then made an address on "The Ideal Physician," after which the President conferred the degree of M.D. upon the eight members of the graduating class, whose names and theses are as follows: W. R. Bartlett, North Guilford—"Progressive Medicine;" F. P. Blodgett, Broad Brook—"Puerperal Convulsions;" C. H. Gaylord, M. A., Ashford—"Alcohol;" R. Lauder, Bridgeport—"Shall Woman be our Physician;" T. N. McLean, New Haven—"The Union of Mind and Matter in reference to Mental Derangements;" O. E. Powers, West Meriden—"Typhoid Fever;" F. W. Tucker, Newtown—"Mechanism of Natural Labor;" W. F. Witter, Sturbridge, Mass.—"Traumatic Tetanus." The next session of the School begins February 9. The excitement over this affair had hardly subsided when the

*Prize Debates*

Of the Senior and Sophomore classes in Linonia and Brothers took place. The Sophomore Brothers, on the evening of January 13, endeavored to answer the question: "Would an educational qualification for suffrage be advantageous to this country?" The judges were Profs. James M. Hoppin, William P. Trowbridge and William D. Whitney;—the speakers were E. S. Miller of Williston, Vt.; C. W. Bowen of Brooklyn; S. O. Prentice of North Stonington; J. H. Abbott of Brookfield, Me.; W. A. Houghton of Holliston, Mass.; T. A. Bent of Parkesburg, Pa.; A. T. Bacon of New Haven; F. B. Tarbell of West Groton, Mass., and H. W. Lyman of Northampton, Mass.,—six taking the affirmative and three the negative. Prentice received the first prize; Houghton and Miller the second, and Bent and Tarbell the third. The Linonia Sophomores on the same evening attempted to solve the original and startling query: "Is a republican form of government better than a monarchical?" The judges were Profs. Daniel C. Eaton and William A. Norton and Hon. Charles Ives;—the speakers were E. H. Buckingham of Canton, O.; F. J. Shepard of Hartford; A. B. Boardman of N. Y. city; S. T. Dutton of Hillsboro' Bridge, N.

H.; E. H. Lewis of Potosi, Wis.; E. H. Bradford of N. Y. city; S. J. Elder of Lawrence, Mass.; C. A. Russell of Worcester, Mass.; S. T. Stewart of Cincinnati, O., and J. C. Goddard of Yonkers, N. Y.,—seven taking the affirmative and three the negative. Elder received the first prize, Boardman the second and Goddard and Russell the third. The Linonia Seniors, on the evening of January 14, discussed the following question: "Should the United States observe a policy of strict non-interference in foreign affairs?" The judges were Messrs. H. E. Pardee, D. B. Perry and Joseph Sheldon;—the speakers were W. W. Perry of Collinsville; A. B. Mason of Chicago; E. A. Wilson of St. Louis; J. W. Hird of New Haven; G. C. Jewell of New Haven; O. J. Bliss of Chicago; C. B. Dudley of Maine, N. Y.; G. A. Strong of St. Louis, and J. H. Hoffecker of Wilmington, Del.,—five taking the affirmative and four the negative. Bliss received the first prize, Mason and Perry the second and Strong the third. The Senior Brothers, on the same evening, debated this question: "Does a high degree of education tend to increase infidelity?" The judges were Messrs. J. W. Alling, A. Van Name and D. R. Wright;—the speakers were H. Mansfield of New Haven; A. A. Moulton of Cleveland, O.; T. Thacher of New Haven; H. R. Elliot of New Haven; W. R. Sperry of Unadilla, N. Y.; H. E. Kinney of Griswold, and J. A. Burr of Brooklyn,—one taking the affirmative and six the negative. Mansfield received the first prize, Elliot the second and Thacher the third. This is the fourth undivided first prize which Mr. Mansfield has taken in debate—a record of which any man might be proud, and a record which no other man in the class can show. On the evening of January 21 the great "secret" Delta Kappa of Freshman year was safely delivered of a prize debate, and the patient is now doing as well as could be expected. The question discussed was as follows: "*Resolved*, That the Bible should be excluded from our public schools." The judges were Tutor H. P. Wright and Messrs. S. B. Jackson and W. K. Townsend, of '71;—the speakers were A. Wilcox of New Haven; H. H. Ragin of Turin, N. Y.; E. W. Southworth of New Haven; F. Jenkins of Boonton, N. J.; W. O. Sayles of Pascoag, R. I.; H. G. Fowler of Stoneham, Mass; A. D. Whittemore of New York city, and W. Foster of Honolulu,—three taking the affirmative and five the negative. Whittemore received the first prize, Jenkins the second and Southworth the third. The prizes consisted of the customary books, bound, as usual, in a style of oriental magnificence. Messrs. T. W. Grover, F. Jenkins and A. D. Whittemore acted as the committee of arrangements, though it is very doubtful whether they "fixed up things" more thoroughly than those gentlemen who have had the complete management of the



*Class Meetings of '71*

Which have lately been held at the President's lecture room. At the first meeting, January 21, C. B. Dudley was elected chairman, on the nomination of R. W. Archbald, after which G. R. Stelle nominated ORVILLE JUSTUS BLISS, of Chicago, as Class Orator. It was determined, however, to make the nominations by an informal ballot—which resulted in bringing the names of Messrs. Bliss, H. Mansfield and E. F. Sweet before the meeting. The formal ballot resulted in the election of Mr. Bliss, who received 54 votes—the remainder being divided between the other two candidates. There were ninety members of the class present—only nine of those in town and well being absent. The election was not made unanimous. On the informal ballot for class poet, Messrs. H. Baldwin, J. A. Burr and W. K. Townsend received nominations. Mr. Townsend, however, immediately withdrew his name, and so did Mr. Baldwin. It was then voted to elect the poet by acclamation, and there the matter was left—the class evidently considering the election complete. JOSEPH ARTHUR BURR, of Brooklyn, is therefore the Class Poet. Mr. F. M. Parsons was then elected to the vacant historianship of the third division. The class next resolved to have a promenade concert sometime during Presentation week, and that a committee of nine should be elected to take charge of it and of the other class exercises of the week. Such a committee was elected. This committee, however, refused to serve, and another class meeting was therefore held January 28 to elect a new one. Mr. Sweet was elected chairman of the meeting;—after which the old committee resigned; Mr. Parsons, the historian of the third division, resigned; Mr. H. R. Elliot, historian of the second division, resigned, and two of the new committee (after it was elected) resigned. The class, however, were not resigned under all these visitations of Providence; the resignation of Mr. Elliot not being accepted, so far as they were concerned, and the defection of part of the committee eliciting strong expressions of disapproval. Finally, however, it was resolved that the committee should consist of seven, but as the previous vote that the committee should consist of nine had not been reconsidered, technically speaking the committee still lacks two members. The seven members elected are R. W. Archbald, J. Fewsmith, C. S. Jelley, J. D. Jones, L. Starling, G. R. Stelle and W. E. Walker. By the peculiar system of voting employed, only one of these gentlemen received more than 25 votes. Various attempts were made to elect a historian for the third division, and finally, in despair, the class gave *carte-blanche* to the division to



select their own historian. After the usual amount of palavering, it was resolved to invite President Woolsey to deliver the Baccalaureate Sermon. The meeting finally closed with a proposition from I. H. Ford, President of the University Boat Club, to the effect that the class promenade should be given up, and instead, a Regatta Ball, in which every class in college was to be represented, should take place at Music Hall on Monday evening, July 10, the day before Presentation. No action was taken on this proposal;—though

### *Boating Affairs*

Generally, since the advent of the new administration, have not been managed in this slipshod manner. The treasurer of the Yale Boat Club, Mr. L. S. Boomer, is about to give a very thorough financial report to the public, from which we learn that during the present college year the club has received \$312 from various sources, together with \$267.15 from the last fall regatta, making a total of \$579.15 received. The expenditures have been \$329.70 for incidentals, together with \$239.18 for the fall regatta, making a total of \$568.88 expended;—leaving a balance in the treasury of \$10.27. This exhibit of the condition of the club is the more commendable because of the notable delinquency of the previous administration in this respect. '70 left no sort of a statement of the financial condition, and the result is that nobody knows how much money was raised or how it was expended. In the midst of this fog only one thing is certain. The sum of \$2,000 was raised last year by contributions from the alumni of Boston, New York and Philadelphia, as a sinking fund, for the purpose of paying off the debt on the boat house and making such repairs as were necessary. The debt amounted to about \$1500, the interest of which, for last year, has been paid by Mr. Ford. The inference is therefore clear that this \$2000 was not used for the purpose for which it was raised. There is nothing to show that this money was ever deposited, and no account has been made of it. As the race last year cost about \$2000, it is inferred that the money was expended on that. This inference is strengthened from the fact that it is known that some \$800 (the amount raised by the treasurer of last year) is now, or was, at last accounts, in the hands of an agent. The conclusion of the whole matter, therefore, is that the sinking fund was spent on the race and that the money raised last year is still withheld for some reason from the club. A private letter from Harvard states that no notice will be taken of Yale's challenge until some new action is taken on the famous resolution of inquiry with reference to "Worcester Once More," which was disposed of so sum-

marily at the meeting held in the President's lecture room November 16, 1870. This statement is confirmed by a letter from Robert S. Russell, President of the Harvard Boat Club, written under date of February 3, to Mr. Ford. The body of the letter is as follows: "I have been directed by the Harvard Boat Club to call the attention of the Y. U. B. C. to the fact that the H. B. C. has as yet received no reply to its last communication. Yours, etc." "Its last communication" was the aforementioned resolution of inquiry. A measurement was made of the two-mile course at Lake Saltonstall January 21. The *Yale Courant* says that the distance from the starting-point to the mile buoy was found to be "mathematically correct," whereas the truth is, it was found to be a hundred feet over a mile, making the two-mile course two hundred feet too long. The absence of ice further up prevented measuring to the mile and a half buoy. W. L. Cushing of '72 has been obliged to resign the captaincy of the University crew on account of poor health, his physician positively ordering him not to row any more. He has made a good record as a boating man. He is succeeded by W. F. McCook of '73, who is an energetic fellow and who already has six or eight men training for places on the crew. The old saying about everybody's business being nobody's business is daily illustrated at the boat house—every third man, according to the best data, leaving the door open. The rule is that the last man out shall shut the door and lock it, and by a little attention to this very mild requirement the valuable contents of the boat house can be made secure against possible injury. The matter of the Regatta Ball, of which mention has been made before, has not yet been acted on by any of the classes, although it will undoubtedly be favored by a large majority of college men. The peculiarly amicable relations now existing between members of the Senior class, and the prospective fizzle of any class promenade, furnish an additional argument for the innovation. Beside: since the Spoon Exhibition has gone to the wall, this proposed Regatta Ball may be made to take its place, at least in its function of advertising the college. If this (proposed) new feature of Presentation week be decently supported by college men, "the Co-mod-o-re" is just the one to put it through in good shape, though of course no amount of success can bring it, properly, under the head of

### *Town Shows,*

Which, for the period covered by our record, have been of all kinds and grades. December 9 Kelly & Leon's Minstrels covered themselves

with burnt cork and glory at Music Hall. December 10 Miss Ada Tesman's Female Minstrels, under the management of Billy Pastor, gave a very fair show—the blonde element predominating. December 13 Delehanty, Hengler & Bloodgood's Mammoth Combination appeared. December 17 Mrs. G. C. Howard appeared as "Zoe" in "The Octoroon; or, Life in Louisiana." December 20 the Mutual Hook and Ladder Co. No. 1 made the night merry with a Grand Calico Ball. January 3 the New Haven colored population had a jubilation over Emancipation. January 5 Mrs. Scott Siddons played "Pauline" in "The Lady of Lyons." January 6 Minnie Wells's Female Minstrels disported themselves before the public eye. January 7 Mrs. Scott Siddons played the Duchess in "Faint Heart never won Fair Lady" and "Katherine" in "Taming of the Shrew," while between the plays Charles R. Thorne, jr., recited "Sheridan's Ride." January 10 Cal. Wagner's Minstrels did the Ethiopian. "You know how it is yourself." January 14 Mrs. Scott Siddons read from Shakespeare and the poets. January 23 the German Turners filled Music Hall with masqueraders. January 21 Minnie Wells's company put in another appearance. January 26 Theodore Thomas's Orchestra was received by a deservedly brilliant audience. January 24 Morris Brothers' Minstrels offered the unusual attraction of four end men. January 30 John E. Owens played "John Unit" in "Self" and "Tom Jones" in "The Live Indian;" and on the following evening "Dr. Ollapod" in "The Poor Gentleman" and "Solon Shingle."—"Jess so!" February 3 and 4 Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels gave us more stage-negro. January 28 Ford & Perkins's Female Minstrels moved the multitude to mirth by their antics. On the same evening the Hutchinsons gave a concert at the Howe Street church. February 2 a concert was given at Brewster Hall to increase the organ fund of the Temple Street church. In the way of lectures we have had something for everybody. December 12 Mrs. Lucy Stone lectured at the Universalist church. December 15 Anna Dickinson (at Music Hall) glorified "Joan of Arc." December 19 Henry Ward Beecher talked about "Happiness." January 4 Paul B. DuChaillu gave a lively description of his "Visit to the Country of the Dwarfs." January 12 Prof. R. G. Hibbard gave a reading. January 19 James Parton discoursed on "One Hundred Years Ago." January 25 Justin McCarthy did *not* lecture on "The Franco-Prussian War." February 2 Rev. W. H. H. Murray (Yale 62) told big stories about "The Adirondacks," though those who have been there pronounce them mere

*Trifles*

When compared with the reality.—A union prayer meeting of all the classes in college was held at the President's lecture room on the evening of December 8. Others have been held since.—Rev. Mr. Ludlow of N. Y. preached in the chapel December 11; Dr. Bushnell of Hartford, December 18; Dr. Bacon January 15; Prof. Fisher January 22; Rev. Wm. Goodrich of Cleveland, O., son of the late Prof. Goodrich, in the morning of January 29, and Prof. Dwight in the afternoon.—A Sophomore, of an inquiring turn of mind, carried his thermometer into chapel a few Sundays ago. The mercury has never been seen since;—it probably is somewhere in the cellar.—Prof. D. C. Gilman lectured in Danielsonville December 13 on "The River Rhine."—The Peelers' Drill, as performed (when the weather permits) on the green by the New Haven Police, is one of the funniest things out. All college grows uproarious over it.—The Christmas Anthem was sung at the chapel on the morning of December 18. It was, as usual, a time to be remembered. The Freshmen were all present, as is their custom. The upper classes were also very fairly represented. Many of the faculty, however, "cut." But in the heavenly region above—"the snab filled all the galleries in beautiful array, (they rose their toilet to perfect before the break of day)." The choir, after having "strung and tuned the lyre" some fourscore times, started an echo which ro-o-o-lled with unlimited satisfaction to itself and to the great edification of those present. The choir then declared—"Down through the portals of the sky the angels fly;" but they were probably mistaken. At least, not an angel appeared in the chapel. At this point we lost the thread of the discourse, though we are told that the singers "strung and tuned the lyre" several times after that. Some of the Freshmen kept saying tee-hee to one another during the performance, but if they stay in college two or three years they will find out that the Christmas Anthem is *not* generally considered to be a humorous poem. If they ever find out why the same anthem is sung year after year, they will probably be wiser in their generation than any of their predecessors.—A missionary meeting at the President's lecture room December 18 was addressed by Rev. Mr. Sturges of the Micronesion Mission.—The sky shed tears of snow on evening of December 19 at the thought of the general clearing out of the fellows on the next day.—The Yale Glee Club gave an exhibition of college songs at Northampton, Mass., December 20. P. C. Smith's ('71) warbles and T. P. Wickes's ('74) "Peter Gray" were much commended. A dance finished the evening.—Durfee College is entirely inclosed, and the workmen are now busy completing the inside. It

will be one of the finest dormitories in America.—The term-bills of last term were well up into the sixties, without reckoning in those unpleasant accessories known as fines. The advance in tuition and the advance in rent (the last in consequence of “improvements”), explain it. A good many men who are poor and talented, and who don’t know anything about the “beneficiary funds” and are too proud to accept help if they did know of them, will probably be kept away from Yale as the result.—The examinations at the close of last term were, as usual, interesting and exciting. The fatal casualties were few, we believe, and were chiefly confined to the children of the college.—Dr. O. E. Daggett, formerly the college pastor, has received and accepted a call to the Second Congregational church in New London.—Dr. H. P. Arms, of the college corporation, tells us that the new chapel will not be built until about twice the amount of money now on hand is secured. The amount already given is between \$40,000 and \$50,000.—President Woolsey is fully determined to resign at the end of the present collegiate year. He will probably succeed the late Rev. George Richards in the corporation.—The *Yale Courant* of December 14 stated that the President was writing a life of Dr. Hawes. The truth is, he has written a preface to a life of Dr. Hawes, written by Prof. Lawrence of Hartford.—“The Lounger” of the *College Courant* writes about three columns of matter weekly which is well worth reading by all undergraduates. The open societies have vexed his righteous soul, lately.—Prof. Newton has prepared a map of the States east of the Rocky Mountains, which exhibits, by a difference of shading, the relative increase of population to the square mile since 1860, according to the approximate table of the last census.—December 17 a young divinity student paid a New Haven lad \$5 for a towel rack, the price of which was only eighty cents. “The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.”—The members of the Yale Alumni Association of New York City omitted their usual feasting this year, and resolved instead to circulate a subscription in the State of New York for the purpose of raising money to build a new dormitory, to be called “New York Hall.” The *Yale Lit.* says: Bless you, my children!—The Yale Alumni of Chicago held their fourth annual banquet December 20. H. B. Mason of ’70 responded to the toast: “Spare Hours at Yale.” The chief topic of the evening was “the alumni question.”—Prof. O. C. Marsh’s Scientific Expedition to the Rocky Mountains, which left New Haven the first week in last July, returned December 17. The party consisted, beside the Professor, of J. W. Wadsworth, son of the late Gen. Wadsworth of Geneseo, N. Y.; C. Wyllys Betts,

a young N. Y. lawyer; Eli Whitney, jr., the grandson of the famous cotton gin Whitney, of New Haven; G. B. Grinnell of N. Y.; John Nicholson of Dover, Del.; J. W. Griswold, son of the Hon. John A. Griswold, of Troy, N. Y.; J. M. Russell of Paris, Ky.; H. B. Sargent of New Haven; C. M. Reeve of Dansville, N. Y.; A. H. Ewing of Chicago; H. D. Zeigler of Philadelphia and C. T. Ballard of Louisville, Ky. Grinnell, Nicholson, Russell and Reeve were '70 men—the others were Scientifics. Mr. Reeve was the only one who failed to make the round trip. The expedition was a success in every respect.—Prof. Packard was married December 23 to Harriet Moore, daughter of Rev. Dr. Storrs, at Brooklyn, N. Y. Revs. W. T. Eustis, '41, and Henry Ward Beecher assisted Dr. Storrs in the service. The professor and his wife are spending the winter in South Carolina.—Tracy Peck, '61, formerly tutor at Yale, took unto himself a wife during the vacation.—F. J. of '71 replied, in a published article, to the November *LIT*'s remarks about Gen. Lee. A mock challenge was fixed up, by some enterprising friends of G. A. S., and sent to the party of the first part. The party of the first part was ready to fight, but, when the matter was explained to him, took the joke as a joke, and aided in carrying it further by pretending to have received wounds in the affray. The next phase of the affair was to call in a number of individuals, telling them beforehand that a fight was in prospect, and urging them to dissuade the fiery young men from imbruing their hands in each other's blood. It is reported that the r. l. of the *Yale Courant* nearly went mad with horror at the idea of a duel, solemnly declaring it was murder. A "magnificent raw" closed the play.—The annual banquet (that's what they call 'em all) of the St. Louis Yale Alumni Association came off December 22. W. T. Hazard, '71, was present.—Profs. Brush and Gilman are still presenting the claims of the Scientific School upon the public, in various portions of the State.—Prof. Trowbridge has arranged the material, which has been collected during the year in the department of mechanical and dynamical engineering, in the north room of the basement of the Art building. A portion of this was brought from Europe by Prof. Lyman, a portion came from the Novelty Iron Works and the remainder has heretofore been kept at the Scientific School building.—Prof. Porter was one of those who asked Mrs. Scott Siddons to read in New Haven. Her pretty face appears to make amends to every one for her glaring defects as an artist.—The Theologues have lately been "worked upon" for the missionary cause, with what success we do not know.—Hon. Wm. E. Robinson, '41, who presided at the recent Psi Upsilon banquet at the New Haven House and who was the first editor

of the "Banner," lectured at Music Hall January 22 on "Ireland."—New gas fixtures were put in the recitation rooms during vacation.—F. H. Smith, '72, is President of the Berkeley Association for this term.—Snow and ice, unusual characteristics of a New Haven winter, have been with us since the departure of 1870. Sleighing and skating have consequently succeeded football, while snowballing, that angelic amusement, has made "walking abroad" dangerous.—Henry W. Sage, a member of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, has given ten thousand dollars as a foundation for a "Lyman Beecher Lectureship" in the Theological Seminary, on the condition that Henry Ward Beecher shall deliver the lectures as long as he is able.—The College library has lately received from Lieut. Commander H. B. Robeson, U. S. N., brother of Robeson of '69, a very interesting collection of Chinese and Japanese coins, about four hundred in number, and ranging in date, the Chinese from B. C. 178, the Japanese from A. D. 729 down to the present century. Mrs. Wooster Hotchkiss has also recently transferred to the Library a large collection of Chinese coins presented some years since by her brother, the late Hon. C. W. Bradley.—The following have been given to the Juniors as subjects for "Clark Classical Essays:" Plato's Apology of Socrates; Herodotus as the Historian of Egypt; The Mythology of Virgil, and Pindar's Fourth Pythian Ode.—The Freshmen elected S. C. Bushnell, A. M. Dodge and C. F. Joy as class deacons January 17. There were forty-six persons present, and on one ballot sixty-four votes were taken, which indicates precocity, at least.—Mrs. Scott Siddons attended chapel on the afternoon of January 15. A majority of the fellows worshipped the Creator through the created that afternoon.—Letters were received January 11 by President Woolsey, conveying to him the painful intelligence that two of his daughters, Martha and Helen Woolsey, aged respectively 23 and 21 years, had lately died at Jerusalem, after a brief illness. It appears that the two ladies were traveling with their sister and her husband, the Rev. Mr. Hermance, from Damascus to Jerusalem, when they were taken ill. Medical aid failed to revive them on arriving at Jerusalem, and they gradually sank until death took them. It was supposed that their death was due to climatic influence. The two ladies left New Haven last April, and designed to remain abroad until next fall. Their sudden decease was a severe blow to the President, although he has endured it with the faith and patience of the true christian.—The Freshmen are studying Chauvenet's Geometry instead of Playfair.—Efforts are being made to secure funds for the enlargement of the Theological building. It strikes us it would be quite as well for the future of the church if a process of weeding among the



students could be instituted, and that for the future something in addition to "vital piety" ought to be demanded for admission. But then, the tares have to be cultivated with the wheat, we suppose, in which case increased house-room seems to be necessary, as the building is already full.—Mr Miller, the librarian of Linonia, has put a new reading table into the library.—A huge roller came to college from York street January 12. Early in the evening it attempted to get into Farnam, but finally brought up at South College. The fence was the only thing that suffered from its perambulations.—The *Yale Courant* demonstrated its ignorance of mathematics in its issue of January 18. It did state, however, in about every column, that two of its editors received prizes in Brothers debate. "The potatoes they grow large, over there, over there!"—Prof. Brewer has lately written an article on "The growth of Yale," in which he shows that since 1845 "the number of students has increased 28½ per cent. and that of the instructors 116 per cent."—The agent of the "American and International Christian Moral Science Association" gave a swell breakfast at the New Haven House January 13. Nothing came of it, however, we believe, except a "good square meal," although the intention was to form some branch organization in the city. The circular announcing the affair was signed, among others, by President Woolsey, Profs. Hadley, Day, Bacon, Thacher and Porter, and quite a number of the faculty were present. Dr. Bacon presided and Prof. Hoppin pronounced the benediction.—The Scientific Boat Club has had its trophies photographed. They deserve so much of immortality.—Sophomore societies meet nowadays on Friday night.—Mr. Dudley of the *Yale Courant* has been to Norwalk, Ohio, and Pittsburgh, Penn. He accompanied Prof. Barker, who has been lecturing in those places, as an assistant.—H. M. Sanders, '72, is superintendent of the Sunday School at the First Baptist Church.—The part upon dynamical electricity, in the new edition of Olmstead's Philosophy, was written by Chas. H. Smith, formerly tutor at Yale.—Saratoga is recommended as the place for the annual boat race between Yale and Harvard.—Δ. B. Ξ. went to Seymour in the "Nightingale" January 25, and Φ. Θ. Ψ. followed suit to Centerville January 27.—"The Commandant," a graduate, a democrat and a jolly good fellow, was around college about the end of January. — Secretary B. G. Northrop, '41, Henry Pierpont, M.D., '54, and Prof. Trowbridge, are the committee to examine applicants for the West Point cadetship of the Second Connecticut district.—Several books in the Malay language have recently been added to the College Library.—A pan of charcoal "went off" on the top of Durfee College February 1. Some excite-



ment was produced, but no harm was done.—The Berkeley Association is going to have a library. Secretary James H. Van Buren, '73 is the one having charge of the matter.—The Yale Glee Club, which is pronounced "the best Yale has had for many years," visited Newark, N. J., February 4. The entertainment was a great success. At its close Senator Frelinghuysen returned thanks to the club and also thanked President Woolsey for letting them come. While in Newark the members of the club were the guests of Mr. Dennis, President of the N. J. R.R. The club is made up as follows: first tenor—Benedict, '71, Roberts, '72, S. S. S., B. S. Richards, '71, and Smith, '71; second tenor—Archbald, '71, Dutton, '73, and Slade, '72; first bass—Chase, '71, Lanman, '71, and G. Richards, '72; second bass—Arnold, '71, Bradley, '72, and Wickes, '74; director and pianist—C. S. Elliot, '67.—The Rev. Eleazar T. Fitch, D.D., who died January 31, was buried February 3. The services were held at the Center church. Dr. Bacon preached, and six of the older professors acted as pall-bearers. Dr. Stoeckel conducted the singing. Dr. Fitch was pastor of the College church for thirty-five years.—Gamma Nu had a mental "bum" on the evening of February 4. Speeches were made by Prof. A. W. Wright of Williams, one of the founders of the society, Tutor Beckwith, and other lesser lights.—The recent cold "snap" was intensified in Farnam by the usual absence of steam. A new boiler, however, of terrible size and awful power, is now being put in, and we expect to have summer the year round after this.—Prof. Gilman lectured at New York, January 31, before the Geographical and Statistical Society of that city, on "The Geographical Work of the Country for the last Ten Years."—Prof. Hoppin conducted the dedicatory services of the Taylor Church at Newhallville.—Mr. De Forest, librarian of Brothers Library, has recently added to the already choice collection of illustrated table books Dorè's Illustrations of Dante's *Divina Commedia* and *L'Inferno*, as translated by Mr. Cary. The last is in Dorè's best style.—Terpsichore ruled supreme in Brothers hall on the evening of February 1. Miss B——d of Edenville, N. Y., was the belle of the evening.—The Philadelphia Yale Alumni held *their* fourth annual banquet January 19. Profs. Northrop and Silliman were present.—John K. H. De Forest, of the present Senior class in the Theological Seminary, has received a call from the church and society of Mt. Carmel, which he has accepted.—Prof. Silliman lectured Chicago about "The Tea Kettle" January 31, and about "The Atmosphere" February 2.—The Yale Alumni of Detroit organized themselves into the "Detroit Yale Club" January 13. Afterward they had a "supper"—

but they are just beginning.—Gen. B. S. Roberts delivered a lecture on the Alabama Claims before the Mercantile Club, January 5.—Foreign supplies for the college pulpit receive \$30 a Sunday. The Professors preach for nothing.—The last "New Englander" has an article on "The Pronunciation of Greek" by Prof. Packard, a review of "Taine's Philosophy of Art in the Netherlands" by Prof. Weir and a review of Prof. Porter's "Books and Reading" by Prof. Hoppin.—The Lit. Board are under obligations to the Junior Promenade Committee for tickets. They were gotten up by H. Tremper of New York, and are exceedingly elegant.

#### S. S. S. MEMORABILIA.

##### *The 40th Parallel Survey*

Party, which, having finished their field work, had stationed themselves at the Scientific School and were at work upon their charts and making out reports, received very unexpectedly in the early part of the summer orders to again take the field. They set out as before under charge of Mr. Clarence King, a graduate of the school, and spent the summer upon some very interesting mountain peaks farther north, returning in the fall, bringing many fine photographs of the surveyed regions and having made some new and very interesting discoveries. The party was divided, and the chief peaks visited were Mts. Shasta, Hood and Ranier; they found quite large glaciers, hitherto unnoticed, and abundant indications of recent volcanic action—distinct craters and fissures from which issued steam and hot water. The reports and charts of this last trip are now being completed at the school and the regions which their surveys covered will be more accurately represented than are any other parts of our country except the portions adjacent to the eastern coast. The sixth course of

##### *Mechanics's Lectures*

Is announced, the list presenting quite interesting and varied topics. Commencing on the evening of Feb. 6th and coming on each Monday and Thursday evening, they are briefly as follows:—Placer Mining in California, *W. H. Brewer*; Sound, *C. S. Lyman*; Spots on the Sun, *A. W. Wright*; Original Investigations on the Economy in Use of Steam in Steam Engines, *C. E. Emery*; Surveying in the Western Mountains, *J. T. Gardner*; The Coal Tar Dyes, *S. W. Johnson*; Work and Wealth, *B. G. Northrop*; The River Rhine in relation to

the present War, *D. C. Gilman*; Metamorphosis in Animals, *S. I. Smith*; Deep-Sea Soundings, *W. P. Trowbridge*; Deep-Sea Life, *A. E. Verrill*; English Orthography, *T. R. Lounsbury*; Theory of Combustion, *W. G. Mixter*; Weeds, *D. C. Eaton*; The State of Connecticut in the light of the New Census, *D. C. Gilman*. Sheffield Hall was well filled last winter with an earnest and intelligent audience, and in the instruction imparted and good feeling caused between the college community and those outside, the course was entirely successful, and this programme is in no wise inferior to the last. No benevolent person need refrain from making gifts to the School on account of the enormous revenue which will accrue from these lectures, since the admittance fee is only one dollar for the course, or about six cents each. Our list of

### *Items*

This month, since no chemical student is kind enough to blow himself up and all are too busy to raise any excitement, must necessarily be brief.—Mr. J. S. Adam, a special student in the Laboratory for over two years, left his work to accompany the San Domingo Commission as Assistant Mineralogist.—A new course of lectures by Prof. Johnson was commenced this term in Organic and Theoretical Chemistry, as were also the regular lectures of Prof. Verrill in Zoology and of Prof. Brush in Blowpiping and Metallurgy.—The chair at the Sunday evening lectures was filled at the commencement of the term by Prof. Brewer, who gave on successive evenings some account of the Agriculture, Fruits and Domestic Animals of the Hebrews.—On the 29th ult. Mr. Lounsbury delivered a lecture on “The Tendency of Students to form for themselves special Codes of Laws;” and on Feb. 5 Prof. Lyman spoke on “The Inspiration of the Scriptures.”—Prof. Brewer is not hearing recitations this term.—At a boating meeting, held Saturday, Feb. 4, the proposition of the President of the University Boat Club concerning a Regatta Ball was considered, and a committee appointed to make further arrangements.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

*Book Notices, Exchanges, etc.*

We have received the following books: from Judd & White, *The U. S. Patent Law* [a valuable book for an inventor], *Arthur Brown, The Tone Masters* [two passable Juveniles] and *Gold and Name* [a really good novel]: from Eldredge & Co., *First Six Books of Virgil's Æneid*, [a thoroughly good edition]: and from C. C. Chatfield & Co., No. 5 of the University Series, containing *Scientific Addresses* by Prof. Tyndall, which are, of course, valuable.

Our regular exchanges are the following:

COLLEGE MAGAZINES:—*Beloit College Monthly, Brunonian, Dartmouth, Denison Collegian, Lafayette Monthly, Owl, Packer Quarterly, Wabash, Williams Quarterly, Virginia University.*

COLLEGE PAPERS:—*Acorn, Amherst Student, Annalist, Antiochian, Bethany Guardian, Cap and Gown, Chronicle, College Argus, College Courier, College Days, College Herald, College Mercury, College Times, College World, Cornell Era, Dalhousie College Gazette, Harvard Advocate, Iowa Classic, Irving Union, Lawrence Collegian, Madisonensis, Miami Student, Qui Vive, Targum, Trinity Tablet, University Reporter, Vidette, Western Collegian, Yale Courant.*

OUTSIDE PUBLICATIONS:—*American Exchange and Review, American Newspaper Reporter, American Literary Gazette and Publishers' Circular, Appletons' Journal, Atlantic Monthly, Book Buyer, Bright Side, Christian Banner, Christian World, Child at Home, College Courant, College Review, Chicago Courier, Carroll County Gazette, Every Saturday, Family Circle, Figaro, Galaxy, Herald of Health, Home Gazette, Journal of Education, Journal of Microscopy, Little Corporal, Loving Words for Children, Lakeside Monthly, Manufacturer and Builder, Michigan Teacher, Musical and Masonic Journal, N. Y. Mercantile Journal, N. Y. Musical Gazette, Nation, Our Boys and Girls, Our Dumb Animals, Our Church Work, Overland Monthly, Palladium, Public School Journal, People's Literary Companion, Punchinello, Stonington Mirror, Seaside Oracle, Scribner's Monthly, Song Messenger, Western Home, Woman's Journal and Young Pilot.*

From the number of tracts which have been showered upon us, we fear that an impression prevails abroad that the editorial *corps* is wicked. "Far from it."

We must decline to exchange with the "Child at Home." No one of the *corps* has a "child at home," as yet, and the periodical in question is therefore useless to us.

We acknowledge the receipt of the *N. Y. Observer Year Book* and the *Public Ledger Almanac*, both of which are invaluable for reference.

The space devoted to cataloguing our eighty-five exchanges, forbids our enlarging upon the peculiar excellence of the "outside publications," farther than by saying that as usual the *Nation*, *Galaxy*, and *Appletons' Journal* lead the list.

The college publications may fairly demand more attention. They abound in puerile New Year's Addresses, but as usual, the *Owl* distances everything and has over twenty pages of wretched, would-be poetry.

The *College Courier* says, "When young men write essays they ought to have some regard for common sense." Good! But why doesn't the *Courier* heed its own suggestion?

The *College Argus* has two admirable essays on "Obligatory Attendance at Church" and "Independence of Thought."

We call the attention of all divines who preach in the chapel to the following conundrum, which we take from the *College World*. "What should a clergyman preach about? About twenty minutes."

The *Amherst Student* is good, with the exception of the editorials.

The *College Review*, as usual, is fearfully and wonderfully wrong in its items about secret societies at Yale.

The *Bethany Guardian* announces that "if we smoke five cigars at *three* cents apiece per day, in *forty* years we will have spent the *enormous* sum of \$2190." The italics are our own.

The attention of the Senior Class is called to the fact that the *Cornell Era* declares that by class politics "study hours are frequently broken up." Let us be warned in time.

The age of destructive reformation has certainly come. From our exchanges we learn that one college institution after another has perished. We cannot confess to any especial regret. They have nearly all outlived their day. In two colleges the spirit of destruction has been so powerful that the class-day exercises have been abolished. We are not so fortunate at Yale. But yet, since we are to have them, it is a matter of just pride that the Senior class has, after mature thought, selected its *very best* man to represent it. Modest merit has at last been recognized, and we may confidently look forward to our Presentation day and expect to be thrilled by a burst of eloquence which will be as far above the efforts of Brewster and Beers and Gulliver, in the last three years, as the former literary record of our representative is below theirs. It is a proud reflection for any man to think that his reputation as an orator has gained him a position from his entire class,—it must be a far prouder one for a man to think that when he has no especial claims to excellence in oratory in comparison with others in his class, he has, nevertheless, so won the hearts of his fellows that he has been elected as class orator,—nay, that his friends have been so anxious to have him succeed, that they have devoted days of labor to skilful packing and intriguing, in order to secure him the place. It is no small compliment to a man when a majority of a class so notoriously opposed to political manoeuvring as ours is willing to lay aside its scruples and combine, under the influence of skilful leaders, to ensure his election. To be sure, in Junior year, men who were suspected of obtaining positions by unfair means, invariably resigned and went before the class again, but it must be remembered that they always had some prospect of a re-election on a fair, unprejudiced vote. Inasmuch as there is no such prospect in this case, it could scarcely be expected that the gentleman would resign. Regard for the feelings of the class would prevent, even if the patent fact that his election was the result of intrigue and spite does seem to suggest the expediency of such a step. Seriously speaking, there has probably never been in the history of Yale a more thinly disguised intrigue than that which resulted in the election of our present orator. A position obtained by such means, has probably never been more eagerly clung to. His friends claim that the orator himself knew nothing about the "sinful game" *before-hand*. However this may be, the morality of obtaining a position by intrigue and of keeping a position known to be obtained for you by intrigue, seems to be substantially the same. The man who does it practically approves of the means used to secure his election. There is a mawkish sentiment in college which believes in testing everything by success, and after a wrong has been consummated, believes in smoothing it over and calling it a right, lest somebody's feelings should be hurt. But Wrong can never become Right, and ought to be always exposed, whether successful or unsuccessful. If the tender feelings of the guilty are wounded, so much the better. If an innocent man suffers, it is the result of his own folly in allowing himself to become a tool in the hands of suddenly-made *friends* (?) It is an old, old fable that the jay who put on the peacock's feathers was covered with ridicule when he attempted to *speak*. The fable still holds good.

I have expressed my views as an individual, and, after careful thought. I have chosen to express them here, because for the truth of what appears here, I hold myself personally responsible.

A. B. M.



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# THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XXXVI.

MARCH, 1871.

No. V.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '71.

CHARLES D. HINE,

WATSON R. SPERRY,

ALFRED B. MASON,

GEORGE A. STRONG,

EDWIN F. SWEET.

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## THE FIRST PASTOR OF THE COLLEGE CHURCH.\*

[FIRST ARTICLE.]

THE College church began its existence amid the religious excitement which followed the preaching of Whitefield. Previous to the year 1753 the students had attended church with the First Ecclesiastical Society. But the pastor, Rev. Joseph Noyes, was not a forcible or attractive preacher and, what was worse, was suspected of Arminianism. President Clap, not satisfied with the spiritual food administered to the young men under his immediate charge, and feeling that the most important interests of the college were suffering, determined to form a distinct congregation within the college walls. In 1746 the sum of 28£ 10s sterling was presented to the Corporation by Hon. Philip Livingston of New York, to be applied as they should think best. They voted that the sum "be sequestered and appropriated for a fund for the

\* The writer takes pleasure in gratefully acknowledging his obligations to Mr. F. B. Dexter, Assistant Librarian of the College, for books and manuscripts without which it would have been impossible to compile this article.



maintenance of a Professor of Divinity in Yale College." This sum was afterward increased by a donation from Gershom Clark of Lebanon, and in 1752 Rev. Solomon Williams of the same town was elected to the newly established Professorship. He was obliged to decline on account of age and infirmities. On the 21st of November, in the same year, the students for the first time on the Sabbath, worshipped by themselves in the College Hall, a long, narrow, wooden building standing upon the corner of College and Chapel streets. In 1756 Dr. Naphtali Daggett, the subject of the present sketch, was elected to the still vacant Professorship.

Dr. Daggett was born in Attleborough, Mass., Sept. 8th, 1727. He studied at Plainfield, Conn., and afterward at Abington, Mass., (here "finishing the New Testament to Revelation") with the intention of entering Harvard College. When he presented himself for admission in 1744, some difficulty connected with the theological differences of the day prevented his examination.\* He came to Yale in the autumn of the same year and entered the Freshman class. He was a diligent and careful student and attained a high rank in scholarship. There still remain some specimens of his "syllogistical disputes" which show him to have been a clear thinker, but not original nor brilliant. These all began with the words—"The question to be disputed is,"—are well arranged, and keep closely to the point under discussion. Upon the manuscript containing them is the endorsement—" *argumenta in aula recitata per me.*"

After his graduation in 1748 he entered upon the study of theology, and in 1751 was settled over the Presbyterian church at Smithtown, L. I. Here he discharged the duties of a pastor diligently and acceptably for five years. In September of 1755 he was designated as a candidate for Professor of Divinity, and in November began his work. At this time various attempts were made to bring the students back to their former connection with the Eccle-

\* He was said to be a "new light scholar." A second application was made on his behalf, but to no effect. This was before his application for admission to Yale.

siastical Society in town. They did resume their places there for a while, and Dr. Daggett preached in Mr. Noyes' pulpit half of the time for several months. But the college authorities were not satisfied with the arrangement; the students returned to their separate worship which has never since been interrupted.

On the 3d of March, 1756, the President and Fellows met and proceeded to examine Dr. Daggett as to his "principles of religion, his knowledge and skill in divinity, cases of conscience, Scripture history and chronology, antiquity, skill in the Hebrew tongue and various other qualifications for a Professor." He seems to have passed creditably and satisfactorily,—no small achievement for a young man of twenty-eight in those days when hair-splitting was a theological pastime. The next day he preached in the College Hall from 1 Cor. ii:2; "For I determined not to know anything among you save Christ and Him crucified." He read a long and explicit confession of faith, affirming his entire and hearty belief in the tenets then considered orthodox, and categorically renouncing and abjuring all forms of heresy.

In June, 1757, the tutors and several of the students presented a petition to the Corporation, stating that they wished to "attend upon the ordinance of the Lord's Supper under the administration of the Rev. Professor and to walk together in stated Christian communion." As their request was simply for action already decided upon, it was immediately granted, and the church was formally organized on the 30th of June, 1757. Dr. Daggett preached a sermon from Matt. v:4; "Ye are the light of the world," and President Clap addressed the communicants and the Rev. Professor, declaring them a church and him their pastor. The church thus formed was the subject of much controversy, but Dr. Daggett took no part in the fierce discussion which ensued. He seems to have been a man of decided opinions, as his sermons abundantly show, but averse to quarreling. Although he might be expected to act as champion of his special charge, he rather devoted himself to his duties as pastor and minister.

This work he entered upon with great zeal and earnestness. He was truly alive to the importance of his trust, and the result was soon manifest in a revival of religion. How extensive this awakening was, we cannot state. Few joined the college church; but it is safe to infer that many united with their home churches. There were peculiar reasons at this time why they should do this, rather than become members here.

At the time the church was established, the college faculty consisted of the President and three tutors. Dr. Daggett was then the first Professor known to the College. In addition to his duties as pastor he was instructor in Natural Theology and the Evidences of Christianity. This work he continued to perform regularly and acceptably until his accession to the Presidency of the College. Dr. Stiles, however, says of him, that "he wrote few sermons after 1761 and seldom lectured on week days." Upon the resignation of President Clap in 1766, the Corporation failed in their attempt to secure Rev. James Lockwood as his successor, and Dr. Daggett was elected President *pro tempore*.\* He continued to discharge the duties of this office until 1777, when he resigned. Under the preceding President the discipline of the college had been somewhat relaxed and the course of study was not such as to satisfy the friends of the college. Under the new President and able *corps* of tutors who were elected at the same time, discipline was restored, new literary exercises introduced,† and the college soon restored to its former prosperous condition.

During the Revolutionary war the number of students was very large. That spirit of lofty patriotism which we suppose to have animated the bosoms of our fathers, did not prevent their sending their sons to college to avoid the draft. But when this precaution had been taken, the excitements of the time and the dangerous proximity of

\* Dr. Stiles always spoke of Dr. Daggett as President *pro tempore*; but he is mentioned as President in cotemporary records of Corporation: and in the Triennial Catalogue after the death of Dr. Stiles, no difference is made between him and those who were regularly elected.

† This was at the petition of the Senior class.

the enemy at New York, made still further retirement necessary. For nearly two years the classes were rusticated, two at Farmington, one at Glastenbury and one at Wethersfield.\* Dr. Daggett, however, remained in New Haven looking after college property and resting from his labors. In 1778 President Stiles assumed the charge of the college and Dr. Daggett resumed his work as pastor and Professor. The advent of the British in 1779 changed him from a soldier of the church militant to an adventurous and unfortunate knight of freedom. The red-coats landed in the south part of West Haven, about five miles from the city. The consternation was general and the students, who had already formed a company and been drilling for some time, marched out to check or divert the invader, until goods and valuables could be removed to a place of safety. The college pastor, who had as decided opinions upon this matter of the war as upon any theological point, armed himself with an old fowling piece: and mounted on an old black mare rode out to put his principles into practice. He addressed a few words of encouragement to the students as he passed, and then took an advanced station on Milford Hill. The students and other American forces at first drove the British before them, but were soon outnumbered and compelled to beat a disorderly retreat. Dr. Daggett, however, would not be put to flight, and maintained his position, continuing to use his fowling piece to the best of his ability. When the enemy were distant only about twenty rods, he took to his heels and made for a little covert of bushes. A parting salute of "fifteen or twenty shots" failed, "thro' the preserving providence of God" to injure him, and he gained his objective point. There, concealed by "weeds and bushes," he "took aim" at a soldier about twelve rods distant, and fired. He afterward coolly loaded his musket, but, seeing the enemy close at hand, "determined not to discharge it any more."†

\* The Corporation voted that the college bell should be taken to Glastenbury if the citizens of that town would pay the cost of transportation.

† Dr. Daggett's statement under oath in Barber's Historical Collections of Connecticut.

The remainder of the story is thus told by Dr. Chauncey A. Goodrich.

"A detachment was sent up the hill to look into the matter; and the commanding officer coming suddenly, to his great surprise, on a single individual in a black coat blazing in this style, cried out, 'What are you doing there, you old fool, firing on his Majesty's troops?' '*Exercising the rights of war,*' says the old gentleman. \* \* 'If I let you go this time will you ever fire again on the troops of His Majesty?' 'Nothing more likely,' was the cool reply."

The British did not treat their prisoner as his gallant conduct deserved. Though the day was exceedingly hot, they compelled him to march five miles or more into the city, insulting and abusing him on the way. They stole his "little old tobacco box," his pocket handkerchief, his shoes and other articles of value. In the statement before referred to he says:—

"They damned me, those that took me, because they spared my life. Thus amid a thousand insults, my infernal driver hastened me along, \* \* \* weakened as I was by the loss of blood, which at a moderate computation could not be less than one quart; and when I failed in some degree through faintness he \* \* \* would kick me behind with his foot; at length by the supporting power of God I arrived at the green in New Haven."

He never fully recovered from this treatment, though he preached in the chapel a part of the next year. He died, after a short illness, Nov. 25th, 1780. "His funeral was attended with decent and honorable solemnity," and a sermon preached by President Stiles, to a large assembly of students and citizens. An oration in Latin, eulogizing the deceased, commending the work of the ministry to the students, and reminding all of the brevity and uncertainty of life, was pronounced by "Sir Barnett."\*

The eminent piety and worth of Dr. Daggett were universally acknowledged; he was long and affectionately remembered by those who knew him best.

C. D. H.

\* Resident graduates of two years standing, were entitled to be called "Sirs."

## CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

IT was during the Christmas vacation, three years ago, that eager to display to awe-struck eyes the crescent glories of my Delta Kappa pin, I left the "City of Elms" for a week's sojourn in Brooklyn. I was to be the guest of a lately married cousin, whose family consisted of but one person, besides himself and wife, namely, a young lady, whose age I should judge to have been about nineteen or twenty. She was a very pretty girl, of medium height, with dark brown hair, bright roguish eyes, and a beautifully regular set of snowy white teeth, and before the first day had past, I was already decidedly "smitten." I devoted myself to her with assiduous attention, and quite neglected all opportunities and even requests to call elsewhere. We sang, talked, and rode together, and I was encouraged by symptoms manifested on her part of at least a faint interest in me. Thus cheered, I persevered in my marked attention, until at length the culmination of the flirtation came, in a way not quite in accordance with my fond anticipations, and one for which I was totally unprepared. It was New Year's Eve, and the last evening of my stay. On the morrow I was to return to hard work in a place where pretty girls were not remarkably numerous, and those who were to be found, were not in the habit of "wasting their sweetness" upon members of the freshman class. I determined that the crisis must come then or never, as I had no reason to suppose I should ever meet her again. My cousin was expecting to be detained by the usual press of business incident to the first of the year, until about eleven in the evening, and his wife, feeling tired and somewhat unwell, lay down upon the sofa, and soon fell asleep, thus leaving the field completely clear to Miss Bessie and myself. "Surely," thought I, "the fickle jade (I referred mentally to fortune, *not* Miss Bessie) would favor me, to-night, and I must not be faint-hearted."

For a while we sat and conversed quietly, but ere long my arm had stolen around her waist, without provoking any remonstrance. At length, happening to allude to the time of the year, the proposal was made to sit up and watch the Old Year out. As this would give us several hours of waiting, I asked her if she ever played cards, and suggested that the time might be pleasantly filled up with sundry games of euchre. A few moments' search resulted in the discovery of a pack of cards, and we sat down to our game. But simple euchre, though pleasant enough under ordinary circumstances, was not perfectly satisfactory under those extraordinary ones, and I proposed, that, in order to impart additional zest to our occupation, we should introduce the element of "*forfeits*," as eminently calculated to effect that desirable result. Of course, she pretended that an explanation of my meaning was necessary, so I elucidated my proposition by the announcement that the word "*forfeits*" was synonymous, in connection with euchre at least, with the more definite expression "*labial collisions*." It was next necessary for me to make plain the manner in which the "*forfeits*" were to be lost and won. This I did by saying, that "if beaten, I would pay; if successful, receive" said "*forfeits*," by which shrewd basis of contract I brought about a certain result with as much certainty as did the wily white in the celebrated "*turkey and buzzard*" division of spoils. After some demurring on her part, assent was finally given, and we resumed the manipulations of the "*painted pasteboards*." Miss Bessie proved the victor in quite a number of games, but never did I bear defeat with more graceful equanimity than upon that occasion. It still lacked about an hour of midnight, when my cousin returned, and having some time before emerged from the state of romance and sentiment, declared his intention of retiring, in sublime indifference to the harmonies of the "*New Year's chimes*," for the pleasure of hearing which, I announced, "Miss Bessie and I intended to sit up"! So we were left alone in our infatuation. All went as before, until the last few moments of the dying

year had gone, and the melodious peals began to ring out upon the still air. We rose, and—I was in the very act of *settling my indebtedness*, when to my utter consternation and horror, and far more to that of my unfortunate companion, my cousin's familiar voice was heard in the doorway, bidding us in cheerful accents, "Happy New Year"!

I have seen ladies blush, but I never saw a more vivid crimson tide well up over face and throat, than on that memorable occasion, and I have no reason to doubt that she saw upon my features a remarkably similar sight. For a second we gazed upon one another, and then turned to the door, but no one was there. My cousin, quite a practical wag in his way, suspecting shrewdly how matters stood, had secreted himself in the hall, and at the proper moment, had proffered his New Year's greetings.

I do not remember exactly how we parted that evening, but think it was somewhat abruptly, and without the usual conventional formalities. I only know that I felt as if I would rather be kicked than descend to the breakfast room on the following morning, and also that this particular breakfast, regarded in a conversational point of view, was *not* a "success."

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## SEASIDE EVENING.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

Sunshine gold  
Decks the wold,  
And a weird-like glimmer lowers  
O'er the castle's ruined towers.

Awful, gleam  
Seas that dream ;  
Homeward gliding smooth as swan,  
Sails the distant fish-boat on.

Silver sand  
Strews the strand,  
While the glancing colors lave  
Cloud reflections in the wave.



Sedges tangled,  
Gold bespangled,  
Waving, clasp the headland height,  
Circled by wild sea-bird white.

Tree-enshrined  
From the wind,  
Cooling spring and shelt'ring shade  
Welcome to the hermit's glade.

Waves below  
Lose the glow,  
Vanishes the sun-set light  
From the ruined castle's height.

Moonbeams rove  
Through the grove,  
In the vale are whispers blent  
Round the sunken monument.

C. J. R.



## KATE, THE SHREW.

AS the rule, I think that a shrewish character is natural or artificial. My opinion is that Kate was a made shrew. Omitting the argument drawn from Shakespeare's known method and the dramatic necessities of the play, I shall try to maintain this opinion by an argument drawn from the text.

—Mistress Katharina was the oldest daughter, and, so far as we know, the oldest child of Baptista Minola of Padua. She had a younger sister, Bianca, one of those prettily-molded pieces of humanity who make up, by their general inoffensiveness and acquiescent spirit, for a notable lack of common-sense and decision. This younger sister had won the father's heart, probably because she was still a sweet child and the baby of the family. Kate, on the contrary, was a woman of strong mind and sensitive feelings, and one to whom mere neutrality was unnatural and obnoxious. She was terribly proud, and her pride made her silent about herself, so that often she was galled by

what would have been unnoticed by a less sensitive person and grew moody and irascible under fancied insults or injuries which a little frank speech would have immediately removed. She was a woman of great capacities for loving, every one of which had been heedlessly but mercilessly suppressed, since the birth of her younger sister, by her father. Previously, *she* had been her father's child and pet; previously, he had come to *her* for counsel and comfort;—and thus habit as well as nature had given her a throne in the household, which she was not only obliged to share with, but from which she was rudely jostled by her younger sister.

In proof of this take Kate's first appearance. Her father introduces himself by offering her hand in marriage, as though she were a piece of useless or cumbrous furniture, to any one who will take it, which brings forth from her set teeth an indignant—

“ I pray you, sir, is it your will  
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?”

But this offer meant more than just an offer:—it meant that in the father's opinion no man could ever love Kate, but many would love Bianca, for she was loveable, and hence he was determined to rid himself of the oldest through the influence of some one of the number who loved the younger—which of course was a mere bargain and sale, as far as Kate was concerned. The conversation finally closes by Baptista's saying to his youngest daughter :

——“ Bianca, get you in :  
And let it\* not displease thee, good Bianca,  
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl ;”—

At which Kate hisses to herself—

“ A pretty peat [pet] !”

In these words she shows her sneering habit, the bitterness of love despised or overlooked and the cause of her

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\* This purpose of mine.

unfortunate condition. The phrase is an epitome of the whole family history.

This tenderness of her father, however, might not have worked so disastrously in Kate's blood, if he had still come to her for counsel. But after Kate had made this very speech, he rasped her grieved and bitter heart more hardly by saying :

——“ Katharina, you may stay ;  
For I have more to commune with Bianca ;”—

And then went to find his younger daughter. Kate gave him a parting shot, snatched, quick as thought, from her brain and not from her heart,—

“ Why, and I trust I may go too ; may I not ?  
What, shall I be appointed hours, as tho', belike,  
I knew not what to take, and what to leave ?”

This treatment engendered a feeling of injustice. She *knew* that she loved her father ; she *knew* that her opinions were as valuable as her sister's ;—and yet both were slighted for the new-comer.

A further warrant for this opinion, if it be not already established, is found in the expression Baptista uses when Petruchio first broaches the subject of marrying Kate. The father says :

“ But for my daughter Katherine, this I know,  
She is not for your turn, the more my grief :”—

Which was in effect saying : “ I want to rid myself of her—and I shall have hard work in doing it ; but you are an honest gentleman, and she's too bad for you—I can't let *you* make so poor a bargain for yourself.” It indicates that Baptista believed Kate to be radically bad and so he treated her in such a way as to strengthen the impressions which had caused her first lapse from gentleness. Kate herself had an inarticulate feeling that this was so :—not that she could or would have made a specific statement—not that she thought over the particulars, and analyzed the treatment she had received ;—and yet, when her father

came in to see how Petruchio was getting along in his wooing, and said: "How now, daughter Katherine;"—her loving and indignant heart burst forth in one great accusation:

"Call *you* me, *daughter*? now, I promise you,  
You have show'd a *tender fatherly* regard."

The character of Bianca, moreover, was exactly fitted to increase poor Kate's disorder. The younger sister was a passive creature and full of anxiety to please Kate, and this irritated her beyond endurance. It is a singular fact that with a proud-spirited person, in a moment of excitement, there is nothing so exasperating as a dumb yielding or an evident eagerness to agree. Such conduct seems to be always construed into indifference or fear—two things which a person of strong thought and will generally despises. And so Bianca, while in her helpless way she tried to calm her sister, only excited her. This is shown in the case where Kate asks her sister which one of her many suitors she loves. Bianca answers in such a way as to show that she has no particular liking for any of them. This roils Kate, when she thinks how helpless and babyish a woman her sister is, and in the heat of her passion she strikes her. Baptista enters just here, and says:

"Why, how now, dame! \* \* \* \*  
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?  
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?"

To which Kate replies, with a rare insight into her own nature:

"Her silence flouts me!"

Kate, however, was no girl to sit down and bemoan this loss of love and confidence—if she had been she could never have been transformed into a shrew. Action was necessary to her existence, and, as she said once,—

"I see a woman may be made a fool,  
If she had not a spirit to resist,"—

So she straightway began to exhibit a spirit which made her company highly exciting, if not disagreeable to others. Her idea seems to have been that every wrong ought to be resisted and that woman had no weapon of warfare except her spirit and the things which it generated. She forgot what virtue there is in endurance, and how love overcometh all things.

But a man was coming, one Petruchio, from whom she was going to learn several things. He was a mad fellow, who regarded the essence of things far more than their outside. The husk was of no account with him, but he had an infinite interest in the kernel. He was just the man—because he was manly all through—to cure such a woman as Kate. For she utterly despised weak men. When her father stated to the suitors of Bianca that one of them must take Kate off his hands, before Bianca could marry, and one of them said that a woman of “gentler, milder mould” would come nearer his ideal of a wife, Kate withered him with the scornful reply:

“I’ faith, sir, *you* shall never need to fear!”

But her lover was none of these holiday suitors. The red and white of Bianca’s cheeks had no charm for him, and though he said that wealth was the burden of his wooing dance, yet even her wealth, with her, failed to win a thought of marriage from him. A man of shrewd common-sense and infinite good-nature, who every day could not come to woo, he was, and his tastes drew him inevitably toward the heart of sterling stuff. He had great faults, as well as great virtues, like most persons of a decided character, but Kate could overlook the one for the sake of the other. As he said himself:

“I am as peremptory as she proud-minded,”

And that was the only kind of a character that approximated to her ideal of a husband. She was what she was, chiefly, because she had been surrounded by submissive people—her cure was to be found in an absolute man, who, in all cases of necessity would assert his supremacy, and

yet, by virtue of the very possession of this quality, would rarely be obliged to exchange the character of lover and husband for that of master.

Of the tempestuous, but irresistible wooing of Petruchio I shall not speak, though it is fruitful with hints of character. The wedding was as original as Petruchio's boots. After the ceremony it was supposed that the new-married folk would join the wedding-feast at Baptista's house:—but Petruchio, almost before his first kiss on Kate's lips had melted away in her breath, demanded of her proof that she would obey him like a true wife, by stating that he and his wife would have a marriage festival by themselves, in their own home. Kate resisted, and even said,—

“Now, if you love me, stay,”—

But Petruchio, different from all men she had ever seen, held fast to his purpose, and they went. •

I cannot follow out the process in detail, by which Petruchio freed Kate from her shrewish disposition:—but, in a word, he showed her, first, that he was lord as well as husband, and, second, in doing so he gave vent to the wildest vagaries and displayed the most fantastic tricks, in which the only vein of reason was the constant likeness between them and her own previous shrewishness. His whole action, however, was based upon the assumption that she was a woman of sense and heart at bottom, and the result demonstrated the truth of this assumption. He made her not only obedient but loving, because she saw in him a man who was worthy of love.

I must say, though, that Shakespeare has carried the proof of this to the extreme of probability. It can be said, to be sure, that Petruchio's character of physician continues to the very end of the play, and the *final* proof of reform was given by Kate in her ready obedience to the last command of her husband—the design being that all the succeeding love and happiness should be represented by inference rather than fact;—and yet, admitting all this, it seems to me that it presents to us a specimen of mere animal obedience, rather than the reasonable agree-

ment and union which is necessary to the preservation of the self-respect of both husband and wife. The gibe just administered by Hortensio's widow, however, affords some excuse for Petruchio, while it is possible, in a woman of Kate's temperament and experience, that when she yielded obedience to a man at all, she yielded wholly, being willing to go astray if only she could go astray with him.

At any rate, there was something human and manly about Petruchio's answer (made to Hortensio's amazed "I wonder what it bodes," with which he watched this lately termagant, but now obedient woman), when he said:

"Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,  
An awful rule, and right supremacy ;  
And, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy ;"—

While in Kate's—

"My mind hath been as big as one of yours,  
My heart as great, my reason, haply, more  
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown ;  
But now I see our lances are but straws,  
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,  
That seeming to be most, which we least are ;"—

There was a womanly acknowledgment of past faults and many good omens for the future, boding, as her husband said, "love and quiet life" and many things both "sweet and happy."

W. R. S.



## THE EAGLE AND THE OWL.

[A FABLE FROM LESSING.]

Jove's eagle and Minerva's owl disputed.  
'You odious night-ghost,'—'not so fast' she hooted,  
'The heaven holds both me and thee on high,  
'What then are you, sir, prithee, more than I'?  
'Yes,' said the eagle, 'true, we both are there,  
'Yet with this difference, bird of wisdom rare:  
'I hither with my own strong pinions flew,  
'You came because your goddess carried you!'

## FLIRTATION.

WE were sitting alone together by the window, looking out upon the street bustling with the many who were passing homeward from their day's work. "What do you think of flirtations?" she asked, with a half glance towards me from under her long lashes. Now I had noticed, that the young gent who had just passed by the corner a few doors below, had looked up to the window, where we were sitting—rather where she was, he did not see who formed the background to the tableau—with a longing glance and then a smile of mingled melancholy and delight. And I had further noticed at the same instant the least possible flutter of white cambric in the hands of my fair companion; so that when she turned and gave the abrupt question with the mischief still lurking in her eyes and manner, I knew what prompted it and of what personal application would be my answer. "My ideas are rather vague on the subject," said I, carefully weighing my words. "I lack experience"—conveniently forgetting the first years of college life—"and therefore could only tell you what would readily come to your own mind with a little reflection," was my whole answer, as I determined not to lose the opportunity of saying a pertinent word or two. "But, as you have asked the question, flirtation in my opinion, however disguised under the name of 'pleasing diversion,' 'innocent amusement,' and the like, means nothing but fickleness and deception. It loosely divides into what might be termed two different kinds of flirtations. Of these, the one is a seeking after acquaintance or recognition; the other is only carried on after acquaintance has been established. As the former is the more senseless, the latter is the more dangerous, though the first if indulged in easily develops into and becomes a most excellent school for the second." I stopped for a moment to see if my words were too harsh in their import. "Don't stop," were her reassuring words. "Your



discussion promises to be amusing, and perchance profitable. But you must show at greater length the reason for what now rests on the slender support of your mere assertion." "Well, then," I continued, "flirtations of the first kind are mostly confined to boarding school girls and misses half-way through their teens who are flattered beyond measure at attracting even the slightest notice from a gentleman. The latter, if properly taught, or well advised by the words and example of an elder sister, quickly grow out of their silliness. The former, closely guarded in schools and under strict and often unnecessary rules, can very well urge flirtation as an amusement, or offer it as a plausible excuse for making acquaintance otherwise denied them. You see I am considering flirtation more on your side of the question, and for this reason, that the effects are more obvious as well as more detrimental with you than with us. For I think, with all the conceit of a man"—"What a concession!" came in from the opposition by the window. "Never mind," said I, "you have cut off a digression which might best come in at another time. But a word more of boarding school flirtations. Notwithstanding you assert, that for mere amusement at school many a girl will flirt who is the pink of propriety at home, yet she cannot assume even for a time these actions of a coquette without receiving a set or bias towards them, which will show itself afterwards. It may amuse for a moment, but remember it involves and so promotes fickleness and deception in whomsoever tries it. And I may well add beside these qualities, that the sole ground and cause of flirtation is pure vanity. For notice how it all begins. A young fellow, walking of a pleasant afternoon through the suburbs, chances to pass by a boarding school, where for the want of better occupation a dozen or more school girls are at the windows, waiting for just such good looking fellows as he to pass. Discovering he is the object of so many eyes, if he be a bashful man, he will hurry away from the reach of this terrible battery, as did I when first exposed to fire. Or if he be of more experience, his gratified vanity will smile to see the attractive powers he seems to possess, and the

gratified vanity of a dozen more at the windows, each appropriating the smile to herself, will give forth nods and smiles in return. But as soon as his back is turned, they of the school with laudable impartiality are ready to welcome the next one that comes along; and as to the youth himself, he, it may be, finds equal attractions in the windows of some other school, and goes away to boast among his fellows of his many conquests, and the disturbance his merely walking by the schools creates.

“So much for incipient flirtations. Let now the matter go on, becoming of a more personal character, and develop into the passing of notes at church entrances, the conveying of candy up to third story windows, and finally to appointed meetings during hours of liberty, and long walks together in unfrequented streets. Surely this borders on the dangerous. For if any interest is awakened in either party, its summary close can but tend to weaken true feeling; and if this interest of the one deepens to admiration and affection, while the other party with more experience and all the fickleness thus acquired, is planning only for the diversion of the hour, the one is truly at the mercy of the other's heartlessness. Or if a realization of this fact comes at length to the fickle occasion of it, it may be, that from sheer fright at how all has turned out, the deception will be still further carried on and result in one of those well known college or boarding school engagements, to be ended only in bitter disappointment on the one side, and peradventure on the other in a momentary regret.

“These cases bring me to the second class of flirtations. Now come up for judgment the coquette and the flirt. Shall we acquit or condemn them? Condemn, say I, and for this that they sacrifice the holiest affections of the heart merely to gratify the love of admiration. And it were not so bad if they let their intentions be known, since then the only injury would be to themselves. But instead they practice all artifices to conceal the hollowness of their designs and secure their victims. Longfellow most happily has expressed this for one side at least in his poem :—

' I know a maiden fair to see,  
     Have a care,  
 She can both false and friendly be,  
     Take care,  
     Trust her not, she's fooling thee.

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

' She has two eyes so soft and brown,  
 She gives a side glance and looks down.'

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

' She gives to thee a garland fair,  
 It is a fool's cap for thy wear.'

I have read somewhere of Margaret Moncreiffe, the noted beauty of Aaron Burr's time, that so well practiced in the arts of deception was she, when she desired to appear confused by the tender addresses of some suitor, casting her eyes down and bending forward a little, she would press her hands unnoticed upon the veins of her neck, and then raising her head would appear all flushed and covered with these artificial blushes. That is the record of one. How many of us are led on by devices just as cunning, I know not. However, if I may boast, I think my eyes will be ever open against that trick of legerdermain.

"Such are some of my views on this subject. The cases taken may be somewhat ultra, it is true. Still they serve to show how reprehensible are the principles of flirtation, when seen in their real colors, not garnished over or tricked out by the indulgences of society."

I stopped in my long harangue and looked towards my fair listener. Her cheek was pressed against the window, and I expected her to turn and make some comment. For a moment there was silence, when, with a little flutter—just as a bird when startled pops its head out from under its wing—to pretend she had been dozing under my words—"What time is it?" said she—"I beg your pardon, I hope I have not been asleep." "O, incorrigible girl!" thought I—but I answered not a word to her teasing question—"you come off well from your defeat. 'Tis your woman's tact that saves you." But now the dusk had grown thick around us, and the bright star Jupiter was just peeping over the housetops. I pointed it out to her, and led off by this, I told of the wonders of

Astronomy, and the far reaching of the mind out into space. Then came to my mind and to my lips the words of Victor Hugo: "We look at the stars because they are so radiant and mysterious; we have at our side a softer radiance and a greater mystery—woman." I told her how Jupiter and Saturn, like coquettes, keep four and eight satellites circling around them, and how they adorn themselves with gorgeous belts and rings. Then drawing my chair a little closer, I explained how one body exerted attractions upon another, and the many perturbations caused by celestial orbs. And I was just telling her how when two were brought face to face in dangerous proximity, the danger was arrested by introducing the disturbing influence of a third body, when in came her sister, seeking us, and stopped me in all I might have had to tell you further of—Flirtation.

R. W. A.

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### A PLEA FOR A JUBILEE.

**I**F the junior class needed any excuse for their action in abolishing the Wooden Spoon with its attendant evils and questionable advantages, they found one in the relief which all college experienced when they took that step. With the prophecies of wise men ringing in their ears and with the experience of other classes, and notably that of their immediate predecessors, before them, the class of seventy-two, which had from the beginning been blessed with unusual harmony, had begun to dread the approach of junior politics as the veritable Scylla and Charybdis of their college course, which they felt was to disturb their peace and split up the class. Even those who were most favorably inclined towards the institution of the Spoon satisfied themselves with extolling its advantages while they ignored its defects; so that at the time the vote was taken its unanimity was a correct expression of the hearty concurrence of the whole class. This feeling extended throughout all college, and the three lower classes were

particularly relieved, feeling that with the abolition of the Spoon they were freed from endless troubles and possible disgrace. In view of these facts, then, no time could have been chosen when a class meeting would more certainly have responded to those who called it with a sweeping, radical vote. The "two years and a half" which the class had had in which to consider the question before them, had sufficed to convince them that, on the whole, it would be better to have no Spoon than to suffer as others had suffered; but that they had looked further than that is very doubtful. And it is certainly questionable whether their action was wholly wise.

In the first place—and this is a selfish consideration—they voluntarily and finally surrendered the prominence which the junior class has hitherto enjoyed during the festive term of the year. It has always seemed to me a fitting condition of things that, while the sophomores, having passed their period of drudgery and probation are just beginning to learn the signification of college life; and the seniors, about to graduate, and a little melancholy at the prospect of separation from their Alma Mater, are busied and bothered with the various occupations of settling their affairs and preparing for more serious matters; the juniors, whom a happy year separates from worldly cares, and in whom an earnest year has developed a lively sympathy with college customs, and an intimate knowledge of the "ways and means," should have in hand the entertainment of the friends of the students, who are for that reason the guests of the college. All this the class of seventy-two have given up. They have lost even "that Promenade Concert," which as an argument wielded by agitators sufficed to silence all the croakers, and which but for an obliging senior class, who accepted the vote of abolition as the signal for seizing whatever of spoil might be gathered from the fair fabric of the Spoon, had gone the way of the Exhibition.

Being a private consideration, however, this can hardly claim the attention of the rest of college; but all classes have an interest in the general question which must not

be overlooked. Of all that pertained to the Wooden Spoon there is nothing to be regretted save the Exhibition itself. When by vote of the class, the wire-pulling, the hypocrisy and deceit, the wrangling and enmity, so unavoidable in the election of Cochleareati, and so fatal to the social pleasure of half the course were done away with, no one mourned them, but on the contrary, all joined heartily in the parting kick; but when together with these things, which were bad, the Exhibition, which was good, was also abolished, a vacancy was made which should have been, or should be, filled. We have too few of these miscellaneous entertainments, and it looks now as if we were to lose even that few. They are not peculiar to Yale, but they are to college life. College ways and customs are very different from what are found elsewhere, and are of such a character as to be especially adapted to public exhibition. And among students is found just the right kind of talent for representing them. We have actors and wits and poets among us, and they ought to find employment beyond the narrow limits of secret society walls, for their own sake, and not less for the sake of those who belong either to a different society or to none. It is not fair that we should be deprived of the enjoyment of such pleasure as our class and college mates can afford us, nor that they should lose what little glory there may be in success. That the Exhibitions are "stale" may have some weight as an argument with New Havenites, old stagers who have n't missed one since they can remember; but for those who have composed the larger part of the Spoon audiences, the visitors, the friends of an ever-changing body of students, the performances would be always new, even if they were nearly identical year after year. Spoon Committees have, however, been very prodigal of their material, and have crowded into one exhibition a number of half-prepared performances, which if divided for two separate occasions and carefully managed, might have kept the supply of novelties quite adequate to the demand. But I imagine from the fact that New Haven people do attend these exhibitions year after

year, and from the fact that the objection of sameness was urged only against the Spoon and not against the Jubilee which was discussed at the same time, that it was used only as a convenient and specious argument in favor of abolishing the former.

I think, then, that it is unfortunate that the juniors could find no other way of ridding themselves of the evils of the Spoon system but to sink the whole concern; for they deprived themselves of extending an agreeable hospitality to the most charming of guests in the most delightful term of the year. And being interested in behalf of both parties I propose to grumble.

I should be but following in the steps of the iconoclasts, however, if I should attack an existing state of affairs without suggesting a substitute; and here it is. We had no Jubilee at Thanksgiving time, and we have bidden farewell to the Spoon Exhibition. Unless something be done to replace them, we are in a fair way to pass the year without one of these entertainments which are so desirable, and, the precedent being once established, to do without them in the years to come. Why not, then, have our Jubilee during the summer?

Take up a Catalogue and glance at the Calendar. You will see that Annual begins June 24th, and Presentation week July 9th, thus leaving, in the ordinary course of events, an interval of almost a week between the end of the former and the festivities of the latter. Those who are not particularly interested in Presentation and Commencement exercises will have a choice, then, between a week literally crammed with gaiety and an extra week of vacation—and a very fair choice it is. But the result will be that those who choose the additional vacation will lose all that is characteristic of third term, and those who stay in town will invite their friends to New Haven at a time when fully one-half of their class will have left town, and, perhaps, the very half they would like their friends to know. In such a state of affairs, then, the Thanksgiving Jubilee, deprived of its name and transferred to third term, would fill an unfortunate vacancy and would meet

with a hearty welcome. It is not difficult to find objections to the plan; the most prominent one that suggests itself is the difficulty of finding a time equally convenient for the students and the visitors who come for Commencement week. Nor is the present arrangement wholly devoid of good points; either alternative of remaining for the fun or of getting a week at home is well worth choosing. But it is a great misfortune that the necessity of choosing should exist, and the evils of the present plan as well the advantages of that which is proposed are certainly very great.

As has been said, the juniors seem especially well circumstanced, and the present junior class particularly well fitted for the performance of such labor as this would involve. But whether the management fall to the lot of one class or of a college committee, or of one "composed of two from each class and two from the Scientific School," the Jubilee is the main consideration. Shall we not have one?

H. W. B. H.



## INLAND EVENING.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

Now the sun-set fades  
From the glowing sky,  
And the star of Love  
Slowly mounts on high ;  
While the flow'rets dream  
All the long night through,  
Visions of the day  
With its cloudless blue.

Diamond glow-worms shine  
With their magic light,  
From the bushes' shade  
In the dusky night.  
Whisp'ring zephyrs breathe  
Soothing lullabies,  
And the pearly dew  
On the verdure lies.



All the valley sleeps  
Like a cradled child.  
Every spirit rests,  
From its care beguiled.  
And if Peace herself  
To this earth came down,  
She would deign to rest  
In this quiet town.

Happy is the heart,  
(Perfect rest to find,  
Which it long had lost  
In false ways that wind,)  
That retracks its steps,  
Thy own peace to prove,  
Pure, harmonious  
Nature, full of love.

C. J. R.

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### ICONOCLASM.

THE spirit which defends the existence of established ideas and institutions at Yale, merely because they do exist, is manifestly relaxing its power. The Spoon no longer rules the month of leaf and flower. Many an other tradition has confessed its weakness and stumbled to its fall at a pertinent query of its worth.

But the work of the iconoclast is not yet complete. Frauds are still plenty, shams abound. But the most fraudulent of frauds, the greatest sham of all the shams, is the way we pay tribute to our false literary shrines. Every week the fires are kindled, every week the gas-lights burn in Brothers and Linonia, but even the Freshmen laugh at the gilded pretense. Now, if any individuals are desirous of benefitting themselves by literary exercises, if they are unable or unwilling to meet the necessary expenses, let them pass a subscription paper asking assistance so that every one may give as his abilities permit, but let them not invoke the aid of the College to make forced contributions in the shape of taxes for their special benefit. When these two societies owned their

weakness by asking the college authorities to collect their taxes, they acknowledged themselves unworthy of continuance. I would not undervalue the beneficial results of extempore speaking. But where the benefits are experienced, there let the bills be paid.

But supposing compulsory support of these societies to be abolished, what is to become of the two libraries? Here we reach a matter in reality more vitally important than the society question. Like this question it involves the consideration of expense, and even in a greater degree, and is pressing for a more immediate decision.

This is the condition of affairs at present. With its system of classification the college library has exhausted its available space. Not that there is not abundant room for more books, but any great accession to the present number must necessarily introduce confusion where order is beginning to reign. But the von Mohl library, consisting of 6,000 volumes, is soon to be added. What is to be done? Shall chaos prevail once more? Thanks to William Walter Phelps and other friends of the library, Yale College has drawn a magnificent elephant. But where shall said elephant be domiciled? There can be only one answer to the question. The college library must take possession of one of the side buildings and the society libraries must be consolidated. With this consolidation the control of the societies over their libraries, which is no control at all, should be transferred to the college. The advantages attending this change are manifold. The efficiency of both libraries then existing will be incomparably superior to that of those existing now. Thus in the main library at present some works are to be found which are suitable for a purely undergraduate library and none other, having entered principally through gifts and in various accidental ways. The existence and place of deposit of these works are suspected by a comparatively small number. On the other hand, many works belonging properly to the main library may at present be found in the society libraries. Thus a French Encyclopedia which hardly one undergraduate in ten thousand

would ask for, in that place at least, has unaccountably taken up its abode on the shelves of Linonia. So of many others. Moreover, many standard works exist in incomplete sets in each of the libraries. Linonia may have one part of the set, Brothers another, and the college library another. The disappointed seeker after knowledge may wander through all three libraries, before his object is gained, while under the proposed plan the greater part of his labor may be spared.

Again, the question of economy is no slight one in this case. Granted, if you please, that the gilded farce is maintained in the two halls, that the faithful few do the eloquent in Linonia and the fickle multitude do the Terpsichorean in Brothers, all at the common expense, these things would not be a serious drawback to the saving from combining the two libraries in one. Salaries would be reduced by removing superfluous officials. Only one room would require heating, and various incidentals would be diminished one-half. In fact it is estimated by those who are in a position to know, that with concentration of resources upon one library, five dollars per year would go even farther in meeting library expenses, would secure more satisfactory returns than the eight dollars exacted at present. If this is so, and there can be no reason for doubting it, more than thirteen hundred dollars are annually wasted on the libraries and in support of the societies. This approaches the sum expended annually in the main library for its increase, this sum being only eighteen hundred dollars. This amount is simply what is expended for the purchase and binding of books in this department, there being of necessity other expenditures in connection with the library. These thirteen hundred dollars saved amount to a sum equal to that expended at present on both society libraries and more than that expended on the reading room yearly. Any one can readily realize the great increase in efficiency of the libraries under the new system. If the college is compelled to tax students for support of undergraduate libraries, and no one proposes that they be taxed to maintain any other, let the authori-

ties see to it that these taxes when once collected are not squandered through faults inherent in any antiquated system.

Instead of having students less interested in the libraries by this change, these may become more especially student property. As affairs are administered, no one is assured of finding a favorite work even though it be a standard. What remedy is proposed for this? Simply that when any one expresses a desire of perusing a certain book, but is discouraged by its absence from the catalogue, he shall make known his wants to the librarian of the undergraduate department. It must be a part of his duty in connection with other responsible officers, as the librarians of the college, to purchase that book, provided, of course, it is sanctioned by their judgment. Thus I believe that in a greater degree than at present every undergraduate may be made to feel a proprietor's interest in the library. At least no one should have reason to complain that, when his nominal control of the libraries and of the disposal of his money through the societies was lost, his actual control over the library was lessened.

Moreover it is one of the results of the present system that books, quite expensive works in most instances, are often duplicated, where one copy only is actually necessary. Both Linonia and Brothers may possess it and a third copy may haunt the college library. By cutting off these superfluous copies, enough would be saved to duplicate works of a less expensive character which are more in demand. Nothing but unity of management could make this united action possible, and under unity of management it will necessarily become a part of the system.

Again, a new catalogue is needed in both Brothers and Linonia. Is the double expense of a catalogue for each to be incurred now, and when this change is made, as it must be soon, are we to be subjected to a new expense? Better that this three-fold work and expenditure should come at once with the difficulty and labor reduced, and the expenses diminished.

Moreover, the plan suggested of having all books proposed for purchase subjected to the approval of the librarians of the college, would not only prevent all conflict between the libraries, but would also secure the judgment of men experienced in books, and knowing as well as any one can, the qualities needed in library works and the fitness of the proposed works to supply those qualities. The treasurer of Brothers and Linonia funds may and doubtless does possess the characteristics of a thorough business man, but for this very reason he may be incapacitated from the performance of a duty for which the controlling agents of a college library may be peculiarly qualified.

These, then, are the images which the iconoclast would fain destroy: The arbitrary tax of Linonia and Brothers, and the double or triple headed library with its conflicting and costly members. In their stead he would substitute a tax for the support of a new undergraduate library system and a union of all the libraries under one management, but with two departments, one more strictly undergraduate, the other composed of a more elaborate and technical class of works. These reforms must come finally. Every undergraduate will welcome their speedy advent.

H. E. K.



### SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

TO play the part of Circe in warning the undergraduate Ulysses of to-day against a modern Scylla and Charybdis, may be thought an idle task and an undue assumption of superior knowledge, especially when the dangers indicated are simply those which attend the formation and shaping of our opinions. But a college education is, after all, valuable only so far as it leads to the correction, enlargement, and proper development of these springs of action, and too great care cannot be taken to avoid everything which tends to warp or weaken them. Therefore, without purposing to propound any new or

startling theory on a question which, subject by its very importance to the continual wear of discussion, has become almost threadbare, I shall simply call attention here to the Scylla and Charybdis which threaten the progress of our opinions, and which cannot become too familiar or be too sedulously shunned.

The danger in matters of thought and opinion is, plainly and pre-eminently, one of extremes. The extreme most unpopular and most loudly declaimed against by modern Martin Luthers, is a blind submission of judgment to the molding influence of authority, and an obstinate adherence to opinions thus insecurely based. Among men of little education especially, among all very widely, prejudice and custom rule; they rule almost invariably in politics, are sometimes displayed in religion, and have even dared to deny the precise and absolute demonstrations of science.

In college, especially in the earlier part of the course, the same tendency is manifested in the undue deference paid by many to the opinions of their instructors and fellows, and thus independence of thought and action is destroyed. But the student who prides himself at all on intellectual acumen,—and the number of such is by no means small,—soon revolts from this obedience to authority, and often rushes to the other extreme of arrogance and disbelief, thus verifying Pope's proverbial line—

“ A little learning is a dangerous thing.”

The unfledged student comes to look with pride and complacency on the little knowledge he has already acquired, considers himself qualified thereby to decide for himself upon great questions, and so scorns the opinions of his elders and superiors in learning, with a cool assumption of critical capacity passing judgment upon them as if he were, forsooth, the teacher and they the learners. Thus the reaction from the influence of authority is commenced, and it is intensified by the natural arrogance and radical tendencies which especially characterize American youth.

Again, absolute freedom is the great *desideratum* of inexperienced nations and individuals, and no species of it is more madly pursued or liable to greater abuse than

freedom of thought. It is a truism that liberty easily degenerates into license, and language, in making the term "freethinkers" synonymous with "infidels," recognizes the truth of this law. But freedom of thought is a thing so desirable in itself that its apotheosis by the young enthusiast is a natural consequence. It comes to be regarded by him as the *summum bonum*, and in its name authority is rejected and individual systems are constructed which are nothing but mere hobbies and whose novelty is often their only recommendation.

This extreme, thus so often reached, displays itself in various ways. Absurd and ungrounded objections are continually brought against the faculty's system of discipline and modes of instruction, and so-called reforms are loudly and constantly called for by those who cannot, in the nature of things, properly appreciate the necessities and difficulties of college government. It is far from my intention to favor a submissive and unreasoning silence on these matters, nor is what has just been said intended to apply to all remonstrances or appeals for reform, but only to those which display at once arrogance, and ignorance of the subject in question. This same spirit of self-sufficient, unbridled speculation is shown in the extravagant theories on various subjects continually brought up in our intercourse with each other, and especially in the too prevalent habit of questioning and ridiculing the opinions advanced in our text-books or by our instructors. The studies of Senior year, as from their nature they afford the most room for exercise and diversity of opinion, most excite this mild species of skepticism. A slight acquaintance with writings of an infidel tendency arms the would-be freethinker with a feeble array of so-called arguments, which are further increased by his own ingenuity; and a lesson or a lecture which does not demonstrate the point in question with mathematical certainty, becomes the trumpet-call at which this arsenal of crudely digested doubts is opened and its contents are discharged at the heads of our learned professors. From the inherent difficulty of disproving an absurdity, or some other cause, a fancied victory is thus often gained, and great is the joy of

the doubters thereat. Thus, in various ways, we see and are, many of us, conscious of the workings of "freethinking" carried to its almost inevitable extreme.

(Of its evil effects there can be little question. It may be urged, indeed, that doubt is a valuable stimulus to the pursuit of knowledge and that all discoverers have thus been brought to achieve their victories. But the doubt which, early in life, rejects authority in matters of opinion, is too destructive and too undisciplined to produce any good results. No real advance can be made by the student who always insists upon literally going to the bottom of things; he must, in great measure, proceed upon the data which authority gives him, until the learning thus acquired has taught him *how* to doubt intelligently, and riper years have given him the discretion which, by regulating and controlling doubt, can alone render it valuable. The youthful skeptic, moreover, becomes hardened and prejudiced in his very habit of disbelief, and thus is himself chargeable with the same fault which he urges so strongly against those who blindly receive their opinions from others and as blindly adhere to them. Thus he loses candor; he acquires a mental development acute, perhaps, but distorted; he gains but little real knowledge, and sometimes ends in questioning or even denying the existence of God. Moreover, he separates himself, first in opinion and finally in fact, from his fellows; he loses his influence over them and his interest in them, and thus misses much of the genuine enjoyment of life.

Such are the dangers, immediate and threatened, of too great deference to authority on the one hand, and too great aversion to it on the other. Such is the Scylla and such the Charybdis towards one or the other of which the opinions of so many are tending, and by which their life-giving force will inevitably be swallowed up or dashed to pieces, unless the right course be soon taken. How shall we steer between them? How can be attained that "golden mean" so often spoken of and so rarely discovered? How shall this blind conservatism



and hot-headed radicalism be reconciled? He will easily escape both, who, recognizing them as extremes and realizing their dangers, cultivates candor, strives to make his thought fair and unprejudiced, and, with honest and determined purpose, labors after the truth. Milton solved the difficulty perfectly in his definition of opinion as "*knowledge in the making.*" Opinion rests upon probable evidence alone, and settled opinions, in the ordinarily received sense, are as baneful as they are anomalous, for they imply judgment on the hearing of only a part of the evidence. The material, then, must not be hardened in the prescribed mold of authority or the capricious cast of unrestricted and undisciplined thought: it must remain in the plastic condition until, shaped by careful research which neither despises nor implicitly follows authority, it is ready to be fashioned into the clear outlines and perfect form of knowledge.

W. W. P.

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## THOUGHTS.

[FROM HEINE.]

As the moon's reflection shimmers  
In the mirror storm-waves render,  
While the planet, still majestic,  
Moves in heaven-o'erarching splendour.  
So thou shin'st, beloved, above me,  
Still, majestic, only shivers  
In my heart thy mirrored likeness,  
For my inmost heart-string quivers.

Shadow kissing, shadow loving,  
Shadow living, strange to view!  
Thought'st thou fool that, all unmoving,  
All would rest forever true?  
That on which our hearts are set  
Disappears like visions deep;  
And the fond, fond hearts forget,  
And the dear eyes fall asleep.

The heat of burning summer  
Doth mantle in thy cheek,  
I find the cold of the winter  
When in thy heart I seek.  
But this will alter with thee,  
Dearest of all to me;  
Thy cheeks will pale to the winter,  
The summer within will be.

## BUTTON-HOLE TALKS.—No. VIII.

My dear Aristodemus, I am heartily glad to see you on the fence once more. It is a "mute prophecy" to me that summer is coming, while even during these days

"Fair-handed spring unbosoms every grace."

It makes me feel as I did when I used to hear the first robin of the season singing from among my father's orchard-trees. That was years ago, my dear boy, and I had more time to hear the birds sing then than I have now!—But I lounged over here to finish my cigar and tell you of a little incident I met with the other evening. I was late to supper—as is my custom, now and then, in order to endear myself to my landlady—and in consequence was late down to the post-office. While on my way back—in a melancholy mood, I may as well confess, over the fact that the venerable general delivery had given those few auburn locks, which the old man with the scythe still leaves untouched, a negative shake, instead of an affirmative nod, to my mild request for a letter—I met a fresh-faced, bright-eyed girl, who shot such a roguish look plump under my hat brim at me, that I was jogged from my abstraction and began to think that every thing wasn't cloudy so long as such cheery young creatures—such "bonnie, sweet, sonsie lasses," as Bobby Burns calls 'em—were to be seen for the looking. I had hardly finished these reflections when I met Charley Hi'-Low, steaming away down street at a great rate, and so anxious to keep something or somebody in sight ahead of him, that he never saw me at all. As you may suppose, my dear Aristodemus, I all at once became anxious to see what Hi'-Low was so interested in—for he is not usually given to much exertion, and it betokened to me something wonderful. So I wheeled about and followed the young man. As we got down to the neighborhood of Orange street I observed that Charley walked slower and that now he seemed to be watching the opposite side of the

street. Looking across the road I saw her of the bright eyes coming up, and almost immediately my young friend wheeled about and met me. This time he mumbled a subdued good-evening to me, though I detected a half-conscious look about his face which showed that he wished I were in my room, tormenting the deacon, instead of being on the street. I passed him, however, in my most indifferent manner, and almost immediately turned about and began following him again. I now noticed that Bright-eyes was showing signals of amity—delicate ones, they were, but intelligible, for all that—whereupon Hi'-Low walked with an easier air though with no less determination. Arriving at Church street Bright-eyes turned to the right, while Charley sauntered up across the green—the two managing to meet each other on Elm street. She met him in a glad way, while he greeted her as though he were pleased at the thought that nobody was looking. A clear case of Tom Brown and Patty, thought I, as I trudged Farnamward, chewing the end of my cigar ;—and may God take care of both of them! My dear Aristodemus, Bright-eyes was a “pick-up” and Hi'-Low was a gentleman ;—and yet something can be said for each. I say something can be said for each, and I am going to try to say something for the woman, whether I make a similar attempt for the man or not.—Any mention of the good society of New Haven necessarily involves the idea that the city also contains bad or poor or low (use any adjective you will) society. This latter class, however, as men talk, is outside and above the vicious and the criminal part of the population : in other words it is the middle class of the community, made up of those who are in some way dependent upon work for bread, and who, therefore, are not *in* “good society.” Now I can understand very well how a girl of this class should become acquainted with a student, without the help of a third party, and yet preserve her own self-respect. In the first place you must remember that a student, by virtue of his position as a member of the college, is a part of the good society of New Haven. The presumption always is that he is a gentleman, who has enjoyed the advantages

of study and who has a fair prospect of becoming an honorable and influential member of the community. In the second place you must remember that a girl whose father is a shopkeeper or a clerk or a mechanic is as completely shut out from all opportunities of meeting a student in the society of which he is *ex officio* a member, as if she were an inhabitant of the moon and at home. At the same time you must remember that girls of a certain age gravitate naturally toward students—not so much because they are students, probably, as because they are boys and young men of illimitable leisure and proverbial volatility. Taking the situation and the tendency together, my dear Aristodemus, and you can see how well-nigh impossible it was for Bright-eyes to resist the temptation to walk with Hi'-Low, while at the same time she thought (if she thought at all) that it was only foolish, perhaps, and not at all imprudent. She knew, to be sure, that Charley wouldn't walk with her on Chapel street; that probably if she met him under the stare of "the best" he would pass her as he would his washerwoman;—she knew, too, that her parents were ignorant of what she was about; that the public speech gave such conduct bad names;—and yet, in spite of all this, she was willing to drop the conventionalities for the fun of the thing—and more willing, perhaps, because the fun was intensified by the lack of all conventionalities. This she did, not because she was in any sense a bad girl, nor because she thought anything bad, but for the single and precise reason that she did *not* think anything bad. If she had thought that Charley were a mere loafer or villain, he would have been the last man she would have walked with;—she believed him to be a man of honor, in all serious matters, however frivolous his conduct might be at times, and she trusted him as such. But you may say, my dear Aristodemus, that many "pick-ups" are not like Bright-eyes. Well, I admit it—but the exceptions can take care of themselves. I am talking about those who are like her: girls of active minds, however uncultivated they may be; impulsive, and too often lacking parental sympathy and control; and with romantic notions of life.

My dear boy, as the showman says, "You know how it is yourself." You know that such girls as I have described are the ones who exercise a certain power of fascination over you. There is a certain submissive archness about them which is very flattering; and the absolute power you enjoy of seeing them almost whenever, and certainly in the way you choose, increases and gratifies your natural feeling of mastership. These *sub rosa* acquaintances, however, are more dangerous for Bright-eyes than for Hi'-Low. His life is full, without her; and he lives it away from and independently of her. But her life is a narrow one, at best—and this youthful Adonis (to her) fills it completely. My dear Aristodemus, it is only the old story over again: billing and cooing and silly talk: foolish expectations; a discovery of the truth and a little heartache away out of sight of other people. Not much of an incident for Hi'-Low, but a catastrophe for Bright-eyes.—My dear Aristodemus, while this old world lasts and hot blood runs in young veins, this sort of thing will go on. There is not much use in trying to argue against nature, you know. But I want you to decide this question for yourself—Is it manly to take Bright-eyes at such a disadvantage? If she felt that you were just her equal—if she would say nothing to you on back streets and in the evening unless you would speak to her in the face and eyes of all men and in the sunlight—if, in a word, you went in on your merits and not on some factitious excellence, then I should have nothing to say. But so long as all this is not so, I leave it to you as a lover of fair play and honorable dealing, whether you ought not to be careful, to say the least, in whatever acquaintance you have with her. Suppose that some curly-headed youngster were sitting down there, just now, on that lowest rail, beneath your feet;—you wouldn't feel at liberty to kick her in the face with your boots, would you? No more ought you or any other man to push Bright-eyes lower down, just because you sit on the top rail in relation to her and have the power, but, if you cannot help her higher up in a manly and noble, and therefore legitimate way, you ought to let her entirely alone. From her place she can

breathe the fresh air of the morning and catch the gold of the sunshine and see the people come and go ;—so long as you cannot or will not lift her higher, my dear boy, let her stay there in peace and purity.

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### NOTABILIA.

———We note as an item of interest the fact that the man whose son has won the class-cup of 'sixty-eight, has declined the honor. This may be the foreshadowing of the abolition of the whole custom. He has set an example which other men in his position will in all probability follow.

———That Yale has outgrown and is outgrowing some puerile customs is matter of just congratulation. But the removal of old landmarks has left the ground rather bare and there is need of something new ; something which will utilize the spare time and energy of student life. As one agent in effecting this, we suggest the formation of an amateur dramatic club. There is never a time when there are not enough good actors in the four classes to take all the parts in a first-class play. If such plays were presented, even in New Haven one of the smaller halls could be readily filled seven or eight times during the college year, and outside of the city there would be many opportunities for playing before large and appreciative audiences. Such an organization would confer many benefits upon its members, and might be made very enjoyable if proper care were taken in selecting the men who should compose it. The many shekels which would accrue to it might be divided among its members ; might be used to support various expensive luxuries like base-ball and boating ; or might be donated to the college library, in order to dexterously bribe the faculty into acquiescence in the scheme.

———Now that we have a Southworth Cup and consequently a champion of all college, would it not be a good

idea to row Harvard a yearly single-scutt race? Care would of course have to be taken in our challenge in order to give "*fair* Harvard" the impression that she would be sure to win, else we might expect a repetition of the "virtuous indignation" dodge, which she is now practicing with such beautiful dexterity in regard to the six-oared race. It is really touching to hear of her grief and pain at Yale's "dishonorable conduct" in demanding fair decisions of college regattas hereafter.

——The Senior class will be rejoiced to know that the faculty has determined to delay the printing of the Triennial Catalogue, until it can be determined who has earned a sheepskin and who has not; the former will have their names reduced to Latin and inserted in that interesting periodical. It may be proper to state that previous to 1768, the names in this catalogue were arranged according to the social rank of the student's family in the following order: first, sons of clergymen; second, sons of those holding high civil offices; third, sons of lawyers and other professional men; and finally, those who had no special family distinction. A man might be placed low down on the list as a punishment for some misdemeanor committed during his college course. William Wickham, the illustrious founder of Linonia, was the last man in his class under this system.

——It may be reckoned as no small privilege by those rooming in the middle entry of Farnam Hall, that they are sojourning upon a spot once the property of Dr. Benjamin Franklin. In course of time the college authorities purchased the ground and built thereon the President's House, which was afterwards used as an Analytical Laboratory. The President's garden ran back to where Duffee Hall now stands. Under this arrangement the occupants of North College were at all times favored with a pleasing prospect. We have no means of knowing what was raised in this garden, but it is safe to conjecture that it was "sass," like onions and pie-plant rather than fancy strawberries and watermelons.

## MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

*Our Record*

Extends from February 4 to March 16. It has been a period barren of notable events or startling incidents—unless the festive snowball can be brought under the latter category. We have had snow and rain in pleasant alternation, and the college walks, as usual, have been submerged whenever the weather would permit. The college mill has ground slowly, but it has ground exceeding small. The college clock has been pelted by ambitious youth, but it still marks the passage of time with serenity, if not with accuracy. The college fence has been sat upon, and the sound of singing has consequently been heard in the land. Tops, marbles, pennies and quoits have appeared and disappeared in the neighborhood of South College, and no man knows what will come next. Everybody knows, however, that there has been some activity in

*Boating Matters*

During the past month, at least in the way of getting ready for future operations. At a meeting, held at the President's lecture room February 8, it was decided not to take action on the Regatta Ball matter until the class of '71 gave up their class promenade in terms. The unhappy ghost of "Worcester Once More" also came up for discussion. As stated last month, Harvard required some answer to the resolution of inquiry sent down here, before making any reply to the challenge of Yale. It was finally voted that a letter should be sent to Harvard, stating in effect that the Yale Boat Club was organized for the purpose of attending to boating matters and not in order to run the *College Courant* or any other paper, and that it should continue attending to its own business. Such a letter was sent February 9. The class of '71 having definitely declared themselves in favor of the Regatta Ball, another boating meeting was held February 15, at which the measure was promptly carried through. It will take place on the evening of July 10. The only opposition to the plan came from '72, on the plea that it would prevent their having a class promenade next year. It was voted that a committee of two from each of the classes in college and from the S. S. School, together with the President of the Boat Club, should have charge of the matter. The committee is as follows: I. H. Ford, '71, chairman; C. H. Clark, Jonathan Wales, '71; F. S. Dennis,



H. S. Payson, '72; S. L. Boyce, F. S. Wicks, '73; R. S. Bussing, T. P. Wickes, '74; R. W. Davenport, G. M. Keasby, S. S. S. It is still doubtful whether there will be a race with Harvard in July. A challenge was sent under date of December 10, 1870. Under date of February 24, 1871, Mr. Ford mailed a note to Harvard, in which he reminded the H. U. B. C. of the fact that the Y. U. B. C. had as yet received no reply to its last communication (the challenge of December 10), thereby following the example of Harvard in the note sent to Yale under date of February 3, published in our last number. To this the following reply has been sent:—

“Mr. I. H. FORD, *Pres. Y. U. B. C.*,—SIR: We have been directed to notify the Yale University Boat Club that their challenge has been received, and that action will be taken upon it in a few weeks.  
Yours, very truly,

ROBERT S. RUSSELL, *Pres.*  
WINTHROP MILLER, *Sec.*

Cambridge, March 7, 1871.”

The Boston *Journal* of March 6, in speaking of this reminder, took occasion to say that Yale's demand for an immediate answer to her challenge was unprecedented. In reply to this gross misstatement, there appeared in the same paper of March 15 a note from Mr. Ford, denying that any *demand* had been made, and showing what an unfair advantage a challenged party could take, by simply refusing an answer until after a period, as in this case, unprecedentedly long, especially, as at the present time, when it was extremely uncertain whether there would be any race at all. The usual spring repairs of the boat house have not been made yet, although it is usable. The piles which the last commodore, Mr. Bone, caused to be driven about the building, probably saved it from utter destruction this spring, as the press of ice was enormous. It is a great pity that some such precautionary measure could not have altogether prevented the

### *Senior Class Troubles,*

Which broke out with renewed fury immediately after the issue of the last number of the LIT. Previous to the general explosion, however, a class meeting was held, February 11, at which it was voted to merge the class promenade in the proposed Regatta Ball. The meeting was preternaturally harmonious, but “it was only the quiet which precedes the storm.” February 13 “A Voice from '71” broke the silence, and this is what it said: “We, the undersigned, believing O. J. Bliss, our orator elect, to be highly qualified for the place, strongly condemn the

articles heretofore issued in the college publications in reference to the oratorship, and desire him to retain his position, promising to sustain him therein: N. H. Whittlesey, E. D. Coonley, F. L. Auchincloss, R. W. Archbald, W. B. Riggs, A. E. Todd, P. C. Smith, E. Cramer, J. A. Burr, Geo. R. Stelle, J. S. Sanborn, G. M. Stoeckel, J. B. Morse, Wm. D. Mills, W. H. Charnley, James Banks, F. Arnold, C. Wood, I. D. Decker, F. M. Parsons, J. A. Himes, W. M. Janes, F. C. Potter, H. W. Pope, J. W. Starr, A. W. Cooper, A. A. Moulton, Rush B. Wheeler, C. M. Swann, A. F. Hatch, Robert E. Williams, Jonathan Wales, C. H. Hamlin, C. B. Dudley, W. Townsend, A. P. Bradstreet, L. A. Sherman, C. R. Lanman, W. T. Hazard, J. Fewsmith, Theodore G. Peck, L. B. Landmesser, S. B. Jackson, James McNaughton, Fred. S. Chase, Albert Seessel, J. G. Blanding, R. P. Maynard, E. A. Wilson, Arthur Ryerson, Charles Lyman, W. S. Moody, C. S. Jelley, Wm. Morris, O'H. Darlington, John K. Howe, I. O. Woodruff, D. Hitchcock, E. B. Guthrie, J. Dana Jones, Geo. P. Wilshire, Seelye Benedict, Clarence E. Beebe, Charles Reed, J. H. Hoffecker, Frank Johnson, A. W. Curtis, W. E. Walker, J. W. Hird, Luther Fuller, A. F. Henlein, C. H. Board, C. H. Peck, B. S. Richards, Lyne Starling, Geo. C. Jewell, C. E. Steele, T. C. Sproat, E. L. Pettingill, W. E. Davidson, C. E. Cuddeback. The above list comprises all but twenty-three members of the class, and two of these are out of town." The *College Courant*, in mentioning this matter, says that the class in this way attempted to give the orator a "character." Whatever truth there may be in this opinion, the paper certainly confirms him in the possession of one of the high

### Prizes

Of the college course. Inferior honors, however, have a charm, as was shown at the prize debate of Kappa Sigma Epsilon, which took place on the evening of February 11. The question discussed was—"Is a Protective Tariff beneficial to the United States?" The speakers were—H. W. Farnam, New Haven; S. A. Souther, Worcester, Mass.; E. D. Robbins, Wethersfield; C. J. Harris, East Putnam; W. Hedges, Bridge Hampton, N. Y.; R. W. Kelley, South East, N. Y.; W. Rockwell, Bridge Hampton, N. Y.; T. R. Shepard, Dansville, N. Y.; H. B. B. Stapler, Wilmington, Del.; R. S. Bussing, Brooklyn, N. Y.; G. F. Doughty, Cincinnati, O.; J. B. Whiting, Orange, N. J.,—five taking the affirmative and seven the negative. Harris received the first prize, Shepard the second, Stapler the third and Farnam and Souther honorable mention. The committee of award consisted of Messrs. C. H. Clark,

C. D. Hine and H. E. Kinney. At morning chapel February 16 the following "prizes for English composition to members of the Sophomore class" were announced by the President: First prize—A. H. Allen, N. Y. City; R. W. Daniels, Lockport, N. Y.; S. O. Prentice, North Stonington; F. B. Tarbell, West Groton, Mass. Second prize—E. Alexander, Knoxville, Tenn.; W. Beebe, Warsaw, N. Y.; H. McK. Denslow, New Canaan; F. Palmer, Norwich. Third prize—T. A. Bent, Parkesburg, Penn.; W. A. Houghton, Holliston, Mass.; H. W. Lathe, Worcester, Mass.; E. H. Lewis, Potosi, Wis. Of these dozen prize-takers, all but two belonged to the first or highest division in scholarship, while these two (Palmer and Bent) belonged to the fourth or lowest division. The "golden-mean" men of the second and third divisions took nothing at all. Of the six subjects given out, Allen, Alexander, Denslow, Houghton, Lewis and Prentice wrote on "The effect of Roman Conquest on Roman Character;" Beebe, Bent and Lathe on "The True Policy of our Government respecting Unlimited Immigration;" and Daniels, Palmer and Tarbell on "Bismarck as a Diplomatist." The subjects on which no prizes were taken were—"The Use and Abuse of Public Speaking in the U. S.," "Literary Friendships" and "The Annexation of States without consulting the wishes of the People." March 4 the President announced that the first Senior Mathematical prize, together with a gold medal, had been given to R. P. Maynard, San Francisco, Cal.; the second to J. McNaughton, Albany, N. Y. The President, however, neglected to say anything about the

### *Junior Promenade Concert,*

Which came off at Music Hall February 15, under the charge of the committee mentioned in our last number. The music was furnished by A. Bernstein's N. Y. Orchestra and Mr. L. S. Boomer acted as floor manager. There were twenty-three dances, any number of dancers and every cup of lemonade contained the traditional strawberry. Nothing more could be expected. Beside, the concert paid for itself, which caused the Junioric heart to overflow with joy. The new-fashioned Junior Exhibition is to take place in the chapel April 4. The following gentlemen, selected according to the plan explained last month, will speak: J. H. Clendenin, Gallipolis, O.; R. E. Coe, Bloomfield, N. J.; C. C. Deming, Hartford; J. H. Hincks, Bridgeport; D. S. Holbrook, Chester, Mass.; H. W. B. Howard, Brooklyn, N. Y.; R. R. Kendall, Ridgefield; A. R. Merriam, Goshen, N. Y.; G. Richards, Bridgeport; D. J. H. Willcox, Port Richmond, N. Y. Every member of the Lit.

board for '72, who wrote, got on, viz., Coe, Deming, Hincks and Richards. The day of the speaking may fairly be reckoned as one of the

### *Holidays*

Of the term, so far as a large majority of the undergraduates are concerned. Washington's Birthday, February 22, comes under the same head—the day on which the “Father of his Country” was born and when we have only one recitation. The Day of Prayer for Colleges, February 23, is also one of the “holydays” of the term—as on that day we also are required to make but one recitation;—one recitation a day appearing to constitute the faculty's idea of a day of rest. The day was observed as follows: at 9:45 a. m. the Berkeley Association met in the north recitation room of the Cabinet building, and listened to some remarks from the Rev. Mr. Brewster;—at 11 a. m. each class had a prayer meeting,—the Seniors meeting in the hall of Linonia, where remarks were made by Prof. Northrop; the Juniors meeting in the hall of Brothers, where remarks were made by the Rev. Mr. Twichell, '59, of Hartford; the Sophomores meeting in the President's lecture room, where remarks were made by the Rev. Mr. Todd, '55; and the Freshmen meeting in the Philosophical chamber, where remarks were made by the President;—at 3 p. m. a general meeting of all the classes was held at the Philosophical chamber, where remarks were made by the President, Rev. Mr. Twichell and Profs. Day and Porter;—in the evening a meeting was held at the North church. The several meetings were very well attended, and it is to be hoped that some practical good was done;—although the

### *Mohl Library of Political Economy,*

Which has recently been secured for the college library, may perhaps be of more immediate advantage to those who are interested in economical matters. We copy from the *Nation* of February 23 the essential facts concerning this acquisition: “Yale College will have no reason to regret, and the general public only cause for congratulation, that the Rau library of Political Economy went to Ann Arbor. To the college the loss is more than replaced by a collection larger in extent and in scope—the library of Robert von Mohl, the distinguished writer on political science, for many years professor at the Universities of Heidelberg and Tübingen, and now ambassador of Baden at Munich. The library contains some 6,000 volumes, distributed, in round numbers, as follows: 1. Political Encyclopedias, 150 vols.—2. General Theory of Politics and Social Science, 500 vols.—3. Public Law of Germany,

England, France, United States, Switzerland, etc., etc., a careful selection of the principal works in this department, 1,500 vols. The Public Law of Germany is *complete*, so far as the constitution of Germany in the present century is concerned; quite sufficient for all scientific and practical purposes concerning the old German Empire and the constitution and administration of the separate German states. One rare series may be specified—the ‘Official Collection of the Proceedings of the German Diet’ (Protocolle des Deutschen Bundestages), 1817 to 1866, 1–3 vols. folio per annum, of which but 170 copies were printed, exclusively for Government use.—4. International Law, 300 vols.—5. Political Economy, in all its branches, particularly in its practical application to internal government, 2,000 vols.—6. Statistics, chiefly large official publications of different governments, 300 vols.—Important Works in Political History, in different branches of law, and a few of miscellaneous character, make up the balance of the collection.” This valuable addition to the college library will probably arrive in New Haven about the first of April. To Mr W. W. Phelps, ’60, of N. Y. city, the college is largely indebted for the means of purchasing these books. It seems that in the first place he advanced the necessary funds for the purchase of the Rau collection. That project falling through, he gives the same amount of money toward the procurement of the Mohl collection, with some prospect of increasing it; while, for the present, the balance is advanced by other gentlemen, whose names we are not at liberty to mention. The Mohl library cost nearly twice as much as the Rau library, and its possession will undoubtedly form matter of congratulation at all the

### *Yale Alumni Meetings*

Held for a long time to come. Probably it added to the enthusiasm proverbially existing in the Yale Alumni Association of Boston, which held its annual meeting, February 28, at the residence of the Hon. Dwight Foster, ’48, No. 18 Chestnut street. Nearly one hundred graduates were present. The faculty were represented by Prof. Hadley. The evening was passed in a social way, the only business attended to being the election of officers. Of these, the Hon. Mr. Foster is President and C. Eustis Hubbard, ’62, Secretary and Treasurer. The association numbers one hundred and fifty members. The N. Y. Alumni association held their annual meeting at the residence of the Hon. Wm. M. Evarts, 231 Second avenue, corner of 14th street, on the evening of March 15. About two hundred in all were present. Among these were members of almost every class which has graduated for the last

thirty years; Profs. Brewer, Lyman, Marsh, Silliman, Thacher and Whitney, of the faculty, and many distinguished graduates of other colleges. The evening was chiefly given up to social intercourse, although some informal speaking took place in the latter part. The matter of contributing moneys for the construction of a new dormitory at Yale was mentioned, but no definite action was taken. The great need, however, of a

### *Yale Divinity School Chapel,*

For the purpose of bringing some religious influence to bear upon the Theologues, has led Frederick Marquand of Southport, Conn., to present about \$22,000 to the school for the purpose of erecting such a chapel. This is to be put up on Elm street, and the ground for it has already been broken. It is to seat some two or three hundred people, and is expected to be finished as early as next September. It will be serviceable not only for religious services but also for lecture purposes, although it will probably never be used for

### *Town Shows,*

Unless the theological mind seeks out for itself a new wickedness. These shows, for the month, have been of the "to-be-continued" order. February 6 the eighth annual masquerade ball of the D. Y. W. Y. K. Club came off at Music Hall, with all the usual accompaniments. February 7 the Fakir of Ava, aided by the memorable Whiston, began a run of five nights. The show was a very present-able one. The promenade of the Grays took place February 16. "Waiting for the Verdict" was repeated February 18. February 20 "The Drummer Boy; or, the Battle Field of Shiloh," began a run of *only* six nights. February 27 the Fakir of Vishnu (no relation of the other Fakir), aided by the great Sig. Pliny Horlando Briggs, began a show of "tricks that are vain," keeping it up for six nights. March 1 a grand miscellaneous concert was given at the Chapel street church. March 6 John Murray played "Rip Van Winkle," and on the following evening he appeared as "Philip Nolan" in "Treason; or, the Man without a Country." March 8 Elwood and Mad. Rentz's Female Minstrels exhibited their tights and spangles. March 9 and 10 the Ravel Martinetti troupe entertained the public with gymnastic and pantomimic feats. March 11 John E. Owens played "Henry Dove" in Buckstone's comedy of "Married Life" and repeated his inimitable "Solon Shingle." March 13 John B. Gough gave a lecture in aid of the Bethany Mission, and, as usual, his

*Trifles*

Drew a full house.—Prof. Porter preached in the chapel on the morning of February 5, and Prof. Hoppin in the afternoon. February 12 Rev. E. P. Parker of Hartford preached both morning and afternoon. February 19 Prof. Dwight preached in the morning, and Rev. John Taylor, Jr., in the afternoon;—this latter gentleman repeating the sermon he delivered at the North church in the morning, to the no small edification of those who attended the morning service of that church. February 26 the President preached in the morning, and the Rev. Mr. Murdock in the afternoon. March 5 the President preached in the morning, and Prof. Porter in the afternoon. March 12 Prof. Day preached in the morning, and Prof. Hoppin in the afternoon.—The Rev. Mr. Hovey, of the American Christian Union, addressed the Yale Missionary Society at the President's lecture room, February 5, on the missionary work in Mexico.—J. W. Partridge, '67, was ordained, at the Centre church, February 6, as Pastor of the Davenport Congregational church of this city.—A second masquerade party was held in Brothers hall February 8—the last, probably, as the ceiling of the room beneath has begun to crack. February 25 disguisements and dominos likewise concealed friend from foe at the hall of Delta Kappa.—The bodies of the President's daughters arrived in town February 10. They were buried the next day, Dr. Daggett and Prof. Porter conducting the exercises.—Several meetings of the N. H. Teachers' Institute have lately been held at the hall of the S. S. S. Prof. Thacher spoke at the one held February 10, and Prof. Brewer at the one held February 17.—February 13 one Barzillai Banks, whose name appears in the catalogue of 1869–70 as a medical student, was sent up for sixty days and fined \$25 for borrowing money on false pretenses. He said he wanted to go to Harrisburg, but instead he went “where the woodbine twineth.”—Some of Dr. Stoeckel's pupils gave a private concert at the Dr.'s residence, February 13, at which Messrs. Benedict, Lanman, Smith and Stoeckel, '71, and Mr. Wickes, '74, sung.—February 15 the summer term of the Law school began, with some new members. Several Seniors belong to the school.—C. P. Smith, '72, entertained about fifty invited classmates at Germania hall February 18. Everything was provided for a good time.—February 21 the President advised the second division of the Senior class to be vaccinated. Hence the items about small pox at Yale.—The Chemistry annual came off February 21. The standard answer was: Tetrathionic acid  $S_2H_4O_6$ . Prof. A. W. Wright was a very pleasant instructor, and a very capable one, too.—Washington's Birthday was celebrated at 140 Farnam by blowing off a heavy column of steam, from the steam-coil, out of the win-



dow. A neat and expressive token of respect!—The odor which permeated Farnam during the last week of February, owing to oil in the new boiler, was delightful. It was so attractive that many of the inhabitants were unable to leave their rooms.—February 22 the Freshmen came out with bangers. No rush.—The medical lectures to the Senior class began February 27. The class behave like gentlemen. Dr. Sanford has issued a very neat scheme of the lectures.—The death of Walter Brown, the celebrated oarsman, who trained the Yale crew last year, was heard of in college March 4.—The New Haven papers said that a student was arrested at Music Hall March 6. It was an interesting item, but untrue.—The great pencil presentation at C. C. Chatfield's book store began March 11.—J. F. Chase, '73, has opened a jewelry establishment at 67 North Middle.—March 13 Prof. Thacher suggested to some Seniors, who were singing on the fence after medical lecture, that songs were not in order during study hours!—The fellows joined in the salute fired by the great unwashed on the green, March 15, in honor of the New Hampshire election, with the irrepressible and sonorous horn.—We stated last month that six of the older professors acted as pall-bearers at the burial service of Dr. Fitch. There were four professors, Messrs. Day, Hoppin, Porter and Thacher, and two clergymen.—Prof. Trowbridge's address, on entering upon his duties at the S. S. S., has been issued in pamphlet form.—Some Stamford exiles have been making too much noise for that sequestered spot.—Profs. Brewer and Thacher and Instructors Bail and Bailey attended a Teachers' Institute held at Wallingford, March 9–11.—Francis E. Kernochan, '61, of N. Y., has recently presented to the Art Gallery a copy of Domenichino's masterpiece, "The Last Sacrament of St. Jerome."—Dr. Bacon lectured in Providence March 5.—The Freshmen have voted to hold a class supper sometime during commencement week. Foolish boys!—Dr. Stoeckel's friends gave him a birthday call March 9.—Mr. Dexter told the Juniors something about the contents and arrangement of the college library March 16.—The "University Society," a conglomerate formed from the remains of Brothers and Linonia, is quite prosperous these days, as a debating club.—The Doles, *pere et fils*, are giving boxing lessons at the Gymnasium, nowadays. They are quite popular with the fellows, and it has been suggested that the father would make a good successor to the great "Prof." Welch.—Prof. Hadley gave the first of his twelve lectures on Roman Law at Harvard February 14. He was absent about a month.—Phi Theta Xi went to Milford in the "Nightingale" February 13.—Messrs. W. E. Davidson, S. B. Jackson, W. B. Riggs, '71, F. S. Dennis, G. S. Spalding, '72,



C. D. Ashley, H. B. Frissell, '73, T. P. Wickes and J. S. Wood, '74, acted as a committee to draw up resolutions expressive of the regret felt by Yalensian graduates of Philips Academy at the death of Dr. S. H. Taylor.—Owing to the illness of Prof. Daniel C. Eaton the Senior class have no lectures in Botany this term. In other respects the scheme of studies, as given last month, is carried out.—The peelers, during the season, hauled up two or three fellows for throwing snowballs. It cost them the costs.—Dr. Harwood at Trinity church and Prof. Gilman at the S. S. S. have been competing with one another in a course of Sunday evening lectures.—Juvenal succeeded Plautus with the Sophomores about the middle of February.—February 28 Prof. Fisher began a series of lectures on "The Reformation" before the Lowell Institute of Boston.—The *Nation* says that President Woolsey ought to have been a member of the Alabama claims commission.—G. M. Gunn is captain of the '74 boat club, in place of R. S. Bussing, resigned—Frank Wright, brother of Carter Wright, is now the North college sweep.—The Juniors are doing a heavy business in the telegraph line. Wires now connect or are to connect 60 and 64 South Middle, 85 and 88 North Middle, 112, 120 and 123 North and 159 and 170 Farnam.—Prof. Packard's health has improved since he went south.—The annual convention of the Theta Xi society was held with the Beta chapter of the Scientific School, February 23 and 24, winding up with a supper at the Tremont House on the evening of the latter day.

#### S. S. S. MEMORABILIA.

##### *The Annual Meeting of State Visitors*

Took place on the afternoon of March 13th at the Governor's room in the State House. The progress of the School for the past year and its prospects at present were set forth, and it appears that everything betokens improvement and success. Already \$125,000 have been subscribed, as the result chiefly of the late endowment movement; the object and scope of the system of instruction is becoming more generally known; visitors are frequently at the School to learn more of its detailed workings; and the time for its establishment upon a yet firmer basis seems near at hand. Upon the adjournment of the meeting the gentlemen of the Board paid their usual visit of inspection to the School. The chief interest of the month seems to be centered about the various

*Lecture Courses*

That are being carried forward. Under the auspices of the Young Men's Institute of Hartford a course of eight lectures has been announced in that city by Profs. Brewer, Trowbridge, Lyman, Verrill, Eaton and Gilman and Messrs. Lounsbury and Smith. They are in the main repetitions of the lectures delivered by these gentlemen before the Mechanics here this winter, and at those of Profs. Brewer and Trowbridge, which have already been given, large audiences were present, Allyn Hall being well filled. The Mechanics' lectures, modified by the substitution of a lecture by Prof. Barker on "The Polarization of Light" in place of one to have been given by Prof. Gilman, have been eminently successful. Every evening the hall has been more than filled and on nearly all occasions the practicability of closing at 9 o'clock, as was announced on the schedules, has been vetoed by the interest of the audience. The means of illustrating the lectures by casting photographs on the screens, &c. have been more complete than ever before, and the apparatus of the School, whenever desirable, has been freely used. The Sunday evening lectures are also continued. Prof. Gilman is now in the midst of a series on "The Modern Worthies of Oxford University." To sporting men, however, such things as lectures are the most trifling

*Items*

Compared with the fact that the boating interest is being awakened and that base ball, small as our numbers are has its votaries here.—A meeting of the boat club was called on Friday, March 17, for the purpose of raising money for the expenses of the coming season.—By the establishment of the new course of study a new word has come into use, namely, "Medics," and the individuals bearing this euphonious title may be seen not infrequently prowling about butchers' shops after blood for analysis, or in a variety of other equally interesting and instructive places.—A new melodeon has been placed in one of the lecture rooms to assist in the development of musical talent.—On Wednesday eve, March 8, Prof. Gilman addressed the Educational Meeting at Trenton, N. J.—Profs. Brewer and Bail were present and gave addresses at a Teachers' Institute, March 3 and 4, at Glastonbury, Conn.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

*Books Received.*

*The Young Pioneers of the North-west.* By Dr. C. H. Pearson. Lee & Shepard: Boston.

*Birth and Education.* By Marie Sophie Schwartz. A translation from the Swedish. Lee & Shepard: Boston. An excellent work.

*First Lessons in Composition.* By John S. Hart. Eldridge & Bro.: Phila. A book which ought to be introduced into every school. The *practice* of composition is fully explained and in a thorough and entertaining manner.

*The Kindergarten.* By Dr. A. Douai: E. Steiger: N. Y.

PAMPHLETS:—*Iowa, the Home for Immigrants. The Relations between the University and our High Schools. A Sermon on Sin.* By Rev. W. H. H. Murray, (especially designed for the Chairman of the Board.) *An American University:* a preliminary report. This pamphlet ably discusses a question of special interest to us. Suggestions are cordially invited by J. W. Hoyt, Madison, Wis. *Catalogue of the Psi Upsilon Fraternity.* This a beautiful book. It reflects great credit upon the committee and the printers. For the members of the Fraternity, it will be a useful and ornamental reminder of college days.

We have some specimens of engraved invitations from Tiffney & Co., N. Y. They are perfect of their kind, and we would suggest to committees the propriety of examining the work of this firm.

*Italy.* From the French of H. Taine. By J. Durand. Leypoldt & Holt: New York.

When M. Taine was appointed to a professor's chair in the School of Fine Arts, he made a short journey into Italy in order to better fit himself for his position: this book is the result. The author's remarks on the Italian people and their relations with each other, with the government, and with the church, abundantly proves the closeness of his observation and the acuteness of his intellect. Indeed, I hardly know with whom one would sooner travel than with M. Taine. But it is as a critic that he is especially worthy of praise. His style is always vigorous and self-asserting though marked, perhaps, by too little of repose. His descriptions, whether of painting, sculpture, or scenery, are vivid and sensuous. He sees nothing which he can not describe, he feels nothing which he can not express; and that too in the fewest and choicest possible words. Starting out with the assertion that "great artists everywhere are the heralds and interpreters of their communities," he studies the art of Italy and of Greece from their history. For this task he is eminently fitted by his wide and accurate historical knowledge, and the process is no less interesting than the method is just and faithful. His delineations of mediaeval Italian society—notably that of Venice—are masterpieces of vivid portraiture and condensed statement; while his remarks on the philosophy of art, dropped here and there in describing the works those times have left us, bear the stamp of authority.

Great praise is due the publishers for this cheaper though neat edition of a book so worthy of the widest circulation. Many of us are buying books every few weeks: let this one not be forgotten. I know our opportunities for cultivation in art are small, but even those we have are too little appreciated. I venture to assert that half of us do not visit the art-gallery oftener than once a year, if at all. Forsooth, we have no time. That natural hurry, which drives us to skim over books without reflection, to legislate without consideration, and which will not spare us a few moments to drink in the exquisite beauty of an Autumn sunset, is seldom moderated even by the culture of a college course and leaves us no time to visit the art-gallery at our doors.

*Across America and Asia.* By Raphael Pumpelly. Leypoldt & Holt: New York.

This book of travels, written by a Harvard professor, is published in the same style and sold at the same price as "Taine's Italy." It is an account of a journey, made in the years 1860-65, across the plains to Japan and China and thence, through Siberia, to Russia. The author occupied an official position under the Japanese and Chinese governments, and the opportunities for observation which he thus enjoyed have been well improved. The style of his book is excellent, and its matter entertaining and instructive far beyond most of its class.

The Editors haven't rehearsed all the songs sent them this month, but are confident they are good. We wish it understood, however, that we *can* sing them in a ravishing manner.

i The varioloid which "has entered Yale," according to the *Harvard Advocate*, was a case of first-class measles.

We see a new Board of Editors assumes charge of the *Advocate*. We wish them great success and hope they will make as lively and entertaining a paper as their predecessors.

The *Yale Courant* has of late kindly published articles rejected by the LIT.

The *Book Worm* may be said to be an awful "borer."

The *Jarvis Hall Record*, like some girls, doesn't look very pretty but is very intelligent.

The *Brunonian* says: "It (the LIT.) is one of the best edited, and by far the neatest looking of all our college magazines," and afterwards makes the cheerful charge of "cheek and insolence," for all of which we may be truly thankful.

The *Union Literary Magazine* copies an article from the LIT. without giving credit.

The *Pantograph* has a highly suggestive name. Its editors are mostly of the feminine gender.

The *Williams Review* looks like a primer for a Sunday School. An unintelligible editorial tries to be funny, but "there's a plentiful lack of wit."

The *Acorn* says that one of its articles was written by a precocious youth of ten years old. The whole *Acorn* bears marks of extreme adolescence.

The *College Review* for February whips up more than its usual amount of flapdoodle: that is, if it is possible to exceed its previous brilliant attempts. The LIT. is noticed in the following elegant manner:

TRUTH OFTEN SPOKEN IN JEST.

"We must decline to exchange with the 'Child at Home.' No one of the *corps* has a 'child at home,' as yet, and the periodical in question is therefore useless to us."—*Yale Literary for February*.

Very likely! If the "*Corps*" have any children—literary or otherwise—they are undoubtedly fatherless bantlings foisted upon some foundling hospital, and ignored by those whose duty it is to be their protectors morally, if not legally!

Considering the high moral character of the *Review*, its reproof of the *Chronicle* for profanity is refreshing.

The *Harvard Advocate* has a two column explosion on "Boating Matters." The principal matter with boating seemed to be that "the course pursued by Yale last summer had not been forgotten." This stretch of memory on the part of Harvard undergraduates is highly commendable and indicative of a truly Christian spirit under the rasping of "Worcester Once More." The letter given in the MEMORABILIA is also a specimen of the fairness and elegant manners which prevail among these injured innocents. The whole trouble lies in the fact, that Harvard is unwilling to acknowledge that *possibly* there

may be two sides to this question. We have neither space nor inclination to rehearse what we believe to be the facts; the sentiment of Yale has been fully and freely expressed in this and other periodicals. But we are certain that there is a real desire on the part of Yale men to have a race; that they are willing to meet Harvard half way in any fair and reasonable plan; and that they will let bygones be bygones, unless Harvard shows a disposition to put on too many of those asinine airs for which she is noted. Meanwhile we await the answer of Harvard with curiosity; they have "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" up there, and the closeness of the vote (thirty-eight to thirty-five) by which they determined upon so civil a letter as that in the *MEMORABILIA* is not very encouraging. We shall survive a month or two if they decline to row.

The petition assiduously circulated and generally signed in the class of '71, seems to have allayed the unhealthy sensations which the class had been experiencing, and the era of general good feeling and universal peace has dawned. There is fortunately nothing more to quarrel over; that is, nothing which would occur to an ordinary mind. But we must take into account the "vast possibilities of our nature" and not be too much elated at the present unnatural quiet.

In view of the small number who aspire to the ministry, a distinguished theological Professor recently made the remark that "it was one of the darkest pages in the history of the college *for the ministry*." This has at length been twisted into the statement that the class was a "blot on the pages of Yale." We do not propose to argue the point, since it would be simply "beating the air" to repel a charge that has never been made. But it may not be improper to state, that as the time approaches for decision many are giving the claims of the ministry careful consideration and the class will no doubt turn out its full quota of ministers.

The class has also been accused of "imbecility." No specifications are given and no special notice need be taken of the insinuation. But we are unwilling that such a report should ramble over the country, appearing in one paper and then in another, without uttering our emphatic protest against such a misrepresentation. The *Yale Courant* has thus happily stated the case:—"That the class of '71 is so exceptionably fortunate as to be entirely free from those who have the unhappy faculty of 'making fools of themselves' in various ways, is hardly conceivable and is undeniably disproved by facts. But that it should be made responsible for the foolish words or actions of such individuals, is as unjust as that all or any of the classes at Harvard should be included under a sweeping charge of barbarism, because of the recent 'powder plot.' Nor are intriguing and wirepulling, for which '71 has become notorious, usually considered in the outside world as evidences of imbecility. Now it may be eminently proper to regard the world,—Boston and Harvard College of course excepted,—as an aggregation of imbeciles, differing only in the degrees of remove from absolute and hopeless idiocy. But judging by ordinary standards, the record of '71 in literature, in scholarship, and in everything where brains or pluck can tell, is a sufficient answer to this absurd charge.

"In a word, this class has well-nigh reached the period of its departure from college without meriting, or, in fact, receiving so serious an imputation as that of being "a moral blot upon the fair records of Yale," and it can well afford to leave the question of its "imbecility" to be decided by its own history in the past and the future. Let us hear no more of either."

C. D. H.



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# THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '71.

CHARLES D. HINE,

WATSON R. SPERRY,

ALFRED B. MASON,

GEORGE A. STRONG,

EDWIN F. SWEET.

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## TAKING ACCOUNT OF STOCK.

I PRESUME that nothing is more common among the members of a class, soon to graduate from college, than a feeling of disappointment at the absence of those results they had expected to attain from a college course. If the four years of that course have been squandered, disappointment and even remorse are natural and well-timed. For "golden opportunities," misimproved, constitute the sole occasion for remorse. "Opportunity," said an Arab sage, "is a steed that must be caught and ridden without saddle or bridle." Dallying with her is as dangerous as it is foolish.

But whosoever can look back over four years of college life, well spent, should have—can have no good reason to feel disappointed. And yet, I doubt not, he is often conscious of such a feeling. But it is because he has expected too much from a collegiate education. I think, however, that such disappointment can be shown to be both unnecessary and unreasonable.

In making a brief attempt to do this, I shall proceed, of course, on the hypothesis that we have improved our time.



Few, it is true, have done this absolutely as well as they might, but many have made honest and unremitting efforts to do so, and have succeeded in making as good use of their privileges here, as the greater part of mankind make of any that fall to their lot.

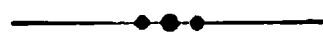
And now that we pause for a moment to "take account of stock," before we commence our various life-works, can we find ourselves in possession of anything that is really an adequate and satisfactory return for our time and labor? If we cherished the expectation of finding ourselves, at the end of four years spent in college, prodigies in any particular direction, we are inevitably, yet very naturally, disappointed. If we even expected to be at our graduation, of any immediate use, save to a very limited extent, in any of the customary avocations of life, we are again disappointed, and it is no wonder that we are. A contrary state of affairs could only result from the discipline we have had, on the supposition that a college was a machine, in which, as is sometimes the case in the mechanical arts, the raw material is put in at one end—the finished product, in all its possible perfection comes out at the other. The finished human product is only seen, if at all, at the end of life. No! we must look for humbler and more reasonable effects of our college course, and these we shall surely find. Time, honestly employed in college, has not been wasted, but has yielded us solid advantages—healthy blossoms, that shall in due time give place to the rich fruit of fortune and fame. The fruit would be abnormal and unhealthy, did it appear in early spring, upon the bare twigs. It was as unreasonable to expect it, if we fell into that mistake, as it is for us now to despair (when we can find only blossoms) of ever enjoying the fruit they invariably precede and predict.

If I were called upon to state as briefly as I could what I deemed the advantages that a college course, suitably improved, affords, I should answer; "Valuable habits." I do not conceive that we *can* gain *much* else directly from our course; and any one should be disposed, it seems to me, to be fully content, if he has gained these. I refer, of

course, solely to the mental advantages. I do not mean to depreciate the benefits to be gained from college in a social point of view, for I regard these as both numerous and important. Nor do I have any desire to intimate that we have not gained much *actual* knowledge that will henceforth be of great practical value to us; but the grand value of a collegiate education is to be found in the habits to which it gives rise. If we have acquired habits of industry, of method, of ingenious and critical investigation, of perseverance, and others which the various studies of the curriculum are calculated to develop and foster, we are entering upon life with that which is so much ready capital, and more than ready capital, in that it cannot be lost to us by unforeseen accident, and because it will carry us to heights that money alone can never command. Though we may be utterly ignorant of the details of business, though the most elementary axioms of all professions may be unknown to us, we possess the foundations upon which may be reared the noble superstructure of SUCCESS, in any of these departments of life.

Life is before us. We all have individual objects of ambition. A resolute will and a suitable use of the habits of mind with which we start forth, will in due time place those objects, distant and dim though they may now seem, while viewed through the mists of despondency and years, within our grasp, and make fortune herself our slave.

G. A. S.



## PRESENTATION DAY.

PRESENTATION Day is the oldest institution at Yale. In the very infancy of the "collegiate school" it was customary for a member of the graduating class after its final examination, to address the faculty in a Latin speech which was occasionally responded to by one of that body in English. Pres. Dwight, when a tutor (1776), performed this office and so much to the satisfaction of his hearers

that his response was printed, as also one by J. Stebbins in 1796,—a high honor in those days. Though the Latin address by the class orator was uniformly delivered the response was neglected with a few straggling exceptions. “No man,” says an old record “was found so hardy as by delivering it, to delay for an hour the subsequent exercises,” viz.; the making and drinking “of a huge bowl of punch.” This old usage of a Latin speech by a Senior at last went the way of all things; but just *when*, it is, perhaps, impossible to say, but probably near the close of the last century. The one in 1796 was, possibly, the last. It had, however, a sort of successor in a “poem” delivered privately before the Seniors by one of their number, in a room in town procured for the purpose. This gathering and its proceedings were not always of the most reputable nature and was voted a nuisance by the authorities, who purified the custom, however, by making it public, adding the present valedictory oration and uniting the occasion with “*Presentation*” proper; which takes its name from the ceremony (discontinued four or five years ago) of the *Presentation* of those who have passed the examinations for degrees to the corporation, recommending them for their “sheepskins.”\* This performance was preceded by the entrance of the candidates, led by the senior tutor, who, standing in front of the pulpit, read their names aloud and handed the list, signed in due form, to the President. This proceeding was especially interesting as it was the first intelligence to each member of the class that he had “passed.”† Then followed the presentation speech by the chairman of the board of examiners (formerly Prof. Kingsley and afterwards Prof. Thacher), who stood usually half-way up the pulpit steps. The class then arose and the President replied to the presentation

\* This ceremony, which for nearly half a century has taken place in the College Chapel, was formerly conducted in the great “Commons” hall—now the “Philosophical Chamber” of the “Cabinet” and in still earlier times transpired in the library—a room over the old chapel—the present Athenæum. The exercises commenced formerly at noon, now at 10 A.M.

† Discontinued in 1861.

address in behalf of the corporation, of which he is the presiding officer. His oration was usually brief. He congratulated the faculty in having so successfully brought through another class, transforming them from "*pueri et rudes inculti*" to the proud "*juvenes eximii*" they then were; but his remarks were particularly addressed to the incipient alumni. All these exercises were conducted in Latin. The "Valedictory poem and oration"\* and "parting hymn"† have, in modern times, closed the programme. The President's Latin speech is the only portion of the time-honored *presentation* exercises which this "practical age" has left us. Could not the whole ceremony be revived with advantage?

Then follows the faculty's entertainment, of cold meat and lemonade, which, previous to the erection of Alumni Hall in 1853, took place in the "Cabinet building" immediately succeeding the presentation, which was formerly held at the same place. Until forty years ago or so, this was *the* college festival of the year. The faculty and a few of the graduates assembled in the large dining hall of "Commons" to honor the "newly fledged" and to enjoy the Latin speeches as well as (though *perhaps* not) the elaborate dinner,—not the present "collation,"—which followed from the kitchen below. The late Prof. Silliman said that "after the presentation of his class (1796) the great 'College punch bowl' was brought in and carried to the President and after he had partaken it was passed around to the other officers and to the students who were present." [LIT. XVI, 326.] This sacred punch bowl was carefully preserved by the "Steward," and afterwards by the President, on his closet shelf, and brought out only on great occasions. Its advent was the signal for the "feast of reason" which ensued from the faculty and graduates present. One or two of the graduating class

\* Printed since 1833. The typography of this first issue is very curious. The custom as it now exists dates back to 1823 or 1824.

† The earliest printed copy of these farewell songs which we have seen was of 1830. They have since 1856 been composed to the air of "Auld Lang Syne."

were also called upon to speak. It is related of Judge Blackman, of this city, that, at the presentation dinner given to his class (1828) being called upon to reply to some toast, he remarked of Prof. Silliman, Sr., who had in one of his lectures spoken slightly of Scotch names, and instancing *Blackman*, that if a black-man could be a white man then surely a Silli-man could be a great philosopher! Whereupon Prof. S. sent him a bottle of wine, the "President's punch bowl"\* having long since been exhausted. At a presentation dinner during Pres. Stiles's administration, as a gentleman passed to that worthy a glass of punch, it accidentally slipped from their hands and fell to the floor. The President, raising his right hand and assuming an attitude of the utmost dignity, repeated with all possible gravity the Latin quotation, "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

The present generation cannot well realize the extent to which drinking habits prevailed everywhere before the temperance reform of the last thirty years. When prayers and recitation by candlelight preceded breakfast, the use of spirituous liquors was almost universal. A dram-shop south of the "laboratory"—formerly "Old Commons Hall"—and adjoining the large wood-yard, enjoyed a liberal patronage. Commencements and Presentation Days as well as Christmas with its "calliathumps"† were seasons of noisy mirth. The students

\* In connection with the "President's punch bowl," the following item may be of interest: "In excavating for a foundation to the new Farnam Hall, on the ground formerly occupied by the old President's house, the workmen came across four bottles of old mulberry wine, etc."—*N. H. Lever*, 19 July, 1869.

† Christmas, though ignored of course by our puritan fathers, was duly celebrated after a fashion by undergraduates. Their nocturnal "calliathumps" made it a "merry" season indeed—in fact almost riotous. The faculty after vain attempts to put an end to the disturbances accomplished their removal by instituting the "Christmas Vacation." "Calliathumps," however, have taken place since that time. "It was the custom," so says an old account, "to assemble at some late hour of the night in the gymnasium—the usual place for meetings of the sort—armed with horns, drums, pans, pails, kettles, clubs, etc., and thence, having chosen a leader, to sally forth to the revel, making melody of various characters to the infinite annoyance of

and faculty kept open doors. Popular instructors, says a graduate of '19, were sometimes the recipients of side-boards from their admiring pupils. The evil was still greater in earlier years and many attempts were made on the part of the trustees to put a stop to the disorders, e. g. there is a record in the college archives of 1746 of a decree that there should be "no kind of public treat but on Commencement, quarter-days and *the day on which the Valedictory Oration was pronounced*; and on that day the Seniors may provide and give away a barrel of metheglin and nothing more." But in 1760 it appears that the trouble was still unabated, for the graduating class, "having as usual provided a pipe of wine and large quantities of rum, in the payment of which each one was forced to join, the public exercises were suspended by order of the corporation."

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The annual transmission of the "bully club," the heirloom of unnumbered college generations, with appropriate ceremonies, occupied the latter portion of the afternoon in old times, and gave place, at the death of that oldest of student customs in 1841, to a social gathering of the graduating class under the elms in front of South Middle, where they passed the remainder of the afternoon in having a last "good time." The exercises were until of late years of an informal character and consisted merely in singing, smoking, joking and reminiscences of by-gone days; and after bidding good-bye to each other, crowding the chapel galleries at evening prayers,—students no longer—to *look down* on the college world and the places which will know them no more, and to see the awkward obeisance of their successors. These P. M. exercises of Presentation Day have always preserved

the slumbering citizens and disturbance of the watchmen, with whom a collision not unfrequently took place, and sometimes a broken head resulted from the fray. \* \* \* The shouts and wild huzza, the winding of a dozen horns and the discord of nameless instruments rung out on the cold clear night. \* \* \* The band hurried from corner to corner, dexterously dividing and suddenly rejoining in some distant street, far from the search of the pursuers, etc."

more or less of the character of a farewell jubilee. The wits and story-tellers of the class gradually became "class historians," though their histories were often only extempore speeches and ludicrous narratives. Catlin, '56, is the first regular historian of whom we can learn. His history was unwritten. During the last twelve years six classes have had four historians and the other six only three, the smaller number being more popular of late years. Letters from the absent "premature" graduates and speeches from those present, have been usual, for the last five years at least. "Long clay pipes" are mentioned in a LIT. of '51 as an old custom. Songs for the occasion have been written and printed since 1849. In 1860 a band was introduced to intersperse the singing and reading. The circle on the green broke up with a last song and the farewell. Few who have seen these partings can ever forget them. The class form two concentric circles which move in opposite directions, and thus each one shakes hands and says good-by to every classmate. This is the last meeting of the whole class there will ever be. Triennial and its silver cup, and Decennial and the later reunions will not bring together much more than a majority of the class. This leave-taking was postponed by '68 until after the visit to the faculty, and '69 made a further change by transferring the "scene," for the sake of privacy, to Alumni Hall. '70's committee managed, in violation of a vote of the class, to omit it altogether. '52 started the ivy custom\* which follows the exercises on the green, and '60 had the first "ivy ode," which has been usually written by the poet of the day, by whom the vine is always planted. Saluting the college buildings and tramping through every entry succeeds the planting

\* '52 planted their ivy at the foot of the southern tower of the library (front). But it soon perished because of its southern location exposing it to great alternations of temperature every twenty-four hours. This year and several following, each member of the class contributed a handful of dirt to the roots. This very poetical but also fatal proceeding went out of vogue ten years since, the "ivy ode" filling its place. All succeeding classes have planted their ivies beside the library and since 1858 have carved their names in the stone near by.



of the ivy. This usage, as well as that of serenading the President and Professors, is recorded as early as '52. For many years it has been the practice for each of the three under classes, with uncovered heads, to greet with cheers the outgoing class (which responds) as it comes through the last entry of the last college—"Old South." For the past few years, however, South has been visited first. For some years there was a "musical director" to lead the singing, but latterly the histories have rather overshadowed this feature as well as others.

Notwithstanding these many changes, Presentation Day has remained of essentially the same character for a score and more of years. Yale differs from other colleges in the name as in the nature of its class day. Elsewhere the exercises are more numerous, formal and elaborate,—more like a college exhibition, and apparently intended as much for the pleasure of outsiders as of those who "meet to part."

The only thing which has changed the afternoon exercises has been the increased attendance of ladies and others who were naturally desirous of hearing the histories and songs and seeing the jollification of their student acquaintances. Their presence, as in other college customs, has had an influence to change the jubilee nature of the occasion. The more of an audience there is, the more of restraint will there be. If this part of the exercises of Presentation Day is ever discontinued, it will be because undergraduates forget or ignore its *raison d'être* and attempt to make it what it can never be—a display for the public benefit.

An effort has been made of late years to abolish the hand shaking, on the ground that the emotion displayed was apt to be artificial. But '69 and '70 hesitated to kill an old Yale custom, the only evils of which—its publicity and obligatory nature,—have now been avoided.

The next change in Presentation Day will be, perhaps, to abolish the office of poet. It is a universal American custom, to be sure, but that is no reason why Yale should not lead the way in its abolition. It is almost impossible



to have anything in the way of real poetry. If it is desirable to have public "poems," would it not be better to have them made the reward of competition, as in the English universities. It would certainly improve their quality. A class vote is not the most equitable way of honoring or developing anything like genuine poetry. The oration and other exercises would be benefitted, we think, rather than otherwise, by the divorce. How would it do to substitute a humorous poem for one of the P. M. histories?

A.



## MEMORY.

A grassy vale within a desert plain,  
A gushing fountain, pouring out a rain  
Of summer showers,  
A mystic circle, holding in its bands  
An eager crowd, who bore in outstretched hands  
Old faded flowers.

This much I saw, and yearning then to know  
What strange enchantment o'er their souls did throw  
Such fascination,  
I asked one stranger, as he hurried by,  
To linger near me and inform me why  
This agitation.

And he replied, "The waters which you see;  
Sprung from the crystal fount of memory  
Take these directions;  
The shrivelled flowers these hurrying people bear,  
Bathed in these streams, distil upon the air  
Life's recollections."

He passed away, when, wond'ring I drew near,  
And watched the ripples of the streamlet clear  
Their course pursuing;  
My senses revelled in the odors rife,  
Exhaled from flow'rets blooming into life,  
Their youth renewing.

There came a lovely maiden to the place,  
Whose golden locks half hid her blushing face  
Within their tresses ;  
A snow white lily with a violet,  
Entwined 'mid sprigs of modest mignonette,  
Her life expresses.

And next, a gray-haired man bowed down with years,  
Who watched his flowers of life through blinding tears  
Of hopeless terror ;  
For, from the vicious thorn and darnel of the past,  
The noxious odors pointed out at last  
His life of error.

The vision faded, but has left behind  
A lifelong lesson rooted in my mind,  
Before me ever,—  
Let us be doing deeds whose flowers shall bloom  
In Mem'ry's fountain, casting sweet perfume  
O'er us forever.

W. K. T.

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## CHURCH AND STATE.

AN eminent divine and able preacher who has filled the chapel pulpit several times of late and who deals largely in Carlylisms, in a recent sermon said, in substance, that worldly callings achieved no permanent results; and, among other specifications, that statesmanship and states endured but for a little while at best: that the church alone was immutable and eternal. No one can well dispute this statement taken by itself, without denying the mortality and sin of man, and the eternal existence and perfection of God. But if the learned doctor, like many of his clerical brethren, intended this as an argument for the ministry, its application in this way is far less apparent than its abstract truth. At all events the question involved is one which demands careful consideration from every conscientious man; and for this reason, and with the additional design of presenting the duty of educated men to the state, I shall briefly discuss the respective and relative claims of politics and the min-

istry,—two things about as widely separated in the mind of many a good man as heaven and hell.

It may be said in a general way that, in choosing one's life-work, duty should be made the ultimate criterion; but one more vague and more liable to misapplication and perversion can hardly be imagined. If it be remembered, however, that in this matter, as in all others, duty is to be taken in its most comprehensive sense, and, furthermore, that it requires of each individual the selection of that course in which his efficiency for good is likely to be greatest, the inference plainly is that every one should choose that calling for which he is best fitted, and which is best fitted for him; in other words, that in which his peculiar gifts and training will enable him to accomplish the most good, and which will at the same time be most congenial to him and afford him the greatest amount of genuine happiness. While it would seem, therefore, as if none but the veriest bigots could deny that the highest claims of duty can be satisfied equally well by choosing any profession, we continually hear men, to whom we can apply such hard names only by a stretch of candor, arguing that there is so strong a presumption in favor of the ministry, that it devolves upon every Christian student to enter it unless there be some strong positive argument against it. So much has this point been urged that I suppose many conscientious young men, whose reason led them to other fields of labor, have been made to feel that perhaps after all they were doing wrong. Now this view is one which, though often noticed and criticised, cannot be too strongly combated. It makes the absence of objections the ground of choosing the ministry, while positive reasons are considered necessary in choosing any other profession. It makes piety the sole qualification required, and would turn all graduates who profess and practice the religion of Christ into ministers, and this college into a training-school for the ministry. It disregards those natural differences, those fitnesses and unfitnesses, which render all division of labor possible and profitable. It would crowd our pulpits with purposeless,

indifferent and discontented men. It would rob other callings of their pillars and ornaments ; and since it would make all who regard the call of duty ministers, it would give the unprincipled, vicious and corrupt unlimited control in every other sphere.

As an argument, it is fallacious in either one of two respects ; it presupposes either that the ministry is the *only* means of doing good, or the means of doing the *most* good. It is true that the church—and I mean by church the cause of right and true religion—needs and demands to-day the whole-souled and energetic endeavors of her followers in her peaceful crusade against wide-spread and fast spreading iniquity. But is the pulpit the one defence of the church, the sole means of doing good ? Never was this true, and never was it farther from the truth than it is to-day. Years ago, the clergy stood on a higher plane than their hearers ; they were the intellectual magnates of the land ; and those who wished to bring their talent and training to the service of the church, brought them oftener than now to the pulpit as the chief instrument of the church, though even then others were recognized. But now all this is changed. The ministerial class, as a whole, has sunk, relatively to the rest of the community, in point of learning and culture, for the other classes of society have risen to—or transcended—their level. The ministry has thus lost that part of its influence which depends upon intellectual superiority, and, with the increased diffusion of knowledge among all classes, it can never hope to regain it. Nor is it necessary that it should be regained, for other channels of influence have been opened and so the church has not declined with the decline of ministerial influence. General education and the leveling of artificial distinctions in rank, have given all the freedom and ability to defend and extend the true religion ; and real preachers of the gospel are to be found to-day in every calling. There is still work enough for the minister proper and demand enough for able and zealous men to do this work ; and I would, by no means, seek to dissuade or discourage any one from entering so noble

a calling. But it is a step that, like all others, should be taken freely and from genuine convictions of duty, not from the moral pressure of a factitious necessity. It is a wrong and dangerous ground to take, that he alone who has received a license to preach can truly serve the church and God.

A second and more common position, but equally fallacious, is that the ministry is the means of doing the *most* good, and, therefore, imperatively marked out as the path of duty. The fallacy here lies in assuming that every one is qualified for this particular work, or else that even the most unsuccessful minister does more good than he could possibly accomplish in any other way. Even granting that the ministry *can be made* the means of doing the most good, it by no means follows that every one can make it such. We must return to the simple principle that each should pursue the calling for which he is best fitted; for here lies his highest efficiency for good. Moreover, it is a fact, sometimes forgotten, indeed, but none the less a fact, that there are some duties in this world besides exhorting men to be good, that these duties are indispensable and that they need the services of upright and able men. It is idle to call them worldly pursuits, incapable of producing permanent results, for, whatever their nature, they are necessary attendants of this mortal and imperfect life; nor is it fair and reasonable to ignore the indisputable truth that the "eternal and immutable church" can be served as well in one calling as another.

Again, it may be given as a reason for urging men so strongly to enter the ministry that, while other professions will always attract to themselves enough or more than enough to fill their ranks, this duty, requiring, as it does, self-sacrifice and thorough devotion, is apt to be neglected and hence needs special enforcement. But the laws of supply and demand, though reliable and important as applied to crops and other commodities, are entirely out of place here; the lack of ministers does not of itself constitute a duty to take up this work, though it may well serve to enforce one based on other grounds.

But there is another duty, not generally recognized as such, and even more apt to be neglected by educated men than the one we have been considering, yet as high, as real and quite as essential as that,—duty to the state.

We are told that the ancients sacrificed individual interests to the state, forgetting that it was only a means and not an end; and that it is the glory of our modern civilization that it has reversed this conception, and views the state simply as an organism for securing the rights and advancement of the individual. But it is a dangerous perversion of this principle to proceed on the supposition that this organism is self-operating. This, however, has been the error of the more highly educated class in this country. Inspired with a lofty contempt or aristocratical distaste for our mode of government, or distracted by other pursuits, they have too often kept entirely aloof from active political life. Those of this stamp who have taken any part in state affairs, have either yielded to the current of demagogues' rule, or have been overwhelmed in attempting to resist it. But the state is no automaton, and if its destinies are not shaped and directed by the better class, ignorant and corrupt men enough will always be found to fill their places. Especially is this true in a government of the people, and such has actually been the course of things in our country; so that now even the most sanguine cannot shut their eyes to the lamentable condition of public affairs. Parties and party spirit,—things so excellent in themselves,—have assumed most formidable proportions and arrogated to themselves an absolute sway. "Our party, right or wrong," has become the political shibboleth, and he who fails to meet the requirements of this test and ventures to act according to his judgment of what is right and for the interest of the country, is insulted and anathematized. Corruption and incapacity have joined hands in the unholy work of destroying the purity and integrity of our institutions, and of sapping their very existence. This may be thought an extravagant view, but no one will deny that there is pressing need of some vital reform.

Such is the necessity ; who can meet it ? Our educated men can do much to avert these dangers if they will. In the first place, they should take a living and genuine interest in the management of public affairs, whatever their business in life. It is fashionable among such men to sneer at the corruption and degradation of politics and to sedulously avoid taking any part in it, lest they also be defiled. But if the state goes down, where is our boasted education ? Where is the church itself ? The point, however, which I especially wish to present is this : that all our college graduates, who are fitted for such pursuits, should devote themselves to politics, and bring both ability and sterling integrity to bear upon it. Common sense, honesty, and a thorough knowledge of history, international law, and the whole range of political and economical science, are what our nation needs in its administrative and legislative departments ; yet all these qualifications, save perhaps the first, are, to a greater or less degree, wanting. Our educated men can supply these deficiencies, if they will : if they do, they will have saved the state from untold evils and possible destruction. If our colleges every year send out able and upright men to this great work, their united influence cannot fail to achieve the end desired, even though they find themselves continually opposed and well-nigh thwarted, at first, by prejudice and ignorance.

For these reasons, I claim that it is the duty of all who have the requisite taste and fitness, to study to be statesmen. The social life of this national college, its political struggles, and the culture and practical learning here received, constitute a firm and fit basis for such studies. They who set out on this work should prepare themselves for it as carefully as for any other ; while following their chosen pursuits, as law or journalism, they should make these also contribute to this end ; in short, each, according to his discretion and opportunities, should, by careful study, practical attention and honorable political work, labor to become a skillful and able politician, in the true sense of the word. If, moreover, an earnest endeavor is

made by such men to create a new and honorable spirit in politics, if the words of Wolsey—

“ Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,  
Thy God's and truth's,”—

be continually remembered and followed, the charge of corruption will be forgotten and the state will be purified and strengthened. In short, let there be brought to the service of the state, what it so much needs—clean hands, pure hearts, and minds trained for conducting its affairs. Here is a duty for which some certainly are fitted. To such it says: *be politicians*; restore the wealth of noble meaning which once clustered around that word; and by your endeavors, help to build up that perfect polity, whose outlines Aristotle conceived, though imperfectly, and imperfectly sketched, which has been the dream of the ages, and which is a vital part of that system for whose supremacy the church is laboring to-day.

W. W. P.

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## DE AMICITIA.

TO unsophisticated minds the late unlamented Spoon was, without doubt, a sort of instituted friendship, a mirror of the bright and best side of college life. Such, certainly, was the theory of the thing, and the touching speeches made in the same strain at each presentation were well calculated to keep up the forced delusion. But to those who could look behind the scenes and see the intriguing, the meanness, the cold selfishness which were there at work, as well as better motives, the spell was speedily broken. Now, this is a good illustration of what prevails in nearly all the relations into which we are thrown here in college. What a deal of selfishness there is in them all. What a lack of true manly sympathy. What an utter self-seeking, and neglect of the best ties



which bind men. The sacredness of friendship is scarcely recognized; its convenience is what especially recommends it. And so, after the first boyish attachments of Freshman year are over, we begin to choose friends with an eye to their influence and our consequent advantage. We flatter them, we buy them, if possible, we run with their crowd and work with our whole might to further their schemes. In short, we pay a very high price for a very inferior article. With a change of fortune, however, we veer about, and transfer our allegiance to more powerful favorites. Thus it comes that the sworn friends of one year are the mere acquaintances of the next, and that we now strike hands with men whom formerly we hated or despised. Of the early part of the course this is not so strange, for the gods of first term become very human in a short time, and their worshippers soon enough find it out. But, for the most part, such fickleness is uncalled for and often unworthy; it discloses a hollowness in what should be sound to the core. We have all read the stout, manly words of Tom Hughes in regard to friendship, and have felt that some such test as his is, after all, the real one. Yet how nearly do the attachments which we are here forming approximate to that standard?

But is not this sort of thing prevalent everywhere else, as well as in college precincts? To a large extent it undoubtedly is, for the selfish principle is a powerful one in human nature and more active than many good people are willing to admit. Still, it seems to me that circumstances are, unfortunately, more favorable to its development in the miniature world of college than in the great world without.

Our life here, in the first place, is highly artificial, neither free and open like that of our school days, nor strong and vigorous like that of manhood. It is a busy life rather than a laborious one. It is ardent rather than earnest. There is a perpetual restlessness, a craving after change and novelty about it, which are unfavorable to the growth of some of the best traits of character. Those which are developed are so in a general way; whereas

the circle of real friendship, in which they find their proper place, is narrow and even exclusive. As a result, our social life is a very enjoyable thing, but lacking in respects which are calculated to impart to it the keenest relish. It is, moreover, too much made up of trifles, and admits the play of the intellect too little for the true heart culture. In this connection, our societies must, of course, be taken into account, yet even here the same general truth holds good. These organizations are especially excellent in that they bring together all classes of men and encourage that democratic feeling which is their glory as well as that of the college; but, with few exceptions, they do little more. The same selfish desires and motives which prevail outside of them, prevail within as well. The barriers of class feeling, too, interpose in the way of some of the best associations and purest friendships, and not unfrequently interrupt those which date back to earlier days. There are, also, other influences springing from the same source and leading, though in a minor degree, in the same direction.

Perhaps one of the chief reasons why individuality in the selfish aspect is so strong in college, is to be found in the fact that so many of us have the same ambition; are in pursuit of the same object. Whether this be in the shape of class or society honors or literary and scholastic prizes, we seek it on the principle of every man for himself. In the scramble we are ready to sacrifice things worth far more than what is sought, if so we may gain it. Hence the unworthy and even dishonest expedients on the one side; the heartburnings and jealousies on the other. As the field narrows, the strife becomes more bitter. If honor stands in the way, it is won over and pacified; if friendship, it is ruthlessly stricken down. The whole history of college politics affords a striking commentary on these facts. Few, indeed, are the friendships which are hardy enough to withstand its winterkill. Yet this is only one of the forms in which the same spirit manifests itself with blighting effects.

From these considerations, then, we learn some of the

circumstances which peculiarly interfere in college with the growth and constancy of that "mutual esteem and regard cherished by kindred minds" which has been held in such high repute in all ages. That such a state of things should exist is entirely deplorable, yet it will be found, I think, that the actual facts warrant the assertion.

It would be idle to deny, however, that many rare and lasting intimacies are formed in college which, though often blooming late in the course, shed a perfume over the whole after life. Such are among the richest possessions which a man can carry with him as he goes forth into the world, and a single one of them is worth more than any popularity, however great. But these are not found in the highways but in the byways of college life. We don't go to favorite loafing rooms if we would get at the kernel of friendship. To know a man thoroughly we must know him by his own fireside and alone. It is then, with the world shut out, that we get away from the conventionalities of current talk, and experience the true delights of good companionship. It is like escaping from the business and pleasure of the crowded city, and reveling in blue skies and green fields and running streams. Such a privilege may be enjoyed but once among many long and dreary days, but the memory of it remains to cheer us ever after. Men are often thought strange in their choice of friends; and, to be sure, some very odd attachments occasionally spring up; but in the majority of cases the choice is well founded. There are persons in every class, quiet and reserved in their disposition, who go in and out among their fellows, attracting but little attention, and forming but few acquaintances, yet with capacities for friendship which are hardly dreamed of. Men like Hardy, for instance, who only need some Tom Brown to find them out and appreciate them. What they suffer by neglect and by the withholding of the sympathy which their souls ever crave, those only can guess whom the slightest coldness makes unhappy. There scarcely can be imagined, in fact, a more pitiable object than a friendless man, with no one to rely upon, with no one,

except himself,—a poor comforter,—in whom he may confide. But the misery which comes from the loss of friendship can hardly be greater than one's joy in its possession. It is more to him than health, for it ministers to what is higher than the wants of the body. It is more than wealth, for misfortunes do not shake it. It is more than earthly fame, for chances and changes affect it not. Indeed, he who knows, by experience, what genuine friendship is, is not far from finding out the secret of happiness. How pitiful, then, is our willingness, at life's best time, when our hearts are freshest, to give up this rare blessing, for the sake of empty honors and petty successes.

If, therefore, a man possesses this treasure of friendship, let him cling to it and cherish it as he would his own soul. If he has it not, let him spare no pains to get it, even if he have to dig through and clear away whole layers of sordidness and selfishness to reach it, for, as Bacon says, "If he have not a friend, he may quit the stage." H. M.



## WINDOW SKETCHES.

I am sitting at my window—  
(" Well, there 's nothing strange in that ;  
Next you 'll tell us of the breezes  
Which are coming in thereat,  
Or the darling little birdies  
The harbingers of Spring,  
And poetic thoughts responsive  
And all that sort of thing.")  
Oh ! no, my hasty critic,  
I 'll say nothing of the kind ;  
Such poetic thoughts ne'er enter  
My most prosaic mind ;  
But, to take away occasion  
For you to laugh and sneer,  
I propose to tell you nothing  
That 's new to any here ;  
But a few things I will notice,  
With the thoughts which they may bring,  
That I see from out my window  
This inviting day of Spring.

There 's a knot of Seniors singing  
 The praise of " Lucy Neal " ;  
 Then all for " fol-de-rol " repeat  
 That mystic word " I-eel."  
 Soon these poetic Seniors,  
 " To drive dull care away,"  
 Ring out the " Bells of Evening "  
 And usher out the day ;  
 Then in the " Fairy Moonlight "  
 The " nut-brown maid " entreat :  
 " Oh ! do n't you go 'way from the window ! "  
 But " höre mein kleines Lied "  
 Soon " Peter Grey's " ghost walketh  
 Beneath " the Old Mountain Tree,"  
 And he sings to his lovely Lucy :  
 " Dearest maiden, dance with me."  
 Thus, though the sun is shining,  
 Their stars are twinkling bright,  
 And they sing their " Good-Night, Ladies "  
 As " oft in the stilly night."  
 But while music sweet is rising  
 From the well-worn college fence,  
 I hear sounds within the building  
 From a man bereft of sense ;  
 " Oh ! confound those loafing Seniors !  
 Wish they 'd stop their infernal noise ;  
 That 's the only thing they can do,  
 And their only god is Voice."  
 Tut ! my eager, ardent student,  
 If to study you 're inclined,  
 Think not, thou, thus single-handed,  
 To oppose the common mind.  
 And, my would-be dig, take warning  
 Lest perhaps you may repent,  
 If, like certain men quite learned,  
 You on study should be *bent*.  
 Saying thus, I leave the student  
 And my eye falls on a fellow,  
 Thoughtless, reckless, aimless Sophomore,  
 Quite jocose, you know, when mellow.  
 And there too 's a happy Freshman,  
 Thinking of the rush he made ;  
 How he sat upon the Tutor  
 And without the slightest aid.  
 There 's the dressy man, Bob Dasher,  
 Telling all the latest styles ;  
 There 's the ladies' man, Ned Glover,  
 Practiced in the art of smiles.

Ha ! ha ! there goes old Allston,  
 Old South's protector bold,  
 With his frame that's made of iron,  
 And his face so stern and cold.  
 But, hush ! take off your hat, sir,  
 For, look ! who cometh now ?  
 'Tis an aristocrat of Farnam ;  
 See his condescending bow.  
 Ah ! be proud, you man of Farnam,  
 Yet you have no open stove  
 With a fire of glowing embers  
 Just like that——It's out, by Jove !  
 Well, that unlucky trick, sir,  
 I did n't mean to mention ;  
 But I guess that I must stop, sir,  
 As that fire demands attention.  
 But a few things have I noticed,  
 With a thought or two they bring,  
 As I look from out my window  
 This inviting day of Spring.

T. T.

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## HIS STORY WHICH WAS NOT HISTORY.


**I**T was a grand good night for ghosts. Under its cover the shyest of disembodied spirits could have safely ventured to re-visit the scene of his mortality. The night was black and stormy, with no hope of amendment. And nowhere did the wind and rain beat more viciously than against the windows of South Middle. But the outside tumult made the indoor peace only the more delightful ;

" Suave mari magno turbantibus aequora ventis  
 E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem ; \* \* \*  
 Suave etiam belli certamina magna tueri  
 Per campos instructa tua sine parte pericli," \* \* \*

LUCRETIVS.

So a knot of us sat eating, drinking and chatting in high spirits before an open grate fire. On such a night the story-teller takes precedence of even the gossip ; and story-telling with such surroundings must sooner or later gravitate to the supernatural ; and so many a marvellous tale had even already been rehearsed.

In a pause, my chum said he had once had a strange experience in the ghost line himself, and one the remembrance of which he could not even now recall without qualms of horror. My chum is a very pretty fellow, with bright frank eyes, the finest cheek in the world and lips virgin to deceit or meanness or impurity; fearless in conscious innocence, happy rather than witty. And yet he had edge too; it being mirth, indeed, rather than wit, but pleasanter than it, as bubbling mountain water than the made sparkle of champagne. And so when he announced in his *naïve* way that he too had faced the unseen, my skepticism, which till then had been invincible, began to falter, and I in company with the rest, waited for him to begin with impatience, and I may add, a little undefined uneasiness.

"About a mile from Brattleboro, Vt., on the Greenfield road," he began, "you may see a foot-path running off into the woods. Over its inception is a decrepid rustic gateway bearing the inscription, ' To the Haunted House.'" After following the path for a few steps you find yourself on the brink of a steep declivity, from which a most glorious view of the Connecticut, which winds like a silver-spotted snake through the valley, presents itself. On your right is a high and wooded hill, and between it and you a pinched and gloomy valley to which now your path directs you.

"Once in the valley you soon perceive a cottage half hidden by the shrubbery which surrounds it. It is a one story building, and decaying with time and neglect. And yet it is not wholly desolate; moss and forest flowers cling lovingly to it like grand-children, and make its old age beautiful.

"The story of the place, as told me by a neighbor of my uncle's, is briefly this. He said, in substance, that in the year 1858 a great excitement broke out over the discovery of the presence of gold in Whetstone Brook. The whole length of its bed was diligently searched, and in the aggregate a large amount of the precious metal found and taken away. Among the most unwearied adventurers was a poor man named William Peters. He

was to be seen at work at all hours of the day, and when the moon was favorable, even far into the night. He was reputed to have been very successful and to have collected quite a little store of the shining earth. And yet excitement and misery, asceticism had so broken him down that it was the common joke to say he owed it all to nature, and strong as he was, must soon part with it all to pay the last debt to her.

“One morning it was noticed that Peters was not at work, and so indicative of calamity to the absentee was this considered, that a few charitable individuals went to his cottage to satisfy their apprehensions. No answer was returned to their knock, and so pushing by the half-opened door they entered the building. They called the man's name repeatedly, they examined the cottage thoroughly, discovering the hidden gold dust in the search, but in vain. He had evidently departed, and the Samaritans turned to follow his example. At this moment one of the number noticed that the white pebbles of the front walk were disturbed and heaved up into a slight mound. He communicated his discovery to his companions, and they, agreeing in a suspicion of foul play, instantly began the re-excavation of the hole. Their suspicions were but too correct. The body of the poor man, bearing no mark of violence indeed, but wearing a stare of horror on his features, was found under a few feet of earth. There could be no question but that he had been murdered for his gold. As that, however, had been found, as I have said, hid and intact, it was thought certain that the murderer would soon return to renew a search which had thus far been unsuccessful. And a fearless villager was placed in guard over the premises for the night.

“The sun greeted the village the next morning as of yore, but the intrepid watchman did not return. Full of foreboding the townsmen hastened to the fatal spot, and found to their horror, *two* graves in the pebble path, one of which held the volunteer. A *post mortem* examination elicited however no evidence of violence.



"*Eighty-seven* men, one after another, watched for the murderer during the year, and the body of each was invariably found beneath the pebble walk on the morning succeeding his vigil. By this time people grew shy of the house, and would watch no more, though the mystery and the consequent curiosity was almost unsupportable. Many persons, however, still dared to visit the house by day, and the new owner of the place, by putting up the gate I have mentioned and charging admission, was rapidly getting rich, when one day *his* body was found in a new made grave beside the others. And since then no one has dared to go near the horror-haunted place.

"This is the history. Now for my personal adventures. Excited to uncontrollable curiosity by this account, I resolved, against the earnest remonstrances of my friends, to pass a night in the house. Taking with me a good six-shooter, I departed from the village and was soon at my post. When night came on, I lit a candle, found a good bed, locked the chamber door and was soon asleep.

"I was startled from my slumber by a dread sound in the half-story attic above me, which seemed the tramp of a company of soldiers in perfect drill. Tramp, tramp, down the stairs, and nearer and nearer it came. Suddenly when beside my room, it ceased, and I heard a gentle tap upon the door. In as loud and steady a voice as I could master, I cried out, 'Who are you and what do you want?' I was answered by a laugh, the door flew open, and a shape whose like may I never see again, confronted me. Clean out of my wits, I fired. The bullet passed directly through his brain. I saw with horror the hole; but it hurt him not—

"———For spirits that live throughout,  
Vital in every part. \* \* \* \* \*  
Cannot but by annihilating die,  
Nor in their liquid texture mortal wound  
Receive, no more than can the blind air."

"He advanced, and grasping me with his impalpable hand, yelled, 'Insolent but impotent human idiot, darrest thou beard the lion in his den? Youngster, I am the

ghost of William Peters, basely murdered for his gold. Since that man, eighty-eight miserable fools have endeavored to wrench from me my treasure—but in vain. Now, peurile wretch, thou goest to swell the number. 'Sdeath! 'sblood! die!' He tore the weapon from my hand, pointed it point blank at my heart and fired. The next morning my friends found a new made grave in the pebble walk. Hastily they uncovered it, and found—ah, they found what had been me,—a mass of carrion clay!"

He paused and passed his hand over his face to hide the emotion he could not wholly suppress, while his whole frame was quivering at the horror of the recollection. The little company were perceptibly moved at the tragic tale, silently filing out one by one with troubled looks, at its conclusion. Chum took a cigar and his leave, and even the fire went out. Croning over the dead embers, long I mused on the uncertainty of human affairs and the mutability of friendship as summed up in that divinest of the ancient apothegms, "You can't most always sometimes tell, when you least expect most, and sometimes real certain."

H. R. E.

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## CONSERVATISM.

THE important changes and reforms which have recently taken place in our college world, have for the most part been marked by wisdom and sound judgment. The evils connected with the institution of the Wooden Spoon were recognized, and it fell. Street-rushing and hazing seem to be dying a more gradual, but no less certain death. May they know no resurrection! But the mania for reform is carrying before it some customs of a more harmless character. This is wrong, and is almost certain sooner or later to bring about a reaction. It is in the interest of the really worthy reforms which have been already secured, that I now plead for the lives of two

comparatively insignificant customs which seem to be going to destruction without even the form of trial.

Now, as a simple matter of justice, I protest against this summary method of treatment. Before our high tribunal all should have a hearing.

It is natural that after sending princes to the block, we should scorn the petty cases of underlings; but is it just? Is not the presumption in favor of that which exists, and should we not retain customs which have not been brought to trial, or even accused? But the customs of which I speak have a still better title to life. They are at once innocent and pleasant; and in the loss of so many of the links which bind us to the past, will deserve to be cherished.

The first is the class dinner, which the freshman class was formerly accustomed to take at the close of the year, after the annual examinations had been concluded. It was a festive occasion, as celebrated in those times. A great ordeal has just been passed. The first long vacation is just before. The class is in buoyant infancy. It has not been rent by internal feuds, has not been inducted into the dark ways of politics, and its members are knit together by a common persecution. Such a remarkable combination of favorable circumstances is never likely to occur again, and there is every reason why it should be improved.

Is it urged as an objection, that a class committee would be needed to make the arrangements? Well, this is an objection, I must confess. But the duties of the position are not very arduous, and a man or two might be selected by lot. Thus could the terror of an election be escaped. The historians for the occasion might be chosen in the same way. Then, like a band of brothers, could you go to one of the neighboring towns, and enjoy an afternoon of jollity and fun which is seldom surpassed in a life-time. Your hearts are opened by the good cheer, and the histories read upon the occasion afford amusement, and strengthen the bonds of friendship among members of the class. And then, too, the singing, by no means the least of the day's pleasures, and the cheering of the tutors—

ah, yes, that must not be forgotten. It warms their old hearts, and does them good after the fossilizing influences of the year. On the whole, it is one of the customs which pay, and well merits perpetuation.

The other custom to which I wish to call attention, is so insignificant that I almost hesitate to mention it. It is the peculiar usage which formerly prevailed in the open societies at the election of campaign officers.

At these elections, which take place near the end of the third term, the members were formerly called upon to vote by classes. Members of the graduating class are regarded as alumni, and the juniors and sophomores, when summoned by the president to vote, are called by their names for the next year. But by some strange oversight, the freshmen are called freshmen, very much to their own disgust. When the president, reminded of his oversight by their violent demonstrations of disapproval, finally calls them sophomores, the tone is changed, and shouts of applause greet the acceptable compliment. I can readily see that some grave and practical persons must regard this as a decidedly silly performance. But when subjected to such a scrutiny, how inexpressibly silly do many of the commonest transactions of life appear! Look thus at a ball-room. Can anything appear more ridiculous than to see grown up men and women parading back and forth at an unseasonable hour, apparently without object or purpose? And yet, dancing is generally regarded as a very pleasant amusement. Such matters cannot be judged in this way. You cannot weigh a fly on hayscales.

The charge that it is a little thing, is well founded, I admit; and yet it does not deserve to be discarded on that account. Very frequently do little things of this kind remain in our memory and afford pleasure long after more important events have been forgotten. They are the flexible reeds which the tempest of time for some reason leave, unscathed.

Of all the memorable incidents of freshman year, there is scarcely one which remains so firmly fixed in my mind as that upon which, for the first time, the proud title of

sophomore was given to my class. The cry of exultation which greeted it is still ringing in my ears. It was a formal declaration of our emergence from infancy. How proud we all felt! The first pair of trousers, with pockets and suspenders all complete, with the lower extremities neatly tucked into the tops of the first pair of boots,—this pride-inspiring era in the young man's life, can give but a faint conception of the emotions which throng into the freshman's heart when his ears are tickled with the flattering name of *sophomore*. It is a good thing to have the feelings of pleasure thoroughly aroused occasionally, and if the ludicrous can be added, so much the better. Such episodes furnish us with pleasant companions for the unoccupied hours of life,—companions with whom we can laugh more heartily and commune more satisfactorily than with many of a more substantial character.

There is a pleasure in perpetuating a custom which has been observed for a long period; and it is absolutely certain that some customs will be passed along from class to class. To prevent this is neither possible nor desirable. It is this which lends the peculiar charm to college life, and renders it different from any other phase of existence. But it is possible to give direction to this tendency, and in order to root out evil customs it is essential that those more innocent in their character should be carefully preserved.

Then celebrate your class dinner; enjoy it to its full extent; shout lustily at the president of your open society and compel him to acknowledge your sophomority. Do this and you will not only receive pleasure yourselves, but will have the satisfaction of conferring a benefit upon the Yalensians of future generations.

E. F. S.

THE FIRST PASTOR OF THE COLLEGE  
CHURCH.\*

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

IN person, Dr. Daggett was about the middle height, strong framed, inclining to be corpulent, slow in gait, and somewhat clumsy in his movements.

He was rooted and grounded in the pure and unadulterated New England theology. Yet his sermons show him to have been liberal towards all creeds, and considerate of the feelings of those who differed with him,—a rare trait in those polemical times. The carefulness with which he elaborated his own belief, may be seen by the long and carefully prepared confession read at his inauguration and before referred to.

The positiveness of his belief, though it never led him to controversy or unkindness, is always manifest in his sermons. As a preacher he was not animated, and his delivery was "slow and sometimes drawling."† He scarcely ever employed any gestures; in fact he had none of the graces and ornaments of oratory. His sermons were "clear, judicious, solemn and impressive."‡ His style is plain and smooth. His sentences are carefully constructed, and short Anglo-Saxon words employed. The heads of his discourses are carefully stated, and the whole logically drawn out,—always divided after the ancient fashion into introduction, doctrine, and application. They evidently were written with great care, even the handwriting being neat and plain, and are full of well digested and weighty thought. But they were generally dry and abstract discussions of theological questions and not enforced by much illustration. He preached his "system" once in four years, with scarcely any variation.

\*Dr. Daggett's house stood very near the spot now occupied by the Medical College.

†Dr. Goodrich, in Sprague's *Annals of American Pulpit*.

‡Dr. Dwight.

He had a sermon on the text "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing," etc., and when the fourth year came around he always said—"And the dog did it."

The actual influence of his preaching, it is difficult to estimate, for the students did not generally belong to the College Church. But we find that during his pastorate about twenty-eight per cent. of the graduates became ministers. He suffered in reputation in his later years by comparison with Tutors Dwight and Buckminster. But they were exceptionally brilliant and attractive, and we cannot form an opinion of his real power through such a comparison. On the whole, he seems to have been a preacher of less than ordinary attractiveness of manner, while his sermons give conclusive evidence of fair ability as a writer and theologian. This estimate of his characteristics as a minister, is illustrated by, and would not be complete without, the following eloquent passage from his sermon on the death of President Clap:

"May we all, in this instance, mark the perfect Man and behold the Upright and see, how his End is Peace; and may we be quickened by the consideration to secure a due preparation for death by discharging faithfully the work and duty of life, that when the shadows of that long night, which is hastening toward us, shall be spread over us, we may quietly fall asleep in Jesus and be remembered in the resurrection of the just."

As President of the college, he had an arduous work in troublous times. His predecessor left him a legacy of embittered controversy, laxity of discipline, an insufficient course of study, and a distrust on the part of many friends of the college. Later came the agitation which preceded the Revolution, and then the distress and depression which attended the unvarying disasters of the American arms in the first years of the war. This was indeed a period ill suited to the quiet of literary pursuits. It was his work to reform the course of study, to enforce discipline, to restore the confidence of friends and the public generally, and maintain the usefulness of the institution. This desirable result he and the able *corps* of instructors\* associated with him seem to have accomplish-

\* We find the names of Ebenezer Baldwin, Judge Trumbull, Judge Mitchel, Drs. Strong, Buckminster and Dwight, and Mr. Job Lane.

ed. "His instruction in mental and moral science was highly esteemed and considered clear, judicious and conclusive."\* Though no abrupt and sweeping changes in the old *régime* were effected, yet the study of the English language was encouraged and polite and practical learning introduced. Many who played important parts in the history of the nation, and still more who were noted for their brilliant attainments in elegant literature, were educated during Dr. Daggett's Presidency.

Dr. Dwight says ;

"He had very just conceptions of the manner in which a college should be governed ; but he was not always equally happy in the mode of administering its discipline. A number of persons were not willing to do justice to his merits. I say this because I was acquainted with him for a long time in the most intimate manner. The college was eminently prosperous under his Presidency."

It would appear, however, that the corporation, consisting of men distinguished for classical and theological learning, and of mature judgment, did not consider his reputation or ability as a scholar sufficient to warrant his elevation to the Presidency ; for they never made him full President of the college.

Like all the divines of that day, he was an eminently social man, keen at retort and possessed of a certain dry wit which we find cropping out even in his sermons. Shortly after the dark day in 1780, he published an account of the phenomenon, which he concluded in the following manner :

"The appearance was indeed uncommon and the cause unknown ; yet there is no reason to consider it supernatural or ominous. It is therefore hoped that no persons, whether of a vapory constitution of body or an enthusiastic turn of mind, will be in the least terrified by it, or be inspired to prophesy any future events till they shall come to pass."

In a sermon on "the Great Importance of Speaking in an Intelligible Manner in the Christian Church,"† he says :

"Speaking in an unknown tongue is as worthless and as far from anything spiritual, as those emotions of an animal nature which are raised by the blast of a trumpet, the thunder of a drum, or the sound of a violin."

\* Dr. Goodrich in Sprague's *Annals of American Pulpit*.

† Preached at the installation of Rev. Nathaniel Sherman, at Mt. Carmel, from text I Cor. xiv, 19.



A story was rife among the students of his day which illustrates his aptitude for retort. "Good morning, Mr. President *pro tempore*," said one of his clerical brethren on some public occasion, bowing profoundly and laying marked emphasis on the *pro tempore*. "Did you ever hear of a President *pro aeternitate*," said the old gentleman, much to the discomfort of his brother.\*

Dr. Daggett seems to have lived a life of usefulness and given honorable evidence of piety and sound learning. He was earnestly devoted to his work; he fostered the Church of Christ in its infancy; he deserves to be reverently remembered. He has earned a just claim to the reward which he thus describes:

I believe there is scarce any person to be found who can now be absolutely indifferent to what shall be said of him when he is in his grave. \* \* We may therefore conclude upon good evidence, that the endearing our name to posterity is a natural good, desirable in itself, suited to gratify an innocent passion or desire in human nature, and that it is one of those blessings whereby the righteous are and will be distinguished from the wicked whose names shall rot.

C. D. H.



## EVENING.

The monarch of the sky his race hath run,  
The joyous day is done,  
And darkness drawing nigh,  
Veiling the tinted sky,  
Its garment putteth on.  
Each star that in the heaven gleams,  
Shedding its silver beams,  
Like some bright angel seems;  
While every passing cloud,  
Bathed in the lucent flood,  
Pictures some truant fay,  
As, in its light to play,  
Earthward she bowed.

\* Dr. Stiles confirms this story.

All Nature's voices hushed to rest are still,  
 Save the lone whip-poor-will,  
 Who, from the leafy trees  
 Breaks on the summer's breeze,  
 Piping his music shrill.

And, up from some half-sunken log,  
 Down 'mid the marshy bog,  
 Croaketh the gloomy frog,  
 Each in his humble way,  
 Greeting the close of day,  
 Serving their life's behest,  
 While, to this time of rest,  
 Hymning their roundelay.

W. K. T.



## THE EGOTISM OF VIRTUE.

FEW lines quoted as much have so entirely failed to give up their full and complete meaning as Pope's couplet :

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
 As, to be hated, needs but to be seen."

It is supposed that he meant simply to enforce the hideous nature of vice. This he doubtless intended to do, and no one will venture to contradict him. Exhaust the resources of language for descriptions of the surpassing excellence of virtue; impersonate it in the fairest being earth ever knew, exalt it with angelic images, yet its beauties surpass them all; while wickedness cannot be represented in too repulsive characters. But the lines, I believe, imply more than this. They imply that the unutterable degradation of vice cannot be realized without knowing what vice is. To be hated completely and understandingly it must be known.

So much in the way of exegesis. What is the application? If ever in Yale or elsewhere you have fallen in with a specimen of the awkwardly religious and disagreeably moral class, you have seen an individual whom I would like to impale upon the point of my discourse. Far be it

from me to speak reproachfully of sincere Christians and earnest workers; not one feather would I add to their burden; there are trials and burdens enough, heaven knows, for every one. But standing as many professed workers of good do stand, upon an isolated righteousness, carefully probing the heart of every one who ventures to approach them, tearing open half healed wounds with a remorseless touch, refusing to take into account the varying balance of character and the greater temptations to vice in particular persons and under particular circumstances, they cannot in this egotistical isolation effect as much as the sympathetic natures whom they half despise. These are extreme cases perhaps, but it is useless to deny their existence. I have seen men in college whose egotistically religious presence was enough to cast a damper upon a genuine, heartfelt reverence for things holy; whose air impressed one with the fact that they were models, and that in order to be good it was necessary to imitate them, and who consequently awakened an irresistible inclination to take a position opposed to them, and a desire, if they were religious, to be just as irreligious as possible. This was wicked, very wicked, but entirely natural. Even the mission schools they had taught, the tracts they had distributed, and all the acts of penitential asceticism they had performed shared in the universal condemnation.

However honest such persons may be in their beliefs, the force of appeals from them is weakened through ignorance. Ready as they are to denounce all manner of vice and all kinds of wrong-doers, they fail in the object of their denunciations. It is one thing to strike and quite another to direct the blows effectively. We find them at times in a blindly moral way encountering vices with such reckless assertions and inconsiderate judgments as to injure true morality in a vital degree. The motives and impulses which determine action, the liabilities of all men to error, are cast out of consideration and pure human depravity is the only weight in the balance.

For their own sakes, these persons need to know the real nature of vice, to realize the full power of temptations for different characters, to discriminate those points in the human constitution where defense is most needed. Their own individuality is not complete till their own labors have rendered it so. Their own courage is not developed until they have met the enemy face to face and have vanquished. The acceptance of traditional virtue, the abstract theorizing about duties and obligations, can be of use only as serving to clear the battle ground where the conflict is to occur. For a model of the noble, high-principled man, point out one who knows the enemy, who has engaged in the contest and has come off victorious, rather than the milk-and-water hero who is virtuous simply because he never had any inducement to be otherwise.

To increase their influence for good over others, these men should know better the weaknesses to which vice applies itself and the illusory promises it offers. Their mistake lies in an over estimation of the ability which they possess to repel temptation, thus being led to hasty judgment upon those who stumble. This mistake lies also in their erroneous estimate of vices and their results. No assertion is more absurd to those who have studied the nature of evil, yet none is more insisted upon by these gelatinous reformers, who have never witnessed its effect, than that which represents the path of wickedness as pleasurable. This proclamation of the pleasures of wrong-doing and the wretchedness of virtue has had a most pernicious tendency. It betrays an ignorance of the consequences of vice which fledgelings in philosophy would do well to remove. When, therefore, the professors of isolated religion have gained a more complete knowledge of human temptation, and have learned what it is to be strong in virtue through conflict, we may expect to find in them a broader charity, a deeper sympathy and a more persuasive power.

H. E. K.

## FOREKNOWLEDGE OF A FORENOON.

I am naturally an unobservant fellow, but a feeling of curiosity seized me the other day and I determined to notice for once what was going on around me. Taking notes for several days together, I was struck with their general similarity and determined to combine the several experiences into the connected form of one day's doings at Yale. The man who writes an exhaustive article, usually goes back to the Flood for a starting point, and occasionally, when great accuracy is needed, he begins with Adam, if he is a Christian, or, if he doubts the book of Genesis, he uses as the base line of his calculation, the first monkey whose tail began to shorten as his head began to lengthen in conformity to the laws of general progress. I, however, taking any day in March, 1871, will content myself with saying that I suppose the sun rose at the usual hour that day, although the first intimation I had of it was when my "man and brother," entitled Andrew, entered my room and long after the other black birds had finished their songs, broke forth into his morning carol of "After seven o'clock—better get up." Consulting my invaluable chronometer, I found that I had fifteen minutes in which to dress, breakfast and return to prayers. Thankful that my faithful Ethiop had waited thus considerably about calling me while attending to his other regular duties, I rose with great decision and made my way to my parlor to put on my shoes by the fire. My grief was not fictitious when I found the fire out, my shoes unblackened, and the aforesaid shadow of fidelity seated between the two, smoking peacefully, but unable to decide which to attend to first, the shoes or the fire. Dressing myself and addressing him in a hasty manner, I swallowed the rest of my wrath and then proceeded to the club for something more nourishing. Arriving at the height of the season (everybody *seizin'* what he could) I listened to the blue-eyed fairy who lisped the bill of fare,

and expressed myself willing to prolong my existence upon liver. She of the cerulean optics disappeared to the Plutonic regions of the kitchen, and in a moment reappeared with her hands full of plates and both thumbs in the gravy. Mentally, I selected one plate as mine, and was duly grieved to see it with the rest, given to the other fellows; but noticing my look of disappointment, she allayed all my anxiety on such a little matter with the bloodthirsty threat that she would "have my liver in a few moments." Rejoicing even then that she had no design on my heart (I always take the most hopeful view of things) I fed in silence till the clock struck, and the painful truth dawned on me that time was eight before my breakfast was, and that I must hurry off to chapel to begin receiving the compulsory benefits of the day. Arriving here, I fell to speculation; first I wondered whether the particular chapter of the Bible which was being read, was kept secret in order to save time or to keep the fellows awake guessing which it was. Naturally, then, I began to guess, but this passage did not happen to be familiar to me, and soon I gave it up and tried to decide by their faces which of the faculty got up first, which had had the best breakfast and who would flunk men from the unpoetic connection of mind and stomach, by which ill digestion works ill temper. Recollecting, however, that their ways are inscrutable, I descended to the student level and tried to count the fellows studying, but this, though lively work at first, was beginning to grow monotonous, when scraping symptoms of the Freshman stampede, warned my inattentive self that the President had begun his last sentence, and before he had reached Amen, they all were *aimin'* for the door. After them the college officers passed out amid a perfect ovation, and they in turn were followed by the three matriculated classes, who moved out gradually and at length left the chapel behind them, and the intelligent sweep who was left alone in its desert aisles was a forcible reminder of R. Crusoe in a similar predicament. The procession, however, moved but slowly, and not, of course, by anybody's characteristics, but by their

peculiar willingness each to let another precede him, I was reminded of the donkey races at the county fairs, where the last arrived is the winner of the stakes.

At length the Lyceum was reached. One division went to the lecture room to recite upon Civil Liberty, and wonder whether the author esteems that work as highly as his Political Ethics, and if so, what he thinks of the author of both of them. The other climbed two pairs of stairs to the dreamy atmosphere of the metaphysical chamber, where the high stand men fluently laid bare first one horn and then the other of some psychological dilemma, and like their predecessor Fleming, modestly abstained from expressing any opinion, while the low stand men looked ever wiser and wiser as question after question was propounded to them till the arrival of the expected "Is not that so?" when they laid aside the owl and assumed the parrot with marked success, boldly answering "Yes sir; of course."

After recitation I started for the Post Office, but was met by the smiling face of a friend who had already looked into my box and assured me that I had no letters. This case of prediction banished hope, and I returned to my room and its other occupant, my chum, the sedentary individual who "sits on" everybody. Scarcely had I settled myself in my chair, when a well-known and radiant face, hedged about with a halo of hair, appeared at the door and began a graphic account of the best time he ever had in his life; but while earnestly expatiating on the charms of society rather than solitude, enforcing his words with appropriate gestures, he suddenly stopped, pressed his hand to his heart and vowed he had the dyspepsia *awfully*. Turning in his anguish to the aforesaid chum, he asked him the best time to go and see the doctor, and received the concise reply of, "When you're sick." Not regarding this as consolatory, he announced that whisky would cure him, but his principles would not let him take any. He had thought it all over and was fixed in his purpose to abstain forever. Leaving this startling example of self-denial before our minds, he departed, but presented us

a still more startling one five minutes later, when he returned and begged us to join him in a hot whisky of his own make, and so good. Of course, we both declined, but we had not shut our door before a second visitor appeared. He too was an invalid. His was a case of chronic I-disease. Naturally, his conversation turned in this direction, but as we had talked it all over many a time before, he merely alluded sadly to his diminishing pupils as a sign of weakness, and then stretching out upon the sofa, began upbraiding me for the inferior quality of its springs, and after loudly proving that it was very hard to lie on, he silently proved it was still harder to keep awake on, by falling into peaceful slumber in which he dreamed instead of talked of his one I-*dear*. While he was still upon the sofa, another caller entered,—a light-headed member of the class who had taken up the missionary work for amusement, and whose never-ending labor was always *dun*. As usual, he departed with my subscription, and then I consulted again my time-serving chronometer, and found it was nearly dinner time. However, I wanted to write something for the LIT. So I drew up to the table for a few minutes and began to compose myself as the first step toward a general composition. In the midst of my attempts there sounded forth the clangor of bells. A general tumult seemed to prevail. I tried to collect my thoughts, and turned, as I always do when I am embarrassed, to consult again my watch. I found it was not in my pocket. I found I had no pocket. I found—well, I had been dreaming. The first bell had just rung; the feathered blackbirds were singing energetically; the wingless biped was not yet stirring, and my head was still upon my pillow; but a vivid impression lingered with me all through the day. Each of its acts as it came along was already familiar; every event of the morning occurred as it had already appeared to me; and that the prophecy might be complete, I sat down and tried to write for the LIT. What my success would have been in the piece I was beginning, in my sleep, to write, will ever be a mystery. What it has been, writing this



one while awake, is only too apparent. Its incoherencies I hope will be pardoned on the ground that I have tried to transcribe a dream and that dreams always savor of inconsistency, and its egotism, on the ground that one is not able to select the subject of his own dreams.

C. H. C.



### BUTTON-HOLE TALKS.—No. IX.

My dear Aristodemus, it is a great pity that so many people in this world have wrong sides to them. There is the great Professor Curry-comb Rasp, who is doing good work for his college and for American scholarship, but who, nevertheless, manages to scrape a great deal of generous ambition and ardent hope out of the young men with whom he comes in contact. Like the sun, he does us the most good when we keep our distance. There is the Reverend Oleaginous Smirk, that "little round, fat, oily man of God," who reads beautifully (if I may use that much-abused word) and who makes as goodly a figure-head for the gospel ship as one could well desire;—and yet, to tell the truth, it is noticeable that the ideas he serves out in such dainty fashion Sunday after Sunday, to the no small edification of his large congregation, bear a striking resemblance to those contained in the sermons of a certain divine, as published in a book, of which, fortunately (or shall I say unfortunately?) for Parson Smirk, only a few copies are now in existence. I suppose he is so anxious to be orthodox that he dare not vary at all from the pattern furnished by this (so to speak) great author of orthodoxy. There is Miss Araminta Jasmin—you know her, my dear boy. And you think her a very sweet and amiable girl, no doubt—as she is, in public. But I saw her box the ears of her little baby sister soundly the other night, just because the wee thing made a too curious, and it must be admitted destructive examination

of a certain rare and exquisite flower with which the lovable Miss Araminta was about to adorn herself for the public's delectation.—Like these people, my dear Aristodemus, you have your wrong side. And you show it, in certain respects, quite often and with great freedom. A fair illustration is the criticism made by one of your friends on my Bright-eyes of last month. He was so ignorant of the English language or so vile in his thoughts as to apply the filthy epithet of "street-walker" to her who, by the supposition, was a virtuous girl;—or does he mean to say that there is no virtue in New Haven except among those who live upon the industry and frugality of their ancestors? Were he to criticise Tom Brown's Patty he would probably call her a harlot, whereas the only point of the character is that she is *not* a harlot. Admitting that Bright-eyes is still pure, the question is whether you, my dear Aristodemus, shall debauch her at your earliest convenience, or whether you will be man enough to leave her in purity and peace. You will pardon me, my dear boy, my evident heat on this subject;—but it is enough to stir a better man than I am to see the way in which poor souls, who have to fight for the little chance they have of heaven, are pushed down to hell with a phrase. This loose way of talking about women, however, is very common in college. We hear it at the club-table, on the fence, in our rooms. I remember hearing some of it the other noon at the table. A lady's name was mentioned, and immediately an animated anatomical discussion sprung up concerning her. No one said much, but each one gladly gave his two mites of knowledge. Her general appearance was reduced to particulars, and the particulars were enlarged upon in detail. It was simply disgusting and brutal. Adolphus Periwinkle, who was acquainted with the young lady, at last, said as much. As soon as he spoke, every one thought it would have been better to have talked about the mathematics or moral philosophy. But this way of talking is far worse when it comes to speculating about the character of women. In this kind of conversation you know, my dear Aristodemus, it makes

very little difference whether the particular subject of it is known or not. Things seen or heard are repeated, suspicions are ventilated and conclusions are given with the most dogmatic air. Thus the purest woman is sometimes writ down bad, and all women suffer in consequence. It is not very wonderful that many college graduates do not marry at all, or that those who do marry, marry late. One's boyish ideals of womankind are so knocked askew by these interpreters of signs and dissectors of character, my dear Aristodemus, that the wonder is that any college man ever ventures to become a Benedick.

——“ For calumny will sear  
Virtue itself :—These shrugs, these hums, and ha's,  
When you have said, she's goodly, come between,  
Ere you can say she's honest,”——

and at last a man gives credence to the wiseacres and believes thoroughly in total depravity. Something might be said, my dear Aristodemus, about the different rule of conduct you use in determining the character of a woman and a man, but I forbear. Men will probably keep busy until the millennium in trying to make everything else in this naughty world right before they have time to look after themselves: a disinterestedness which would be remarkable, if it were not, unfortunately, so exceedingly common! My dear Aristodemus, I cannot help thinking this is a part of your wrong side. It seems to me better to believe in one bad woman than to condemn all. At least, it strikes me you would be a happier man if you could keep some ideal of fair and perfect womanhood before you, intact, untalked about. A man is not much of a man who gages himself by what he sees about him: it is what is in him—what he dreams about and hopes for that will lead him to high endeavor and magnificent action.—In certain things, my dear Aristodemus, you seem to me to be essentially knavish. You manufacture false excuses and hand in false church papers and “ skin ” your lessons. These are legitimate vices, I know, and the highest authorities of the college carefully and conscien-

tiously make us acquainted with them *via* the matriculation oath. I know, too, that a certain indisposition to attend the religious and literary exercises receives the technical name of "sickness," and that everybody so understands it. And yet, in spite of all this, you, my dear Aristodemus, every time you chicane in this way, hurt yourself and show the wrong side of human nature. It seems to me that a four years' discipline of this sort must make it very easy for a man to lie and forge and in all ways be dishonest. Take Tom Toddy, for example. You know what he is here: an idle dog in all things decent and respectable;—but wonderfully industrious in all business that pertains to the world, the flesh and the devil. And yet Tom's father and mother think that he is the pink of propriety and a model of integrity. And why not? He drops his unclean habits when he goes home, leaves sack and lives cleanly; attends the prayer-meeting, where he speaks and prays with great unction; and in all respects acts as though he were precisely what he is not. My dear Aristodemus, although this is an extreme, yet it seems to me to be a perfectly legitimate result of the system of small deceits practiced here. Don't dodge all this, now, by saying that the requirements of the college are at fault. Admitting that they are, you are none the less bound to see to it that they do not develop a wrong side to *you*.—My dear boy, I want to speak about one more habit of yours whereby you show your wrong side;—and that is your tendency to talk about *your* family and *your* house and *your* carriage and *your* circle of acquaintances and all the rest of *your* things. Fitzjames Asinego is a somewhat noted character in this line. It is related that when he was a sub-freshman, he was subjected to a "course of reasoning" by a member of the pledging committee of one of the freshman societies, who lengthened out his "argument" with a lengthy and somewhat fabulous account of the oriental magnificence of the said society's hall. Asinego could hardly wait for the conclusion of the plea before retorting in kind with a recital of the glories of his father's mansion. The society devotee

was abashed;—more than that, like Falstaff, he was “dejected.” He reported that this budding collegian could mouth “an infinite deal of nothing” more glibly than himself. Well, Fitzjames has kept this sort of thing up ever since he has been in college. I believe I could tell you how many times in a day his father’s stables are swept, and even his casual acquaintances know the number and names of the notable callers at his father’s house. Whenever I see the fellow and hear his magniloquent prattle, I feel like repeating those homely lines :

“What of earls with whom you have supt,  
And of dukes that you’dined with yes’treen?  
Lord! a louse, sir, is still but a louse,  
Though it crawl on the curls of a queen!”

My dear Aristodemus, you have seen a man-milliner busy among his ribbons and laces and other fripperies. Well, there is just another such a shop in Asinego’s mind; and it is so crowded with these vanities that the proprietor is kept busy night and day thrusting them upon the notice of all with whom he can get a word. There is no hope for a man who has been in this business long, but a little care on your part, my dear boy, will keep you out of the trade.—You must remember, however, that if you have a wrong side, it will come into sight, sometime. A piece of Gobelin tapestry, in which silver and gold and the very sunshine itself shall be curiously inwrought, can be placed high up beyond the reach of man and remain there beyond the memory of man. In looking at its antique splendor and beauty we forget the cobwebs and mildew at the back, and believe it hangs there as fresh and clean as a cloud in the sky. But a man gets pulled about, sooner or later, and somebody sees that ugly wrong side. You and I have probably visited people—reputable and honorable, as the world goes—whose idiocrasies, to put it very mildly, were continually excused by saying: “It’s only his way!” A very weak, mean, despicable way that is, which has to be continually smoothed over in such wise! No, my dear Aristodemus, what the world wants is men

who, from whatever stand-point you look at them, are right-sided. And you, in your inmost heart, want to be such a man. You have an ideal hero in you, and when you get away from the shams and trickery of your little world, you worship him with infinite longing. But you come back to the husks afterward ;—and so it comes to pass, that, although hundreds of young men of liberal culture and with generous hearts are yearly settling down to their work of life, the old earth goes on without much change, and few would know that they were once romantic enough to believe in the possibility of making the crooked things straight and the rough places smooth. All I can say is this—for I am no preacher :—there has been one perfect man, who was born in Bethlehem, who is an infinitely higher type of manhood than your highest ideal, and who is full of sympathy for all that is best about you and abundantly able to help you in all ways toward some proximate realization of your nobler desires. You can make the application yourself.—My dear Aristodemus, a twelvemonth has gone by since I had my first talk with you. I never shall meet you at the fence or by your cheery fire any more. You will probably forget me, and mayhap all I have said to you. But, however that may be, I shall have faith in you. I have spoken to you as “a man speaketh unto his friend ;”—but I should like to see the stranger I would have let talk to you as I have talked ! I shall expect something of you, and I shall not be disappointed ! As for me, “Go thy ways, old Jack !” And—God bless *you*, and may

“Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath  
O’ mony flowery simmers !”

## NOTABILIA.

———In 1781, an anonymous author published in London a "History of Connecticut." In it he says, "Yale College is built with wood and painted of a sky color; is one hundred and sixty feet long and three stories high, besides garrets." He calls it "the first of American Colleges," but adds, "Its students have no polite accomplishments. It is always painfully apparent that they have been educated in Connecticut." Although the truth of this to-day may be denied, everyone will at once admit the delicious accuracy of the following: "The women \* \* \* \* are to be compared to the prude rather than to the European polite lady. They are not permitted to read plays; cannot converse about whist, quadrille, or operas; but will freely talk upon the subjects of history, geography and the mathematics. They are great casuists, and polemical divines, and I have known not a few of them so well skilled in Greek and Latin as often to put to the blush learned gentlemen."

———We have cause to bless ourselves that the rules for chapel services have been somewhat modified from their original rigor. On November 11, 1701, the Corporation, then styled "The Collegiate Undertakers," decreed that "the Rector shall take effectual care that the said students be weekly caused *memoriter* to recite the Assembly's Catechism in Latin, and Ames' Theological Theses," and that "the Rector shall also cause the Scriptures daily, (except on the Sabbath,) morning and evening, to be read by the students, at the times of prayer in the school, according to the laudable order and usage of Harvard College, making expositions on the same; and upon the Sabbath shall either expound practical theology or cause the non-graduated students to repeat sermons." The average collegian reciting the Catechism or a "theological thesis," or,—worse yet,—expounding the Scriptures or repeating a sermon for the edification of his fellows, would be a sight for gods and men.

——It seems that the dramatic entertainments which served to enliven the Commencement exercises of thirty years ago, were not wholly acceptable to the piety of the age. A writer in 1843 calls them “ridiculous and timid imitations of the regular drama,” and adds with great truth that “in the entire absence of scenery, unsupported by female actors, and on a stage surrounded by a venerable circle of clergymen and senators, every effort for dramatic display at Commencement must prove abortive. Cocked hats, laced coats, the fiery passions of war and the voluptuous whisperings of love, but ill accord with such accompaniments.”

——The *Yale Courant* gave a well deserved rebuke to the class of '74 for the indecent way in which they scrape the chapel floor with their feet during the Sunday services. We would heartily second the *Courant's* denial of its being sanctioned by custom. While they are so far back, as yet, that they may not annoy the occupant of the pulpit, they do annoy all those who wish to listen to him, and these for the last term have not been few. If they have no regard for the floor of the chapel, their soles or their reputation as a class, let them at least use a little judgment and make these dire noises only when there is a little reason for them and when the toughened can sympathize with them.

——Some of the pleasantest calls to make are upon those who invariably make “I” the topic of conversation. It requires no exertion to answer their seldom asked questions. One using with facility the important word “you,” and just a few others in connection with it, can always keep up his small end of the conversation to the evident satisfaction of his host. We are not bored;—no, for we need only call when we feel like hearing a conversation on that particular topic. But heaven help his chum, say I. Most of these have only the faculty of telling of themselves in connection with the past. But there is one upon whom we call, who has the power of fairly enchanting you with a description of himself in the future as



holding the prerogative of royalty, which to-day he strenuously upholds, and to-morrow he more strongly supports republicanism with himself as the people's idol. He also has great powers of argument. Greatly to the satisfaction of his callers he knocks over the accepted theories of the greatest men with what "I know and think." Never contradict him. One of us, when listening at his feet the other day, dared to correct, just a little, one of his statements. He glared at him and told him, "You are absurd and a fool." The poor fellow went home feeling very sorry, not having had a very nice call.

——A few days ago the Senior class went through the usual form of handing in their statistics of board. The men who are living at hotels lied with the usual unanimity, and everything went on as before. Isn't it almost time that this farce is stopped? It results in no good, but, on the contrary, the evil that it does lives after it.

——Among the most enjoyable features of our college life are the festivals of the Sophomore and Junior societies. The man who is ignorant of their delights has lost far more than he wots of. To be sure their enjoyments are frequently paid for by flunks and headaches the next morning. This is the worst charge that can be brought against them, and it is for this that they have sometimes almost come under the faculty's ban. They are fairly responsible for it. It is their own fault. There exists in the Sophomoric mind,—and, in a less degree, in the Junioric also,—a belief that the success of a "good time" is to be measured by the lateness of the hour at which the revel ends. If the Delta Theta by beginning at 10 P. M., gets through by 2 A. M., the Theta Delta begins at 11 and so prolongs the festivities until 4, and then great is the rejoicing thereat. And thus the societies rival each other, not only in excellence of plays and spreads, but also in the amount of time consumed. It is, perhaps, natural that the new-fledged Sophomore should enjoy making a triumphal entry into chapel, with aching head and parched mouth and reddened eyes, but when he is almost

through with his cherished delights, it is certainly time to stop this childish folly. A "good time," which should extend from nine to twelve,—or, better still, from eight to eleven, would attract a larger crowd and be a greater success, and would leave no cause for repentance to its participants.

———Again, if the societies would break up at a reasonable hour, they would, perhaps, be allowed to sing, and so one of our most pleasant customs would be restored. It is fair to presume that the faculty would grant them this indulgence, inasmuch as they suffer Omega Lambda Chi to howl blasphemous puerilities on the college corner four or five nights out of the week. The strains of "All hail, Phi Theta," would vary agreeably the monotony of "Go to hell, then," and other songs of kindred ilk, with which South College is now saluted with tiresome regularity.

———The following appear to be the delights of rustication, in one case, at least, as seen by a letter lately received from an absentee: "Occasionally, my untamed spirit grows restive and defies all restraint. In such a mood, last week, mounted upon my charger 'Gustavus Adolphus,' and supplied with 'provant,' I shook the dust of the city from my feet and determined to try for a while bachelor life in the country. My only visitor the first night was a troublesome dog whom I greeted with four pistol balls through his back and two in his head, before he concluded to retire. It is needless to say he is still in a state of retirement. As business was dull the next day, I concluded to burn off the grass on the lawn. I did not consider sufficiently the state of the wind nor the dryness of the grass, and soon felt like Latimer of old, that I had that day lighted a fire that would illumine the whole country. In a few minutes the whole lawn was in a blaze;—evergreens and other trees that my father had been nursing for years, were burned to a cinder. I philosophically viewed my handiwork from a distance, inwardly concluding that though a frightened horse was a pretty

tough customer, a fire, when once well under way, was as resistless as a fifty-mile-an-hour locomotive. The next day, as dogs and other animals were scarce, and as there seemed to be nothing *useful* that I could turn my hand to, I concluded to return to town and break the news to the family as gently as possible. I am at present very humble, but survive."



## MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

### *Our Record*

Extends from March 15 to April 6. March went out like a lamb, and April came in like a lion; out-door sports and long reviews have agitated the undergraduate mind; while the rival merits of English and Jewell et al., have raised an excitement, only exceeded by that felt by the whole world in the

### *Delta Kappa Prize Declamations,*

Which were spoken at the society hall Saturday evening, April 1. The "pieces" and the speakers were as follows: "Ignorance of the Past a Hindrance to Mental Development," G. D. Reid, Suffield; "Ambition," C. E. Humphrey, Englewood, N. J.; "There is Room up Higher," S. F. Blodgett, Jacksonville, Ill.; "Night brings out the Stars," A. Wilcox, New Haven; "Charles Dickens," J. S. Wood, Clinton, N. Y.; "Jeanne d' Arc," J. M. Townsend, East Haven; "Thought and Thinkers," H. H. Ragan, Turin, N. Y.; "The Mission of Evil," J. B. Herron, Pittsburgh, Pa.; "War," H. H. Chittenden, New York city; "American Statesmen," W. O. Sayles, Pascoag, R. I.; "Driftwood," W. O. Henderson, Marysville, O. Messrs. R. W. Archbald and G. A. Strong, '71, and J. K. Thacher, '68, the committee of award, gave the first prize to Ragan, the second to Chittenden and the third to Townsend. The committee of arrangements consisted of Messrs. T. D. Cuyler, J. M. Townsend and T. P. Wickes, and the programmes, (printed by Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor,) were the neatest of any we have seen this year—although, with collegial inaccuracy, there were three mistakes in names. Inaccuracy, however, seems to be the failing of mankind, inasmuch as a communication, relating to

*Boating Matters,*

Which was lately received from Harvard, shows a shocking disregard of the almanac of the current year, not to speak of orthography. The letter alluded to, which is the only answer as yet returned to Yale's challenge of December 10, is as follows :

“CAMBRIDGE, March 27, 1871.

“GENTLEMEN: At a meeting of the executive committee of the H. U. B. C., held to consider the challenge of the Y. U. B. C., it was decided that the H. U. B. C. is willing to meet the Y. U. B. C. in any race in which all parties are sure of fair play. In order, therefore, to attain this desirable end, you are requested to send two delegates to a convention to be held at the Massasoit House, Springfield, Mass., on Saturday, April 14, 1871, for the purpose of establishing a Union Regatta of American Colleges. An early notification of your intention of attending the convention would greatly favor the undersigned.

Yours, very respectfully,

G. H. GOULD, *Pres. H. U. B. C.*  
H. S. MUDGE, *Sec. H. U. B. C.*”

A second note, written under date of March 30, fixes the date of the proposed convention as “Saturday, April 15.” In order to take action on this matter, a boating meeting was held at the President's lecture room April 3. After considerable discussion a motion was finally carried to the effect that a letter should be sent to Harvard, stating that Yale wanted a definite answer to her challenge before taking any action looking toward an inter-collegiate regatta. Such a letter has accordingly been written and sent by Mr. Ford. This action of Harvard put Yale into a dilemma: if we sent no delegates, they could say we were stiff-necked; if we sent delegates, they could still control the convention, and then, in case Yale refused to yield to their demands and withdrew, a charge of factiousness could be made. Under the circumstances it was thought best to settle one question before opening another; and if Harvard is honest in her desire for a fair race she can prove it by a definite answer to the challenge of Yale. Our boating men generally are anxious to row Harvard next summer, and there is some talk now of proposing to row Harvard alone (as per challenge) and afterward to row in an Union Regatta of American Colleges. In this way the friends of both plans would be satisfied. Before the adjournment of the meeting I. H. Ford, '71, President of the club, and W. F. McCook, '73, Captain of the crew, were elected to act as delegates to the proposed convention in case Harvard should refuse to row Yale alone. An unanimous wish was expressed by the meeting that E. D.

Coonley, '71, should join the crew, but, for reasons satisfactory to himself, he declined. An informal challenge, received from the Atalanta Boat Club of New York city, was also laid before the meeting. It was voted to row them at some time to be determined on in the future. The repairs on the boat house are to be completed some time in vacation. C. H. Clark, '71, has been selected as floor manager of the Regatta Ball. Commodore Bone of '70 has discharged all his personal obligations to the club, but no explanation has yet been offered of the surmised misuse of money under his administration. He claims that some \$800 were given to C. H. Dix, '70, to pay over to the club. This has never been received. Mr. Stearns, '70, who is now in Europe, left his accounts in this country, but the person with whom they were left has kept them out of sight up to date. The only accounts which have been received consisted of a number of bills, amounting to some \$400, which the present administration has had to pay. This is a bad matter to talk about; but there is too much carelessness displayed in regard to college finances generally, and our boating interests are too important, to justify silence until some coherent explanation is furnished of '70's management of boating moneys. We trust such an explanation may be forthcoming, and that it may be as satisfactory in its way as was the

#### *Junior Prize Exhibition,*

Which was held at the chapel April 4. Unlike the old "Junior Ex.," this developed considerable interest, both on account of the competition which had already taken place for positions on the programme and also because of the very respectable prize—second, in the way of prizes for literary work, only to the DeForest—to be competed for in the speaking. Each of the ten speakers received \$10, and the best one of the ten received in addition \$50. The Faculty were the judges. The body of the chapel was comfortably filled while Mr. G. E. Martin, '72, was playing a voluntary on the organ, and at 2:30 the speaking began, after the following order of exercises: 1. "Lord Bolingbroke," Henry W. B. Howard, Brooklyn, N. Y.; 2. "The French of History and the French of To-Day," Charles C. Deming, Hartford; 3. "The Ecumenical Council and the Occupation of Rome," David S. Holbrook, Chester, Mass.; 4. "Hatred of England as an element in American Politics," John H. Hincks, Bridgeport; 5. "The Ecumenical Council and the occupation of Rome," Robert R. Kendall, Ridgefield. Music. 6. "The French of History and the French of To-Day," James H. Clendenin, Gallipolis, O.; 7. "Lord Bolingbroke," Robert E. Coe, Bloomfield, N. J.; 8. Free Political Institutions as a Means of Educa-

tion for the Popular Mind," George Richards, Bridgeport; 9. "The French of History and the French of To-Day," Alexander R. Merriam, Goshen, N. Y.; 10. "Thackeray's Misanthropy," David J. H. Willcox, Port Richmond, N. Y. The speaking was finished in a little over two hours. The extra prize of \$50 was divided between Coe and Hincks, both members of the '72 LIT. board. The music was a song by the Yale Glee Club, which was rapturously applauded. Messrs. W. H. Bradley, E. B. Cobb and E. H. Peaslee acted as ushers. The programmes displayed no "dog," and were commendable on that account; but the speakers all wore the regulation swallow-tail. Altogether the Junior Prize Exhibition was a great success,—only excelled, so far as we know, by

### *The Initiation Supper*

Of the XXXVth Editorial Board in the management of the YALE LIT., which took place at the New Haven House on Wednesday evening, April 5. After the novitiates had been duly inducted into the mysteries of Chi Delta Theta, the members of the two boards sat down to a spread gotten up "regardless of expense," as the play-bills say. It will be remembered that last year the board of '70 promised that the board of '71 would admit to the supper that contributor who should furnish the greatest number of acceptable articles during the year. The present board, however, concluded it would be better to exclude all outsiders from the supper, and accordingly ignored '70's promise. Providence, however, overruled us. Mr. Sweet was unable to attend on account of sickness, and Mr. W. K. Townsend, '71, whose contributions, both in number and length, clearly entitled him to the vacant seat, was invited to fill it. We are under the impression that the board of '72 will yield to the manifest destiny of the most faithful contributor to partake of the LIT. supper, and men of stomach will act accordingly. With the wine and cigars came the toasts, which were as follows:

#### 1. THE YALE LIT.

Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque Yalenses .  
Cantabunt Soboles, unanimique patres. *Old Song.*

Responded to by C. D. Hine.

#### 2. CHI DELTA THETA.

Within that awful name there lies  
The mystery of mysteries. *Walter Scott.*

Responded to by C. B. Ramsdell.

## 3. NOTABILIA.

A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. *The Winter's Tale.*

Responded to by A. B. Mason.

## 4. THE COURANT.

Give the devil his due. *King Henry IV.*

Responded to by C. C. Deming.

## 5. MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

Records that defy the tooth of time. *Young.*

Responded to by W. R. Sperry.

## 6. VOLUME XXXVII.

How pure the joy when first my hands unfold

The small rare volume. *Ferriar.*

Responded to by George Richards.

## 7. EDITOR'S TABLE.

Let their table be made a snare and a trap and a stumbling-block  
unto them. *Romans, xi, 9.*

This toast was to have been responded to by E. F. Sweet.

Instead, Mr. Townsend replied to the following:

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Spreading himself like a green bay-tree. *Psalms, xxxvii, 35.*

## 8. THE LITERATURE OF THE LIT.

And what is writ, is writ:

Would it were worthier. *Byron.*

Responded to by R. E. Coe.

## 9. THE FINANCES OF THE LIT.

For riches certainly make themselves wings. *Proverbs.*

Responded to by G. A. Strong.

## 10. THE BOARD OF 1872.

There buds the promise of celestial worth. *Young.*

Responded to by J. H. Hincks.

The supper-room, which we had entered at about nine, was at last vacated about half-past one. After this the new board elected Mr. Ramsdell as treasurer. Messrs. Coe and Richards are to have charge of the "Memorabilia" for the coming year, and Mr. Hincks, chairman of the board, is to conduct the "Notabilia." The nine successive numbers under the management of '72 will be edited in the order named: Coe, Deming, Richards, Hincks, Ramsdell, Coe, Deming, Richards, Ramsdell. Mr. Ramsdell is the third successive treasurer who has edited the last number of his year, Messrs. Tilney, '70, and Strong, '71, having a similar fortune. The position of treasurer, however, always furnishes a man the wherewithal to attend all the

*Town Shows,*

Although, for the last month, but few of them have been worth attending. March 18 Morris Brothers' Minstrels blacked themselves for the public titillation. March 21 Miss Glyn, an English lady, read "Macbeth." March 22 the black republican and the colored brother listened to "Jim" Nye, U. S. Senator from Nevada, and ex-Governor J. R. Hawley of Hartford, and on the following evening the Hon. J. R. Fellows, of N. Y., talked to the gregarious "Mick" and the unter-rified patriot of the third ward. March 24 and 25 Fox and Denier's Pantomime Troupe played "Three Blind Mice." March 27 Father Hecker lectured on "The Religious Tendencies of the American People." March 28 Welch, Hughes and White's Brooklyn Minstrels carried the news to Mary with great applause. March 29 the Hon. J. L. Swift, of Boston, Gen. J. A. Hall, of Maine, and Gen. B. F. Bruce, of N. Y., fired the republican heart, followed, on the next evening, by Richard O'Gorman, of N. Y., in behalf of the democracy. March 31 Mme. Marie Seebach appeared as "Marguerite" (Gretchen) in Goethe's "Faust." April 1 the last republican meeting of the campaign was addressed by ex-Governor Noble of Wisconsin. April 3 Edith O'Gorman, sometime a nun in St. Joseph's convent, Hudson city, N. J., related her experience while there. April 4 and 5 the San Francisco Minstrels gave "Les Brigands," but the performances of these burnt-cork fellows are mere

*Trifles*

Compared with the efforts of the virtuous vender of "good, pure, superior, old-fashioned, home-made, unequaled, unique, Turkish caromels," in the epistolary line, as witness the following card laid upon our table March 21 :

NEW HAVEN, March the 1 1870

if kinde providence will permit i will Greet you with my presants on  
monday Ttuesday and Saterdag mornings

Yours Resspectfully

JOSEPH GEORGE HANNIBAL L W SILLIMAN Esq

—March 17 St. Patrick's day was celebrated by the enthusiastic Irish after the usual fashion. Among the dignitaries in carriages we noticed C. T. Driscoll, '69. "Old Matches" was one of the rank and file, but he fell out now and then in order to take a quiet smoke.—Quite a



number of ladies were present at Prof. Dana's celebrated lecture on "Coral Islands," March 18.—Dr. Bushnell of Hartford preached at the chapel in the morning and afternoon of March 19 and 26; the Rev. Mr. Newcomb of the Howe street church in the morning of April 2 and the Rev. Mr. Hermance in the afternoon.—The President presided at a lecture on the "Holy Land," delivered by Rabbi H. Z. Snershon of Jerusalem, at the Jewish Synagogue, March 22.—Dr. Sanford closed his very interesting course of medical lectures March 24 with his usual valedictory.—Among the multitudinous officers of the democratic meeting held March 30 we find the names of C. Deming, '72, as vice-president, and F. Johnson, R. P. Maynard, E. F. Sweet, '71, G. Kendrick, '72, and C. Phelps, '70, as secretaries.—Prof. Dana, at his lecture of April 1, pointed out a route for sight-seeing among the Alps, and gave other valuable information for the benefit of prospective tourists.—Prof. Wheeler spoke about "The Losses of Protestantism in Europe since the sixteenth century," at the President's lecture room, April 2. It was a very interesting talk, although a bad case was made out for the Protestant cause.—The commencement pieces of the class of '71 were handed to Prof. Northrop April 3. All having appointments down to and including disputes were required to write.—The State election took place April 3. In the evening the fellows started a big bonfire by the fence, around which the men and brethren stood, some hilarious with satisfaction (at ten cents a glass), and some exceedingly dolorous. It is not yet certain, however, whose election was celebrated.—It is worthy of mention that the "peeler" on the corner was conveniently blind to all that was going on, and in one case accidentally mentioned where some burnable barrels might be found.—The inhabitants of Farnam have reason to 'be satisfied with their home during these warm, damp, Spring days. The rooms are dry and comfortable, while the dwellers in the other dormitories are either overgrown with mold or sweatily hot.—Messrs. C. H. Clark and A. B. Mason, '71, walked to Hartford the other day. They got over the thirty-six miles in twelve hours, including a rest of an hour and a half.—The Beethoven Society adjourned *sine die* March 15.—The historians of '74, for their class dinner, are Messrs. C. W. Clark, C. J. Harris, D. A. Kennedy and A. D. Whittemore for the four divisions respectively.—G. D. Miller and R. W. DeForest, '70, S. Benedict, '71, and H. W. B. Howard, '72, had charge of the compilation and publication of the new Psi Upsilon catalogue.—Prof. Dana has been writing for the *Independent* on the "Darwinian Theory," but without presenting his own views.—Prof. Porter's book about American colleges was favorably reviewed in the London *Saturday*

*Review* of February 18.—The base ball men have begun to bestir themselves, but the “season” can hardly be said to be fairly opened yet.—A Freshman was suspended two or three weeks ago for persistent sleeping in chapel.—A “Hygenic” society has lately been started in New Haven, of which “Prof. Welch of Yale” is one of the sachems. Even the sweeps will be styled “Profs.” next, unless this thing is stopped.—The Cardiff Giant has been among us, and the public morals are correspondingly lowered.—Prof. Hadley’s course of lectures on “Roman Law” at Harvard were a great success.—Miss Mary L. Hillhouse, a faithful friend of Yale, was buried March 25. Dr. Bacon conducted the exercises, and Profs. Norton and Thacher were among the bearers.—Inquisitorial examinations are now in progress. A scheme of these torturing exercises has been issued by the faculty.—The “subjects for Townsend compositions and DeForest oration,” for the class of ’71, were made public April 6. They are as follows: 1. The Importance of the Towns of the Middle Ages in preparing for Modern Liberties. 2. Culture and Religion.—Culture distinguished from Religion. Culture promoted by Religion. Culture not unfriendly to Religion. Culture will not displace Religion. 3. The Present Political Parties in England.—Their origin, growth, principles, strength, leaders, and prospects. 4. The Cause of the Want of Permanency in French Institutions. 5. The Religious Faith of Wordsworth and Tennyson as shown in their Poems. The following “directions” are attached to the list: “The compositions must be delivered by some person, not the writer, to Prof. Northrop, at 137 Farnam College, on Thursday morning, June 1, between 9 and 10 o’clock. The name of the writer must be in an accompanying sealed envelope. Credit must be given for thoughts borrowed, and quotation marks must not be omitted where they are needed. Fifteen minutes only will be allowed for speaking, but the compositions need not be thus limited. The speaking for the DeForest Medal will be on the afternoon of June 30.”

#### S. S. S. MEMORABILIA.

##### *The Medical Course,*

Though it has not yet been publicly announced and though the number taking it this year is small, is henceforth to be an established course in the School, and the schedule of studies will probably appear in the next catalogue. The design is to give to men who propose to study medicine a practical, and so far as time will allow, a thorough knowledge of Chemistry, Zoology and Botany, and always with their special end in

view. At the same time literary studies will not be neglected, and these are pursued in connection with the numbers of the select course. It is a system of training which, as Medicine is becoming more and more an exact science, is eminently needed, and bids fair to be well sustained, albeit the 'Lab's' olfactorys are not always delighted by the organic compounds which these medics prepare. Most of the time this year is spent in the Lab and probably next year the 'Bug Lab' will chiefly occupy the attention. Every thing is profoundly quiet and even

### *Items*

Of any special interest seem afraid to show their heads.—Prof. Lyman's lecture on Sound, was delivered in Hartford to a large audience on the evening of March 22d.—Mr. Lounsbury spoke there on English Orthography on March 29th, and Prof. Verrill on Deep Sea Life, April 5th.—On account of the illness of Prof. Eaton, Prof. Brush lectured to the Mechanics on March 23d on Aluminum.—Prof. Gilman's lecture on Connecticut which followed this, finished the course.—Mr. J. S. Adam returned from his trip to San Domingo on the 3d inst., having had a pleasant time, and was much interested in reading the almost obituary notices of himself.—The Junior Astronomers examined the spots on the Sun on the afternoon of March 26th.—Prof. Gilman, March 19th, gave the last of the Sunday evening lectures for this year. His subject was Dean Stanley.—The Freshmen have had free-hand drawing at the Art School thus far this year.—They have also discarded Whately and are studying in its place Marsh's Lectures on English Language.—Examinations commenced on Wednesday, the 5th inst., and on account of Fast Day, are to be doled out to some, at the rate of two a day.—Juniors finish German this term, having now studied it under Prof. Whitney for five terms.—Members of the Senior Class are beginning to look wise, and their spare moments are supposed to be entirely taken up in research for their graduating Theses.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

*Books Received.*

*Over the Ocean.* By Curtis Guild, Esq., editor of the Boston Commercial Bulletin. A racy, fascinating book, published in beautiful style.

*Guilt and Innocence.* By Marie Sophie Schwartz. Another translation from the Swedish, of one of Madame Schwartz's entertaining stories.

*The Duel between France and Germany.* A Lecture by Hon. Charles Sumner. A publication in a neat form of this able effort of an able man.

All these books come from the press of Messrs. Lee & Shepard, of Boston, and may be found with Messrs. Judd & White.

COLLEGE EXCHANGES:—*Mercerian, Advocate, Jarvis Hall Record, College World, Williams Quarterly, University Press, Vidette, The Owl, College Days, Hamilton Lit. Monthly, College Times, Annualist, College Courier, Antiochian, Amherst Student, Irving Union, Tripod, Newspaper Reporter, Brunonian, Union College Magazine, University Reporter, Indiana Student, Packer Quarterly, College Argus, Western Collegian, Dalhousie College Gazette, Miami Student, Beloit College Monthly, Lafayette Monthly, Cap and Gown, Madisonensis, Chronicle, Wabash Magazine, Bethany Guardian, Dartmouth, Targum.*

OUTSIDE EXCHANGES:—*Journal of Education, Appletons' Journal, Figaro, Atlantic Monthly, The Nation, Overland Monthly.*

The *Irving Union* has a pretty little piece of poetry entitled, "Watching for the Girls," which recalls old times to the editor. Another article in the same paper administers a sound rebuke to various *smooth spoken* young men, who vex the righteous souls of the two young ladies in the "University," by obstreperous conduct in the Reading Room.

The *College World* has the following. It will apply equally well at Yale. "The following lines are supposed to have been written by an editor who was insane, for certainly no sane man could dream anything so improbable.

"I had a dream the other night,  
When everything was still;  
I dreamed that each subscriber  
Came up and paid his bill.  
Each wore a look of honesty,  
And smiles were round each eye,  
And, as they handed in the stamps,  
They yelled, 'How's that for High'?"

The recent fate of a character calling himself M. House, and carrying on business as a divorce lawyer in New York city, who is now vegetating in jail, on the charge of perjury, "reminds" the present editor "of a little story." Just before the issue of the last July number, a printed circular was received asking that the accompanying advertisement of "M. House, Divorce lawyer, New York city," be inserted in the *LIT.* and the bill forwarded. This reasonable request was politely complied with, the latter part of it several times, but here the matter ended, much to the disgust of the impecunious engineers of that powerful engine, "The YALE *LIT.*" On the occasion of the

visit of the University Nine to New York, to play the Mutual game, the present editor went down in advance of the rest of the Nine, for the purpose of calling on M. House, Esq., and also upon Messrs. Sarony & Co., who had not paid their advertisement bills. (We will casually remark that although Sarony & Co. were more honest in their acknowledgments than M. House, Esq., they still owe the "best of family magazines" for their last summer term's advertisements.)

On finding the office of the celebrated divorce lawyer, with that eminent citizen snugly ensconced therein, in conversation with a *friend*, apparently of a similar persuasion, the following conversation took place, which, accompanied as it was with the impersonation of cool "cheek," is unparalleled in the editor's whole experience. "Is this Mr. House?" "Yes! sir." "Mr. House, I have a little bill against you." "A-a-h (with a shrug of the shoulders), I never pay any bills." (Editor, his southern "dander" gradually rising.) "What do you advertise for, then?" "I don't advertise to pay my bills." "Well, what do you advertise your *profession*, or whatever you may style it, for?" "Oh! if any one chooses to advertise my profession, it's *nothing to me!*" (M. House, Esq., Divorce lawyer, beginning to catechise in his turn.) "But who are you? I don't know anything about you, except that you are a young man—fair spoken. (Very patronizingly uttered.) (Editor more "riled" than ever.) "Well! Sir, I can tell you in a very few words who I am, and what I want. I am an editor of the Yale Literary Magazine, to which you sent an advertisement: we published it, and now I should like the bill for the same paid at once." (M. House, Esq., Divorce lawyer, speaking very calmly and deliberately.) "And I can tell you, sir, in just as few words, that I shall not pay you, for I never pay any bills." (Editor, infuriated beyond the power of restraint.) "Well! Sir, all I have to say, then, is that you are a swindler and scoundrel." (M. House, Esq., calmly speaking to his *friend*, while rising to shut the door after the irate editor.) "See how mad these men get, when you don't pay their little bills!"

But such trials, and all other editorial ones, are almost over. With the issue of the April LIT., the labors of the XXXVth Editorial Board are ended. The labors have been arduous, and to some of the Board, by no means agreeable. There are those who claim to have enjoyed their connection with the LIT., but it is noticeable that they are those who have not grown thin in working for it, nor even run any risk of such a fate.

To our successors we hand over the LIT. with confidence. Its reputation will not suffer in their hands.

To our subscribers we return thanks,—especially to those who have paid, on being first requested so to do.

To our printers (T. M & T.) we say goodbye, with hearty thanks for their uniform courtesy and obliging disposition shown us. Good work, such as we have always had from them, can be paid for; but it is doubly pleasant to pay it, when it has been accompanied by such politeness as theirs. May success always attend them!

Our relations with our Scientific Editor, Mr. T. Mitchell Prudden, have been most pleasant. His contributions will probably be continued for the next Board.

But one term more remains, and then, some with sorrow, some with gladness, we can say to Yale itself: "Goodbye."

G. A. S.





# THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XXXVI.

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No. VII.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '72.

ROBERT E. COE,

JOHN H. HINCKS,

CHARLES C. DEMING,

CHARLES B. RAMSDELL,

GEORGE RICHARDS.

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## YOUNG AMERICA.

THE tendency to classify and label is not confined to orderly and methodical natures. It may be seen in every pursuit, and in every variety of temperament. It is to this characteristic, perhaps, that we owe many of those expressions so prevalent and popular which are designated slang. And is it not also through the working of this instinct that nations have come to be represented by individuals? *John Bull* means His Majesty, Milord, Yer Honor, and Jack. And, after the same fashion, we call our celestial friend *John Chinaman* and nickname every Hibernian *Pat*. But here in America we are not covered by a single title. *Uncle Sam* stands for the government—not the agents, nor the executors, but the machinery itself, the administration.

Uncle Sam is a shrewd old gentleman, with a clear head and a keen eye and a fair judgment. He is generally careful about going too far. He lets another try the ice before he ventures upon it himself. True, he sometimes makes mistakes. He neglects small evils and they grow into large ones. He makes foolish bargains and is dis-



appointed in his purchases. But his errors are apt to be on the safe side, and with all his faults we are pretty well satisfied with him.

And then there is Brother Jonathan. We say "is," but really, when we think of it, he is quite out of date. He was very good while he lasted. He was smart, certainly, and capable. He was brim full of energy and perseverance. He was ingenious too, and spry and clever as could be, and then how he could whittle! But with all his accomplishments he could not keep up with the times. He never got thoroughly over his greenness. He never would shut up his knife and behave like a gentleman. He watched with sorrow the growth of an age with which he was unable to sympathize, and not long ago he disappeared. Some attributed his departure to his dismay at the recklessness occasioned by the petroleum excitement. Some assert that he was frightened to death by the Erie accidents. Some think that velocipedes finished him; but whatever may have been the order of his going, the fact remains. We see imitations of him now and then, standing on Broadway and offering unparalleled inducements to the buyers of gingham umbrellas, or sounding the cymbals with a melancholy air for the benefit of Old Folk's concerts; but the genuine Brother Jonathan of former days, like the original Old Folks themselves, is no more. And as he disappears behind the scenes, lo! another representative personage comes strutting up before the foot lights, and, without waiting or condescending to bow, introduces himself as Young America.

We desire to notice some of his traits as he stands there so unconcernedly before us. He is uneasy and probably will not stay long. So you see we must begin at once. And as we were observing his restlessness, let us begin with that. He is never deliberate, never willing to wait. The times and the world move too slowly. They cannot be driven, unless it be to distraction. They run along at the same old rate, while he is in a hurry. He laughs at "haste makes waste," "slow and sure." He likes to be up and doing. Almost any business is better than none.

Yet the occupation which he has labored to secure often becomes distasteful. He makes innumerable beginnings. He starts upon scores of tracks. But, fairly off, he cannot go fast enough, though nothing must be left unseen or unexplored by the way.

Still, restlessness and impatience are not very bad qualities. We must find graver faults before we condemn him. He is injudicious, then. He lets prudence wait on inclination. He jumps at conclusions. Thought is crowded out by action; and so he is careless and rash. "Nothing venture nothing have" he exclaims; as he scruples not to stake everything upon a doubtful issue: for he always has a proverb with which to bolster up any resolution. He is a famous speculator. Give him any new enterprise promising possible success and he will enter upon it as though it had stood the test of a century. He is extravagant as well. He is lavish of time and wealth. He is satisfied that the best is good enough for him. What value has money unless it is used? What is pleasure worth unless it is appropriated? The only time of which we are sure is the present; then let us make the most and the best of that. His spirit is stimulated by our splendid scenery and invigorating climate. But it finds its greatest incitement in the rush and bustle of the age—an age of new inventions and achievements, an age of startling discoveries and brilliant fortunes. So he scatters his gifts like "sugarplums at a Roman Carnival," and never remembers that they are going until they are gone.

These failings, however, only render him somewhat unreliable. He has other faults which make him sometimes an unpleasant companion. He is conceited—there is no doubt of that. Conceit is noticeable in every action. You cannot teach him. He will not be led by a former generation. You cannot aid him by a suggestion or disconcert him by a surprise. For whatever he wishes to do or say, he can give you a dozen excellent reasons. Or he can face directly to the opposite and show you that such has always been his opinion. Talk to him upon any subject whatever; he is ready to meet you. Upon society,

politics, literature, religion—upon every possible topic, he has formed his conclusions and he holds fast to them, superior to age, superior to argument, superior to everything.

Out of this conceit have grown other traits equally disagreeable. Give him loose reins and he will prove himself to be an admirable fellow: but try to oppose him and you find him domineering as well as obstinate. He must have his own way and you must have it too. He cannot bear to be second. If he is in business, woe to the under clerks! If he is in college, *Procul, O procul este, profani!* He can silence, if he cannot convince, and acquiescence suits him as well as approval. And then he is skeptical and irreverent. He takes nothing for granted. That a creed has received the sanction of the past, that a measure has been tested and accepted, that the great and good have deliberated and decided; all this is nothing to him. Antiquity is no proof of merit. If a system is old it is worn out and it is time for a new one. He cannot avail himself of another's experience. If the act is a foolish one, he desires to see the folly of it himself. He is his own authority and his own security, and he considers this authority final and the security safe. He pays no attention to any preconceived notions of right or wrong. He tears down the shrines which a thousand memories have hallowed and breaks up the associations which all the ties of sympathy and affection have endeared.

But what a picture we are making! We have been finding fault with the very spirit of our institutions, the very incarnation of progress. Let us take another look at Young America (since he is so unaccountably quiet). How enterprising he is, how energetic! If he is meddlesome, he is at any rate diligent and he always has an end in view. He never sees any difficulties; he never endures any delays; he knows no such word as fail. Is there any risk to be run—any forlorn hope to be led? Here is one ready, nay enthusiastic, for the service. No other object, however desirable, can be substituted for this. No other cause can be united with it. No time may be lost. To-

morrow may bring more favorable auspices, more desirable preparations, but for to-morrow he cannot wait. If it is to be done by him it must be done at once. Truly, whatsoever his hand finds to do, he does with all his might. Grant that he is impetuous—what harm? Impetuosity is an admirable fault. Those who condemn it most would be improved by a touch of it.

He is brave withal and chivalrous. He cannot conduct a siege, but he can head a charge. He never would have submitted to the discipline of Lycurgus, but he would have leaped with Curtius into the gulf. And then he is so generous. We censured his extravagance, but he is as liberal to others as he is to himself. He is no readier to spend than to share. His very improvidence makes him the more unselfish.

Still another trait is his self-reliance. His conceit is a phase of this. You may call it all conceit, if you choose. But it is this assurance that suggests numberless expedients, that never has misgivings, that sees only complete success, and is triumphant from the outset. Self-confidence, like anger, sometimes becomes a virtue. How we envy those happy beings who are prepared for every emergency, who are never thrown off their guard, who are ready to undertake any responsibility, who can, at the shortest notice, act like heroes and talk like philosophers.

Young America is a thorough radical. We called him an iconoclast, and rightly. He does pull down and tear away; but then he builds up and strengthens. He explodes old theories but he introduces new ones. He is a good critic, an able director, a useful pioneer. Place him in a land of settled laws, under a system of constant restraint, where a tradition is worth more than a fact, and he would become a turbulent subject. But in a Republic, and in its early years, he is the most desirable and necessary character. And if he sometimes gives us uneasiness, if we sometimes tremble lest he venture too far and shipwreck all, we must remember that he is only *Young America*, that he is growing wiser and stronger, that added years and the experience they will bring, that more

thorough culture and more careful judgment, will render this noisy restless boy a ripe and perfected man.

But there! just as we were beginning to get into good humor with him, he is gone. Yet he is still in sight. Look around you; you will find him everywhere.



### A PLEA FOR CHARITY.

I **THOUGHT**, perhaps, to beg pardon of the readers of the LIT. for bringing before them a subject upon which all have probably thought to some extent, which every one theoretically holds to be true—one, however, which but feebly operates in our every-day judgments of college success or failure. Occasionally there has appeared in the LIT. an article which has disclosed to us one or more of the false standards by which we measure our fellows and their actions. I shall confine myself to one, which is to all appearances the fairest criterion we have—the only one in fact which will spur us to exertion—but which in its practical workings is often unjust, and leads to uncharitable conclusions.

There is in every sphere of our college experience a self-imposed standard of nominal success, below which if any fall, he is considered a nonentity in the college world. With all the sympathy which pervades our social life, I have noticed that there is little real charity for those who fail to obtain some real or apparent distinction at which they have aimed. With now and then an honorable exception, any one who fails in obtaining literary honors is necessarily put down as a dullard. The man whom societies do not honor, is without the pale of good fellowship. This were all well enough, were these standards all perfectly pure and high—were success in them, beyond question, a test of talent or merit. There is always a presumption in favor of the successful writer, student or society man: but since the standard is not infallible, suc-

cess can rightly lead us only to a presumption of merit, whereas we take it always as an unfailing test, and disregard all who fall in the least short of it. It is well to place a high standard. It is uncharitable to make its decisions final. I do not say that, generally speaking, we can raise any fairer criterion than the one I have indicated, for it is the only plausible one we possess—but I do deprecate the wrong estimates and false prophecies which it engenders regarding the unsuccessful in the strife for college honors. We who disregard all hereditary distinctions in society, measure a man here solely by the prize stars on his escutcheon. College honors presuppose talent—we dream not of deception. Spread we on the gold leaf; it is gold. No one will test its depth. History photographs Success, writes under it “Merit,” and hangs the picture in her galleries. History photographs Failure, writes under it “Incapacity,” and this too men gaze upon. But do we here in college have any higher standard in this regard than the world? Are we more charitable than they? And yet how much more reason have we to suspend our judgment! For while there is some probability, at least, that the sentence may be just, in the case of a life-failure; in our restricted sphere, where so short a time is spent, and so few of the strongest elements of character displayed, no right final judgment can be formed, no disparaging prophecy should be indulged.

There can be nothing worse in its effects upon the formation of high mental and moral character than these perverted measurements of our college days. We naturally so far trust the united judgment of our fellows, that we irresistibly accept their measuring lines. And since college success or failure appears to the majority to prophesy a similar result in after life, premature satisfaction is carried to the fortunate; and to those who have no laurels here, discouragement in their own eyes, and despite in the regard of others. The first bad result of this satisfaction to the successful is to prevent exertion beyond a point which will satisfy this standard of present relative merit: for most of us care to surpass only relatively. Few tear themselves from this aim, and strive for merit or suc-

cess which is not comparative. But if we strive merely for present relative success, we should judge ourselves by relative standards. Success at some of our smaller New England colleges would be no guarantee of similar good fortune here: no more is success at Yale an assurance of eminence in life. Fortunate circumstances, or fields for deception, may exist here for one, which another may not have or will not use. The world may reverse all this. There are in all colleges a good many literary Pecksniffs, who obtain reputation by showing the results of the labors of many another Martin Chuzzlewit. Favoritism may exist within the bounds of a little recitation room: the world may be a harsher tutor. Again, success here may attend the irresponsible, who will sink when tasks become duties, and rosy strifes for honor assume the leaden hue of life's business. College honor, too, is immediate, fervent; that of the world comparatively distant and cold. Those upon whom the former acts like a spur, may find the latter unsympathetic; for many among us are dependent for exertion entirely upon the sympathies and encouragements of college life. We sometimes hear these remarks made—but it is generally, we think, by those who look with no eye of favor upon college-trained men, and hence we dismiss it as a prejudiced judgment. But our danger is in believing the other extreme to be the true one. I remember meeting somewhere in Hawthorne an idea somewhat like this: Some men who promise well do not fulfill this hope. Like certain chintzes, calicoes and gingham, they show finely in their first newness, but cannot stand the sun and rain, and assume a very sober aspect after washing day. A writer in the *College Courant*, some time ago, speaking of Cornell University, says: "Cornell started too well. Her clock struck eleven at first, and very soon struck twelve; the next, as a natural consequence would be among the smaller numbers. Yale's and Harvard's clocks have hardly struck six yet." It were better to leave college striking six, and afterward to strike twelve, than leaving at high noon to startle ourselves and friends by brief and feeble strokes among the small hours.



But bad as may be the ultimate effects upon those of us who may succeed, of this misjudgment of our strength the more immediate and disagreeable effects are seen in our estimates of those who fail. As success here is no assurance of success in life, so failure here does not prophesy defeat in the world. More failures are caused in life by accepting defeats which may be turned into victories than by overwhelming routs which evidently cannot be retrieved. Hence the importance which we place upon immediate success here has caused many an unfortunate to accept its decisions as conclusive, and to give over the race. Others, more philosophical or more indifferent, have disregarded it. Many of the reasons given above, why some are successful here and not afterward, apply likewise in showing why others do not gain college reputation but succeed in life. One other may be especially marked—the fact that some do not develop early—that the most persevering toil of early life often bears no fruit. We think, perhaps, too often upon the discouraging facts, that the greatest American poem was written by a student in Williams College; that some of Milton's most sublime poems were written when he was little older than most of us; that Robertson had finished his life-work at thirty-seven; that thirty years brought to Shelley his death and fame, while the genius of Keats exhausted him in a shorter time. But such shining instances are, after all, exceptional. Many, like LaFontaine, have waited forty years for the slow maturing of their genius. Many, like Goldsmith and Swift, have entered the literary world for the first time when far towards middle life. A competitive examination, it is thought, would have excluded Wellington from the humblest office in the army. Instances like these are often produced to belittle the necessity of college culture. I do it now, only to show that those whom we may now despise as of no ability may pass us in after life. Some among us who go forth from college, like Charles of Sweden after the victory of Narva, may find in the future campaign of life some formerly beaten Peter of Russia,



who will lead us defeated to another Pultowa, while the Bull Runs of college days may lead to the Gettysburgs of maturer life. These thoughts all plead with us for charity—all call upon us to suspend our judgment. It were wrong to judge Bulwer by his earliest novels. It were wrong to judge Cromwell by his moody youth, and the occasionally disreputable acts of his early life. Yet we are doing ourselves and others no less wrong in our every day judgments, be they thought only or expressed. There are some men who allow all their opinions of others to be warped by trifling failures or peculiarities which do not conform to their hypercritical standards—men who qualify every admission, and seldom give a full-hearted, generous commendation of another's efforts. We have fewer such here than are found in the world at large, but there are some in every class—men, it may be, of high mental tastes—men of kind hearts, and good judgment, perhaps, in other things, who yet employ these unreliable measurements, and hence become uncharitable themselves, and throw discouragement in the way of all who have not yet reached a point where they can afford to be critical also. We are uncharitable in demanding so much as the price of our approbation. We seldom honor the endeavor independent of the end. Victor Hugo finely remarks in "*Les Misérables*," that the "sun was just rising at Austerlitz—it was just setting at Waterloo." Is it not much so with our judgments of college victories and defeats? How many there have been who have struggled and toiled all through life, have died with the treasure in sight, with the hand just touching, but not securing the honor of men. We have wept during the war, when we have read of some wounded soldier who had battled for us through long, hard years, and returning with scars, had died within sight of home, but we have no sympathy with those about us who fall just short of some nominal distinction. There is always a seventh Townsend of whom no one ever hears.

Without in the least detracting from the honor due to those among us who may be successful in college, I

have tried simply to plead for more charitable conclusions regarding the unfortunate in the search for honors, and to show that we have no ground for making hasty prophecies, favorable or unfavorable, respecting the future.

A. R. M.



## ONE OF THE IMPROVEMENTS.

I know not anything more pleasant, or more instructive, than to compare experience with expectation, or to register from time to time the difference between idea and reality.—DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THE stove has long ruled in Yale College. But—  
“The king is dead: long live the king!” And yet the old despot was not a bad one. Even though he be dead we see the relics of his power still remaining in the older buildings; while wherever two or three of the cherishing mother’s children are gathered together the central figure of their college reminiscences is the old stove.

I remember not only when the stove was omnipotent but also some of its peculiarities.

In the first place it was always an article of furniture;—often, too, rather useful than ornamental. Whether ornamental or not, however, it was always a familiar and confidential member of the household. It first made our den look something like home; it welcomed us back at each beginning of term-time; it kept its countenance in spite of our best jokes; it preserved its serenity when we lost our temper; it looked cheerful when we were blue; it noticed all our weak points and yet remained our friend; it endured our gibes and cursings with unvarying gravity, and warmed us well for it afterward. Notwithstanding its solemn appearance, however, it had a touch of humor about it. Often and often have I caught my stove drowsily and laboriously chuckling to itself at the thought of my state of mind upon finding as prospectively

good a fire as I ever saw in my life out in the morning. Apparently it used to be meditating some such joke at all hours of the day, but it never quite made up its mind to attempt it until late in the evening;—and so it happened that I always went to bed in a delicious state of uncertainty as to whether I should ever see that fire again or not. The hopeful-spirited man to whom I sold my stove thought this peculiarity ought to diminish its value to a mere fraction of the price I put upon it, but I finally convinced him to the contrary. Said I—“My dear sir, supposing you should start on a trip round the world, and should leave a good fire in that stove, would you want it to keep burning all the while you were gone? Not at all;—every one of poor Richard’s maxims would be irrecoverably demolished by such a proceeding as that, sir. Very well. Just take that stove; make as good a fire as you can in it; say good-by to your weeping friends; put more coal on the fire and seize your carpet-bag;—then calmly lock your door, and I’ll guarantee that that fire will go out before the key touches the bottom of your pocket!”

As I sat by my stove for the last time previous to its removal, naturally I thought about the approaching change. Those new buildings “with all the modern improvements” rose up before me in their ideal beauty. And especially the heating apparatus. A vast skeleton of iron pipes and brazen coils upreared itself like the gothic steed of the Potomac warrior. And every one packed full of steam—every pipe, little and big, fairly sweating with the steam it contained. I began to fear my new home would be uncomfortably warm. And then steam—steam! Ominous word with me—connected, from the day in which I burned my nose trying to smell of the spout of our family tea-kettle to the time of the last railroad disaster, with horrible things! I looked at the shadowy fabric again;—I saw no way for the steam to go, if it got out, except perhaps upon my unsuspecting back, perhaps into my innocent face. But that would hardly be called an improvement, thought I, even by an intelli-

gent, though interested artisan. And then I smiled grimly at my stove as I thought it could play no more jokes on me—summer the year round after this, you know, my dear old friend, said I blandly. An equable temperature, that's what's on the programme of the future, which will tend, let us hope, towards an equable temper;—whereupon the ungrateful old hardware nearly tipped itself off its legs in trying to put a damper on my expectations. The next moment one of my boots went nearly through its shaky sides, thereby making it a piece of fixed property for me. As I recovered my boot it struck me that the departure of the stoves would be the death of those "reveries," about which, once in so often, some sweet-hearted, simple, silly young gentleman is sure to discourse at great length and with much emotion;—which will be an improvement, said I, as a parting shot at my stove.

It was in July when I saw the perspiration on the iron pipes and brazen coils; in January those beaded drops were turned to icicles;—and I still live! I have gotten over my ancient dread of steam—at least in the mild form in which it has assailed me. I verily believe I could stand in it up to my neck and not shiver—unless with cold. I now understand what an equable temperature means—two degrees above the freezing point and a temper at the same level thrown in!

A steam-heater is beyond question an ingenious contrivance. It warms the body and disciplines the soul. In this respect it seems to have been patterned after the prospective abode of unrepentant sinners. It delights the eye and tortures the ear. In this respect it resembles the shrewish talk of a pretty woman. It is now hot and now cold. We thus learn that all things terrestrial are subject to change.

The normal condition of the steam-heater is one of frigidity. It tempers the air delightfully in the summer months. Even in May and June it adds much to the pleasure of life. With the warm air streaming in at the open window one enjoys sitting by it and reading about

the pre-Adamic world. The steam-heater, when fully up to the modern standard, is an odoriferous arrangement, and yet it never suggests the aromatic musk or the spicy spikenard. Oil of long-standing and much experienced in the vicissitudes of fortune issues from it in a delicate mist, and the clayey tenement of the unfortunate tenant of the room is kept well-oiled for unavoidable contests with a cold and unfeeling world. The steam-heater is a great promoter of sociality. Most men when under its influence have something to say, and it's poor fun to scold about the cold to one's self. It exhilarates one to hear a crowd of fellows, on a cold day, talk about a steam-heater. There is a crispness and vigor in the conversation which augurs well for the future of the U. S. Senate.

The ideal steam-heater, like the ideal baby, is a delightful thing. But, as the real baby seems to be always the victim of chronic disarrangement, so the real steam-heater is generally out of order in some way or other from one week's end to another. For instance: the pictured steam-heater is always represented as swelling with steam. In point of fact, however, the every-day steam-heater is as a rule in a woeful state of collapse on account of the lack of steam. As an useful fixture in a room, therefore, it is at the best unreliable; while as an ornamental fixture it is too suggestive of this age of brass and the business of the shop.

In a well-regulated family it is possible that the average steam-heater might be of some use. In stormy weather I should suppose it would be a good thing on which to hang clothes, though unless there was a good stove in the room I doubt if they would ever dry;—for which statement old Falstaff's saying, that "a good wit will make use of anything," is my chief warrant, though, to be sure, he never so much as dreamed of this one of the improvements.

W. R. S.

## MAY-DAY.

The clouds, which marred the splendor of the night  
And covered all the sky with softened shade,  
So that the lessened moonbeams overlaid  
The whitened landscape with their sifted light,  
Have rolled away, and in their sudden flight  
Have left us the clear sun, the breath of Spring,  
The songs of birds and all the charms that bring  
The perfectness of May. A lesson bright  
Is in the day. O sad soul, if you will  
But see and read what God has made so plain,  
The promise of the time is not in vain ;  
“ Not alway shall the clouds obscure thy day,  
Upon thy life shall dawn a joyful May,  
Therefore be calm and doubt not : Peace, be still.”

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A DEFECT.

TO one who is not a member of the College and yet has opportunity for observation, it seems a most unaccountable fact that there is so little inspiration in study at Yale ; that the “ atmosphere of study ” which is supposed to invest this hallowed spot is so purely mythical. Yet those who have become accustomed to things as they are have ceased to wonder or complain ; and it is taken for granted that the present state of affairs, if not necessary, is at any rate endurable.

It needs but a glance to show that there is a painful lack of this element of inspiration in College work. Of the one hundred and fifty men who compose an average class, it would be difficult to find ten who profess a deep love for their studies. Students boast of how little they study, but never of how much. They mention with pride the “ rushes ” which they have made “ without knowing anything about it ; ” but never their acquisitions in power of thought. In talking with outsiders they have plenty to tell of boating and ball and “ scrapes ” and “ bums ”—but nothing at all of dignified study and careful progress.

Every recitation is a bore, no matter how interesting the subject. We speak flippantly of the deepest truths in science and philosophy; we sigh languidly over the most beautiful passages in the classics; wish irreverently that "Æschylus had died before he wrote the *Agamemnon*." We fail to pay such deference to study as makes it honorable and advantageous for us to spend our time in College. Knowledge is not enshrined in our hearts as the object of a four years' homage, but fills the ignoble place of a subordinate attendant upon four years' fun.

This appears most plainly when we see the companions who separated from us at the preparatory school engaged in earnest business, and compare their years of active experience in the world, and among men, with our years of comparative idleness. It is then that our pursuits seem almost puerile, and we are led through very shame to dignify our occupation and look for the fruits of four years' "cloister life;" and while defending a college education against the arguments of "practical" men, we blush to find that "Yale College without religious or literary exercises" is our own confessed Utopia.

The average student has not always been thus trifling. The time was when Virgil's pages filled his sub-Freshmanic breast with a glow of love for the beautiful in the classics; when the first taste of Homer was positively exhilarating, and he was as proud of his Euclid as he will be of his "sheepskin." He may possibly retain his boyish enthusiasm through Freshman year; he may still cherish the desire of reaching that happy point when the six books of the *Æneid* *not* required shall be "easy as English," and Euclid shall be a mere primer. But alas! he too soon discovers that it is the fashion to slight study; that his ambition must be not to learn, but to "cut;" that the development and discipline, which are his ostensible objects in coming here, are to be accepted thankfully if they come of themselves but are not to be obtained by his own exertion. A good mark is a stronger incentive to study than the acquisition of knowledge. It becomes a boast of the student to have kept up a stand

of "three" in Analytics, without having understood a principle; and the passage in Greek or Latin, which should have been made the nucleus of much ancient history, mythology and knowledge of social customs, is barely translated. Thus the outside facts which *must* be learned in connection with the text become to the mind isolated and useless. Much honest work is done, indeed, but generally from unworthy motives. Men study for "stand" or for prizes, or to gratify friends, or from pride—motives far below that enthusiastic devotion to learning, which can alone make the thorough and accurate scholar, and which no one will deny may reasonably be expected in these one hundred and fifty men, who have been sifted out of the towns and schools and homes of the land as their most promising scholars.

The absence of inspiration has a most disastrous effect on the progress of college students and is the ultimate cause of many of the "evils" which need to be "reformed." Its most obvious but not most serious result is that it leaves the mind uninformed upon many subjects, of which an extensive and accurate knowledge might be gained. The truths of science and history might be learned so as to make an abiding impression on the mind, instead of being "crammed" to be remembered till the next examination. The reading of Greek and Latin authors which now furnishes—aside from the benefit of studying the text—at best only a record of events, might become the framework of ideas and principles; the student might become acquainted with the details of political and literary antiquity, as well as the less important incidents of ancient life, and thus store up valuable precedents and examples for future use.

A more important and lasting injury results from engaging in work with a trifling spirit, as if it were unworthy of serious consideration. The studies of the course are dealt with as no one expects to deal with his business in after life and succeed. Loose habits of mind are formed and the time spent in college fails in a great degree to prepare one for active life. The use of transla-



tions, also, may be explained by the want of an exciting influence in study; for however laziness or necessity may be urged as an excuse for "ponying," there is, at least, a strong probability that if the student felt a vital interest in his Greek or Latin as a means of vigorous intellectual growth, he would adopt the best system for securing the end and would, in a vast majority of cases, discard the translation.

But the lack of enthusiasm in study and the serious results attendant upon it, are more apparent than its cause or cure. And, without venturing to suggest a remedy, it is safe to assume that the fault lies with the system, the students, or the faculty—perhaps in some ratio may be divided among all three. To many of the students, learning has been a pleasure in former years; to most, a congenial task. They have entered college with a determination to make the most of themselves, and the trifling spirit is an after growth. If they are unfaithful, they have at least the excuse of youth and indiscretion. Many blame the system as the cause of the evil. The principal advantages of an elective system are, that, by throwing the responsibility of choice upon the student it gives him a greater interest in his work, and that, by giving a partly technical training, it causes the student to see the connection between his present course and future life. Now as loyal Yalensians we are bound to uphold our own system till it has been clearly proved inferior, and it becomes us to see if these very desirable objects cannot be obtained without a change. A moment's reflection on the part of the student will convince him that he can accomplish no more study by having a dozen courses to choose from than if the course is fixed; and it is likewise evident that the inexperienced majority who enter college are not as capable of selecting wisely as those who, having been through the same stage, have added wisdom and experience to an intimate knowledge of the wants of students. If the student will recognize these facts he will cordially accept the established course as the best possible under the circumstances and will admit its claim upon his time and energy.

Is it not possible that the faculty are partly responsible for this lack of inspiration? Have they not the power and privilege of making plain to the students the connection between present faithfulness and future attainment? It is easy while pursuing a technical education to appreciate the influence of faithful work upon after success. But in getting a general education one readily forgets its bearing on the special occupation of after years. The cause of this is certainly not that the studies are in themselves less interesting. Is it not the way in which they are presented? Macaulay says that "those grammatical and philological studies without which it is impossible to understand the great works of Athenian and Roman genius, have a tendency to contract the views and deaden the sensibility of those who follow them with extreme assiduity." Are not some of our instructors suffering from this influence?

G. P. S.

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### TWIN SONNETS.

A lovely lake of water crystal clear,  
Shut in but not o'ershadowed by the hills  
Which send their many silver-tinkling rills  
To join th' upwelling spring beneath the mere.  
Forget-me-nots among the rushes peer  
About the marge, and lilies large and white  
Expand in beauty rooted out of sight,  
With many another flower that blooms anear.  
And none the ground beneath with curious eyes  
May see, for deep transparency defies.  
The sun from morn to eve his thirst doth slake  
With unseen vapors rising like a prayer,  
And views his image in the silent lake  
Far down beneath the wrinkled surface-care.

A loving heart with pure affection blest,  
By virtues not o'er cast but guarded well,  
Whence many loves of friends its fulness swell,  
Yet the chief fountain springs within the breast.

Around its border fondest mem'ries nest  
'Mid living hopes ; ambitions, pure and high,  
Whose farthest germs with deepest motives lie,  
Of other thoughts, upon the surface rest.  
But none may know the secrets of that heart ;  
Deep truth and candor foil the critic's art,  
While all life long the God who dwells above  
Receives that heart's affection, still refined,  
And sees His image, dimly caught by love,  
Far down beneath all earthly cares enshrined.

C. J. R.

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### STAGE-STRUCK.

ANY one who has passed through the struggle of first term Senior examination and then taken that dreary ride on the New Haven Road to New York can fully appreciate the feeling of relief, freedom and pleasure which filled the soul of Dick Lander as he stepped into the Madison avenue stage. It was with one exception empty, and Dick, after depositing his bag in one corner, leaned back and gave himself up to pleasant thoughts of two weeks vacation garnished with Christmas and New Years.

But his pleasant reverie did not prevent him from noticing pretty closely his fellow occupant. Dick was not much of a society man, and his eyes which had been for weeks wearing themselves out on metaphysics and such dry stuff rested with peculiar pleasure upon the fair features of his neighbor. For they were of that style which was peculiarly adapted to make a favorable and lasting impression upon the mind of a weary, used-up student. I wish I could describe her to you, as he did to me. Dick has a poetic turn of mind and on that theme he lavished all the wealth of his wild fancy. To use his own words, she was "one of those whom all men long to have and yet so few obtain. A woman who at a royal reception is as much of a queen as the Queen ; yet by the winter's fire-side appears as if her whole sphere of happiness was bounded by its genial rays." He noticed that

she carried a small Russia-leather bag with "Kitty" in gold letters on the outside, and thereupon he began to wonder what could be her other name.

As he thus sat lost in thought and admiration, suddenly the driver's bell sounded, which seemed to say as plainly as a bell could say, "There is somebody here who hasn't paid his fare." This woke Dick from his contemplation and reminded him that he was that somebody who hadn't paid his fare. He looked in his vest pocket for a ten-cent piece which he remembered putting there, but on finding it gone recollected that he had spent it to buy a cigar to take away the villainous taste of that last cup of coffee. For this was before the war, when one could get a very good cigar at that price. Then he looked in the pocket where he usually kept his pocket book but it was not there. Then in all, one after another, with no better success. Ding, ding, ding, went the bell. "Curse that bell! I thought there was none so aggravating as the Chapel bell, but that little thing knocks it completely out of time." Then began the search all over again but with the same result. He was getting confused and the consciousness that the pretty girl was looking at him made the matter still worse. Just as he was about to seize his bag and make a bolt for the door the young lady arose, stopped the stage and stepped out, but not before she had, by a slight movement of her hand tossed into Dick's lap a ten-cent piece. How he in his heart thanked his fair benefactress and how he wished he knew her other name. He knew her first name was Kitty, but Kitty what? What a pretty name Kitty was, to be sure. Until now he had never discovered the beauties which lay hidden within it. Then and there he made a vow that he would find that Kitty and try and persuade her that *Kitty Landers* would sound a great deal better than Kitty—whatever her name was.

After thinking the whole matter over in the quiet of his room he decided that he had better ride on that stage-line frequently, and, if he saw her, get out when she did and follow her home. He has since confided to me that the greater part of his vacation was spent in oscillating

up and down that line, and that the money he spent in fares was simply fabulous. He became a frequenter of the theatre, where nightly he might have been seen scanning with a double magnifying opera glass the faces of the various young ladies. He asked his friends if they knew any girls named Kitty and was introduced to a score. He danced with Kitties, flirted with Kitties, called on Kitties: but he never danced with, flirted with or called on his one particular Kitty. Sad and disappointed he returned to college and often in his room in old South over his daily task he would lean back and close his eyes, while before him would rise the vision of that fair face like the sweet memory of some pleasant dream. Spring vacation came and with it Dick again returned to the city. His father's office boy had been taken sick, and Dick, a morning or two after his return, went round to see him. On his way back from his errand of mercy he passed through one of those quiet squares which one finds so frequently when wandering about a large city, where the noise of business never comes, where the grass grows greener and the trees put forth brighter foliage. As he passed along something fell at his feet and then bounded into the street. He heard a childish voice exclaim, "Oh, aunt Kitty, I've dropped my ball." Looking up he saw in the window a bright-eyed, curly-headed boy and beside him a fair young girl. Yes, it had come at last, there she was, the Kitty of the Madison avenue stage, the Kitty of his dreams. To throw away his cigar, pick up the ball and ring the bell was the work of a minute. In another, there in the doorway stood his Kitty. He did not take her in his arms and tell her of all his troubles. Oh no, he only raised his hat and gave her the ball. Then, after a sweet "Thank you, sir," the door was closed again, but you may be sure he remembered the number and the name "J. W. Wilton" on the door-plate. As he descended the steps he saw coming down those of the adjoining house, a friend of his, Fred Young. Dick joined him and explained, in answer to his enquiring look, how he came to be descending Mr. Wilton's steps. "And by the way, Young, do you know Miss Kitty Wilton?" "Of

course I do." "Will you introduce me?" "Yes, with pleasure." "When, this evening?" "Certainly; in fact she has a mighty pretty cousin staying with her and I shall be only too glad of an excuse to call." "All right, then, I will be round to your house this evening at half-past seven."

With that Dick dismissed the subject, but only from his conversation, for all day long that sweet name kept running through his head. You can imagine the time it took him to dress, the numerous ties he tried on, the execrations he hurled against the head of his devoted washer-woman. But with all these delays half-past seven found him at Young's house looking his best. They sallied out, were admitted into Mr. Wilton's, sent up their cards, and one of them, at least, sat with a beating heart, waiting the entrance of the ladies. As he heard the rustle of their dresses on the stairs he wished he had put on that other suit, and had fixed himself better, but it was of no use now, he was in for it. The door opened and in came Miss Kitty Wilton with her cousin. "Miss Wilton, allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Lander." Dick made his best bow, the lady smiled sweetly and sat down beside him. Dick says he don't remember much of what was said that evening but he knew it must have been mighty interesting, for that hour and a half seemed only to have lasted ten minutes. And that was not the last time he called; on the contrary, he got into the habit of calling there quite frequently. They say the course of true love never runs smooth, yet "exceptions prove the rule," and the course of true love with our friend Dick was one of these rare exceptions. After he had called there times enough, he finally persuaded Kitty that Miss Kitty Wilton would sound a great deal better if it were spelt Mrs. Kitty Lander. And strange to say Mr. Wilton agreed with him. In the fall following his graduation they were married and now in all New York there is not a happier man than Dick Lander. But there is one thing Mrs. Kitty always looks out for, and that is that he shall always have about him, besides his pocket-book, one ten-cent piece. For, as she says, she doesn't want her Dick ever to get in such a fix again when she isn't around.

R. F. T.

•  
"REFERRED TO THE FACULTY."

JUST before my last annual examination, I happened to go to the President's room on business when, just before knocking, I noticed the door was slightly ajar and involuntarily peeping in I saw that most secret of all secret conventions, viz: a general faculty meeting. Just as I was about to retrace my steps I heard the inquiry—"And the name is ——?" and my own was mentioned. I drew myself into a position where I could hear but not be seen, and shudderingly running over my many infringements upon my matriculation oath I could think of nothing meriting the honor of hearing my name referred to this august body, excepting the slight circumstance of having been seen the night before, coming down the lightning rod of the Lyceum tower, with a small cord in my mouth, the other end of which was attached to that most relentless of student annoyers, the college bell.

The officer of the class, who saw me, inquired at the time what I was doing there (ten feet from terra firma) at such an hour. I told him with calm truthfulness that, as he was instructor in philosophy, he would doubtless sympathize with me. "I was in fact," I replied, "very restless at night trying to reason out in my mind how it was that sound could *make shadows* as stated in article 308, Olmstead's Philosophy, and as I could not settle the question to my satisfaction, I had determined to see if it were so. Therefore I was about to employ the college bell as the source of sound and the largest tree near by as the body intervening between it and the tympanum of my ear." He looked at me, said "Y-e-s, sir" and passed on. Just then I thought I saw another officer of the college coming up the walk and, not being desirous to explain to him also my want of faith in old Mr. Olmstead, I concluded I would await a more favorable opportunity and immediately "sidled, not ran" to my room.

As this episode was all I could remember of sufficient importance to merit the attention of the faculty, I say I was surprised to hear my name mentioned. I was fearful that he did not believe my statement of my motives, especially as the incident occurred about midnight of July 3rd, 186—.

I stood shuddering. Immediately I heard our respected President inquire what my offence was, when he was informed that I was caught in the act of attempting to "deviate from a vertical position the tongue of the sonorous vessel situate in the Lyceum tower, and by repeated efforts in the same direction produce an impulse or series of impulses on the surrounding ether."

"So to speak" mildly suggested one "or rather better—"

"Ring the bell, you mean," gently ejaculated the President.

"That's what I said," replied he.

"What shall be done in this case?" put the moderator.

"Reprimand him!" "Give him ten marks and an admonition!" "Suspend him!" "Expel him!" suggested different individuals. They took an informal ballot. Suspension received a plurality of the votes, as I heard the teller say after he had counted them.

Just then a kind hearted old gentleman whom I recognized as the firm friend of all unfortunates obtained the floor and moved that I be suspended for one month only; this being seconded immediately by a voice which I did not recognize, he continued to address the officers in favor of his motion, stating the general good conduct of the accused, and how on one occasion he defended the faculty in a "forensic disputation" on the question "Does compulsory attendance upon chapel conduce to good morals?" After finishing his brief but kind remarks I heard a virtuous but eccentric professor say, "You may state again!" The kind old gentleman declining to do so, he himself offered a few remarks on the case in hand. He said it would never do to suspend this young man for any length of time, as he was a good scholar, and was one of the few who could describe the curve of the cycloid, the



equation being given ; and besides his excellence in mathematics he was good in classics and languages and it was ———. “Not so” objected one, “his stand, I have occasion to know, in German is only 2.17.” (Too true, groaned I.) “We cannot afford to suspend him, for he has said in my presence that if he were suspended his father would remove him from college. This would never do, as he is stroke oar on the University, and, should he leave, Harvard will undoubtedly leave us behind in the next race.” This was, I thought, advanced by Balbus who, having once been an “oar” himself, appreciated the situation..

“Is he a member of the college church?” inquired the pastor. “We cannot afford to lose any more, for with those that go to the ‘Church of the Holy Rest’ and the sixteen from each class who take out ‘church papers’ on the Sabbath, my audience is small.”

“No! He is not a Christian,” said another, “for from my seat on the right of the gallery I saw him among fifty others, whom I was pained to report, soundly sleeping through the whole service, and——”

“Nothing remarkable in that,” interrupted the President.

“How so?” inquired the immediately preceding voice.

“Because I account thus for the sleeping of students. I once offered to cushion the chapel, but my offer was refused. Now when a student by any chance gets into a comfortable position, sitting on his chum’s fur cap or leaning against a fat neighbor, he is *surprised with sleep* in consequence of unusual comfort, and I don’t wonder.”

“Hence we conclude” commenced one, but the moderator, not hearing him, here broke in with—“Gentlemen, if no other officer desires to speak I will put the question, —all who are in favor of suspending Mr. ———”

“Stopping there” interrupted one other, “I would say in favor of the accused that as he was an excellent scholar in my department, I shall cast my vote in the negative although I seldom vote upon this side.”

The vote was then taken. I was not suspended. The

President in his gentle way recommended that I should receive twenty marks and an admonition. All agreed. On next morning I was called up by my division officer, who said, "Mr.——, the faculty have awarded you twenty marks and an admonition for ringing the college bell," and wound up by saying mechanically, "that is sufficient." I thought it was.

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### HER EYES.

When I look upon thine eyes  
Beaming from so fair a face,  
It would seem as if the skies  
With the stars had changed place.  
'Tis as if the stars of heaven  
Modestly had veiled from sight  
All the splendor to them given  
In the sable garb of night.  
But the heaven loath to lose  
Its unnumbered jewels bright,  
Changed its own cerulean hues  
For a robe of starry light.  
Thus 'tis interchanged in brightness,  
Those deep eyes of which I dream  
Seem to me like stars of darkness  
That from skies of starlight gleam.

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### HER NAME.

As vibrate harpstrings, when the tender tone  
That sounds from them when struck by firmer hand  
Is touched by other instruments around ;  
So stirs thy name, by other lips pronounced,  
A silent echo in the answering lyre  
Of my heart fibres tuned to that accord.  
Thus, when that name is said, a silver strain  
Floats down the tuneful cadence of my soul,  
Strikes here and there a chord of memory,  
And ends in one sweet note of constant love.

## ENTHUSIASM.

ENTHUSIASM is a quality which is highly commendable in the abstract, but the practical working of which becomes somewhat wearisome to the observer. Undoubtedly, if we wish to ascertain how cold it is at the North Pole, or are curious as to the exact source of the Nile, it is very convenient to have some enthusiastic people about, who are willing to become frost-bitten and sun-struck in the task of finding out. So long as they fulfil their mission by remaining in the arctic regions or tropical deserts, and vent their enthusiasm only in occasional reports of their progress they are amusing themselves in a very harmless, and, we may hope, very profitable way. But the enthusiast who obstinately refuses to cool his ardor in the shade of an iceberg and persists in being fearfully in earnest in matters of every day life is a very terrible personage. Look out for him, Quirites! He has a wisp of hay on his horn. If he happens to be one of a party of tourists, he will persist in making all the ladies climb to the top of some frightful looking mountain, or wade through swamps and scramble over precipices to obtain some view which he is convinced it is a part of their duty to see. If he happens to be a theological student indulging in recreation, he will swing the clubs in the gymnasium as if he were smiting the veritable Apollyon at every turn. But if he happens to be a theological student at work, Heaven forefend us! He will raise a presumption of murder in the neighborhood by the energy with which he shouts his sermons in his room, or the perseverance which he displays in learning vocal music. Your enthusiastic man is a loud and vociferous talker. Not that he has anything interesting to say or possesses good conversational gifts. Quite the contrary. So far from being humorous he often makes himself laughable by his failure to appreciate the ridiculous, and his earnestness renders him too obtuse to perceive what

is of general interest. But he always has a hero to worship or a hobby to ride. He is always going to discover the philosopher's stone or the termination of the rainbow. He is always either common-place or extravagant. He persists in persuading you of what you are only too happy to admit, or in ranting upon some subject which you abhor. He is eminently unreceptive. Any answer which you may throw out makes no more impression upon him than a bullet upon the hide of a rhinoceros. He is like an alarm clock which persists in dinging in your ears without any reference to your personal comfort. Only he is made to strike by the hour together instead of for a trifling three minutes.

Quite similar to him is his corresponding type of the gentler sex. She is somewhat less boisterous and, generally speaking, confines her enthusiasm to narrower limits. She delights, as a housekeeper, in raising a great dust and in hiding away in obscure corners whatever you most want. As a pedestrian she wearies out such of her gentlemen friends as she can decoy into taking a walk. As a botanist or a student of natural history she revels in dandelions and bugs. She is an ardent admirer of Tennyson and Miss Edgeworth. She has intimate friends to whom she writes long letters, interlined and underscored. She has some darling cousin upon whose virtues she is never weary of descanting, and her minister is her unfailing topic of admiration.

But it is only the more advanced women, who have delivered themselves from the thralldom of their sex who show us the full capabilities of female enthusiasm. With what complacency do they assume that they are in advance of their age, and that we slow-going mortals shall catch up with them in the next century. With what a zest do they clank the chains of their servitude and expose the brutality of their master, man! What advanced notions of wisdom and morality do they display in their talk of affinities and equality. If enthusiasm can accomplish what school-visitors claim for it, what may we not expect from the self-denying efforts of our modern

daughters of Tyndarus? They harangue till their voices change to a deep bass. They present petitions till representatives fly from them like the pest. They push their way to the ballot-box, under the escort of sympathizing Sylvanus Cobbs, to deposit their votes as a silent rebuke to those who deny their capacity. They demand admission to our colleges and insist upon attending lectures on clinics with our bashful medical students. It is very true that as yet they have made no very deep impression upon the hardened sensibilities of their tyrants. But let them not be discouraged. The great Hannibal made a passage through the Alps with vinegar—

“Deducit scopulos et montem rumpit aceto,”—

and by applying their vinegar for a sufficient time they will doubtless produce some effect upon the harder hearts of their brutal oppressors.

We should hardly venture to put enthusiastic people into lunatic asylums, though such incarceration would be a relief to society. But we cannot doubt that enthusiasm is a species of madness. What is the veriest maniac but a person who is abnormally earnest upon some point which his fellow creatures regard with indifference? Does it need any Darwin to prove the development?



#### EXTRACT FROM A ROMAN PERIODICAL.

**I**F Marcus Æmilius Lepidus Mag. Equit., on his return from the Campus Martius on the first day of March, B. C. 54 had stopped at the bookstore of the Sosii in the Argiletum, and paid a couple of denarii for the last copy of the Rome Monthly Review, he would have been interested to find in it, as he spread himself on his couch after supper, an article running somewhat as follows:—

A letter has recently been made public, which has been written by our esteemed fellow-citizen Ser. Sulpicius to M. T. Cicero, upon the death of his daughter Tullia.

We yield to no one, in the strictness of our views upon the obligation resting upon all journalists to observe that respect which the sanctities of private life, and especially personal sorrow, always demand. But a communication from so eminent an author to the distinguished statesman, with whom in his affliction all Rome unites, is in a measure the property of the public, and it brings into so clear a light the beautiful friendship, formed when they were students together at the celebrated school of Molo at Rhodes, and only strengthened by advancing years, that we deem ourselves justified in giving it a somewhat extended notice. We surely need not affirm that if we venture to intimate our dissent from some of the opinions which it contains, we do not fail to recognize and share the sympathetic impulse from which it sprung.

The sad event which called it forth is fresh in the recollection of our readers. Upon the Ides of the last month, at the house of our ambitious and successful official P. Cor. Dolabella, from whom she was then living in divorce, Tullia, the eldest and dearest daughter of the illustrious Cicero, breathed her last. Our readers are doubtless familiar with all the prominent events of her brief yet varied life. Her admirers have claimed that she was the most refined and intellectual of the ladies of Rome. Be this as it may, we can confidently assert that to the usual graces of her sex she added the more rare and solid accomplishments of learning and polite letters.

Her father, who delighted in calling her "his darling Tulliola," is heart-broken at her loss. It is no secret that he fails to find consolation in the visits of Philosophers, in the libraries of *Vicus Sandalarius*, or in the shady groves of Antium. Even the kindred heart of Atticus is powerless to relieve his affliction. Refusing to be comforted he hides himself from dawn to twilight in the thickest woods of Astura. His entire conversation, as he says, is with his books, and even this is sometimes interrupted by weeping which he vainly endeavors to restrain. Brutus has written to him from Gaul a letter of sympathy and cheer. The Dictator himself, in the hurry of affairs in

Spain, has found time to send him a few words to express his sorrow and support. Lucceius, who has always been intimate with him, has written him one of those letters which only he *can* write—so full of grace and dignity. And finally, our distinguished orator and unrivaled lawyer, Servius Sulpicius, has dictated the epistle which it is our purpose briefly to review.

The writer naturally begins with an expression of grief for Cicero, on account of the death of his daughter. Though he considers this a common calamity, he still declares that only absence from the capital could prevent him from paying a visit of consolation and love. And yet he affirms that this interchange of sympathy between relations and friends is necessarily impeded by grief, and draws from this the conclusion that the most effectual aid in sorrow is derived from those who have in it the least interest, and can look upon it with the greatest coolness and unconcern. Here, at the outset, we must venture to express our dissent. Argument of itself reaches only the mind. It can no more alleviate suffering than it can awake devotion. Bereavement shuts out logic, and opens wide its doors to love. We believe that, were the arguments of Servius sound, which we do not grant, and were his illustrations pertinent, which we utterly deny, they would bring no relief to the soul of the great orator. It is not the reasoning which the sentences express, but the tender solicitude which they evince; not the picture of others' woes, but the reflection of his own, in the breast of Servius, that are calculated to lighten his heart and to dry his tears. It is the *fact*, and not the *contents*, of the epistle.

Servius passes on by remarking that he will offer a few reasons to induce Cicero to moderate his grief, which are neither new nor original, and which only the excited condition of Cicero's mind would have caused him to disregard. The first is, that matters are already as bad as they can be. Country, credit, honors, dignity gone, how can he find room to mourn for a child! And thus he dissuades Cicero from grief on his own account. As if the defeat of Pompey at Pharsalia, the republican supremacy in Africa,

and the civil convulsions in our own metropolis, could diminish or deaden his parental affliction! But, continues the lawyer, if your sorrow is chiefly for *her* sake, the reasons for dispelling it are ample. The very circumstances which should have made your sensibilities too blunt to feel her departure had removed from her any inducement to live. "No prospect of comfort in the future, no hopes of prosperity for the empire, no enjoyment of married life, no training of children to be great and useful citizens, bound her to earth, for all these were taken away almost before they were bestowed." Did then, we ask, the Tusculan villa afford her no solace? Would the state of the country reconcile her to death? Was a reunion with Dolabella impossible, and were there no other "noble youth of the first rank" not indifferent to her charms? Above all, has Servius forgotten the boy Lentulus, whose character is forming and who especially demands his mother's care?

The advocate proceeds to give a bit of personal experience. "On my return from Asia, as I was sailing from Ægina towards Megara, I began to contemplate the regions about me. Ægina was behind, Megara before, Piræus on the right, Corinth on the left, and all these towns, once famous and flourishing, now lay overturned and demolished before me. Alas, I said to myself, as I mused on the changes which had taken place, how do we poor mortals torment ourselves, if one of our friends happens to die by disease or by violence, whose life at the longest must be brief, when the ruins of so many cities lie here exposed in our view." This he recommends to Tullius as a subject for thought, and then he turns to the disasters nearer home; the recent death of illustrious men, the destruction in the empire, the havoc in the provinces. And he crowns the whole by observing, that had Tullia recovered from her last illness, she must necessarily have died a few years later, since death is the condition of life.

Now, sorrow can never be argued away by such reasoning as this. Public calamities only drew Cicero nearer to his home. His troubles with Terentia only bound his



heart closer to Tullia. The ruins of the past do not relieve the woes of the present. The mound that covers the dust of one we loved, towers far above the rocks of Tyre. The tomb we raise, with aching hearts, above a parent or a child, is a thousand fold grander and holier than the arches and columns of the Athenian temples. The logic with which this portion of the letter closes, is not only idle but absurd. Would Virginius have been comforted, as he buried the knife in his daughter's bosom, by the thought that she was mortal? Would not our ancestors, as they watched with anguish the retreating form of their stout-hearted general, as he left Rome for Carthage, have turned in disgust from some cold-blooded debater who urged them to restrain their weeping, for, sooner or later, Regulus must die?

And now, having apparently exhausted his argument, Servius returns to one which he has previously employed, turning it into a somewhat different light. He has just affirmed that Tullia's happiness had departed, and that nothing was left but for her to follow it. *Now* he declares that the very possession of so rich an experience should have made her welcome death. She had lived as long as the Republic stood; she had seen her father prætor, consul, augur; she had married the noblest of our youth; she had tasted every good in life; and at last, with the decline of the Republic, she passed away. Now it seems to us that these very circumstances must have caused her to cling to life with a firmer hold. A man is often so tossed about by storms, so battered by the cares and repulses of the world that he looks upon death as a welcome release. But how rare is a surfeit of good fortune! Patriotic, though we grant her to have been, the fall of the Republic could hardly blight her life. Would Servius himself, devoted to Rome as he is, be content to meet Pompey's death to-morrow, at the foot of Mount Cassius?

Finally, with better inspiration, he lays aside reasoning, and begs his friend to view his own case as he would that of another, to remember that time covers every ill, and to rouse himself from his brooding and despair to his neg-

lected duties and forgotten friends, assuring him that if there be any sensibility in the dead, Tullia must be greatly concerned to witness his extravagant grief. He then concludes, by reminding Cicero that his actions may be falsely interpreted, that some may suppose that he is bewailing not his daughter so much as the state of the times and the victories of his foes; by beseeching him to bear adversity as nobly as he has always borne prosperity, so that the number of his virtues may be complete; and by promising to send him, when his feelings have become calmer, and his interest in public matters has returned, a report concerning the condition of the province.

We are sure our readers will thank us for this sketch of so remarkable and scholarly a letter, though upon its literary merits we have not touched. So far as the writer has employed that reasoning which is always so effectual in the Comitia, but which is quite inappropriate and inadequate to his present purpose—the relief of sorrow—it seems to us that he has failed. But when he makes a personal appeal and attempts to lead away the thoughts of Cicero from their present channel, rather than to make that channel clear, he adopts a more suitable and efficient plan. One age does not stand upon the shoulders of the last. A boy cannot begin life with his father's experience. He must himself endure its hardships, meet its trials, win its honors. And, in the same way, no man can govern his feelings by history or logic. Because Curtius and Horatius lived, we cannot all be brave. The fact that Gallus and Cato suffered bereavement with little emotion, does not keep back our tears. A man with the tender sensibilities of Cicero will never be consoled by words like these. They come from the study and the parchments rather than the heart.

We have not questioned the sympathy of Servius while we have ventured to censure the form which it has taken. He is doubtless deeply distressed by the affliction of his old friend. Yet, we could wish that his sorrow had taken a different tone; that instead of criticising the mourner, he had justified and shared the grief; that he had urged the

stricken father not to rejoice in the death of his daughter, but to bear it, like a man, like a philosopher, like a Roman. This we desire for the sake of Cicero, that he might be freed from his heavy load, regain his health and spirits and appear once more, with his cheerful smile. We wish it for Sulpicius, that he, whom nature and accident have peculiarly fitted for the task, might, by relieving the sorrow of his friend and restoring him to his former post, become still dearer to the state which is deploring the absence of its brightest genius. We wish it for ourselves, that we might again behold with pride Rome's greatest orator, her wise and patriotic statesman, and hear his eloquent voice ring out from the Rostra, as of old.



#### COLLEGE TALKS.—No. I.

THE velocity of light, the velocity of sound, the velocity of the electric current, have all been computed and reduced to black and white. We know the speed of a rifle-ball; we can count the vibrations of a humming-bird's wings. But there is another rapidity which leaves all these in the back-ground. It is the rapidity with which gossip spreads. When this shall have been calculated we may bury our mathematics.

Now if there be any class which is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of gossip, it is that of students. You may talk as much as you please about fashionable society, and the endless small-talk which flows from the lips of animated dowagers; or the still more empty conversation of which the daughters of shoddy never tire. You may dwell upon the topics proposed and discussed in the sewing-circles of rural towns, at quilting-parties and house-warmings. You may tell me all you can about the evening gatherings around the stove of the village store, where every one within half-a-dozen miles passes a daily examination, and nothing escapes comment. But, in spite of all, you can

not convince me that gossipers anywhere else arrive at such a point of perfection as at college. Why, we have reached an eminence which would turn the brain of the veriest old maid alive.

We have remarkable facilities for gossip. We have unlimited opportunity to talk. Mrs. Smith must finish her household duties, must put on her bonnet and shawl, must find her knitting and walk all the way over to Miss Brown's, before she can compare notes with an appreciative friend in regard to Mrs. Butterflies' new *chignon*. But here it is all one grand visit. We laugh at the solitary men, the men who stay in their rooms and sport their oak, who take no interest in college subjects, who cannot tell the winner in the last race, who refuse to subscribe to the LIT. on the plea that "mathematical books are the only memorabil. for which they care."

Social life, we say, is the life for us. It is this that rubs off our corners, checks our rudeness, silences our conceit, and drives our oddities away. Give us the "fellowship of kindred souls," we cry. Let us study at times; let us keep as high in scholarship as we conveniently can. But at all events let us be sociable. So we fall into that popular style of talking which is so prevalent and so contagious. I would not imply that we all have an object in so doing; for we all gossip, and the most aimless gossip most.

There is the college fence. What a rare place for gossip! Just at twilight, when you have stopped on your way back from the post office and are waiting to hear the Glee club sing—what a time to retail jokes, to chuckle over evasions and escapes, to confer about committees, to speak slightingly of a new coat and jestingly of a beaver, to shout and then grow quiet as the song begins, to criticise the tenor and make puns about the base. And in the room, too, how they come stringing along, and "chatter, chatter," like Tennyson's Brook. The lounge of a neighbor is always so much more comfortable than your own. His fire is so much warmer. You are tired, perhaps, and you do not feel equal to a journey back to your own quarters: or you have not made a call upon your friend for a

long time, and you think that you may as well give him good measure. So the long hand on the clock runs round and round and—you had no idea it was so late, but the time is gone and you have gossiped it all away. Yet how little of the talking, after all, is done upon the fence or in the rooms. How the tongues wag at the club; how we whisper, alas! even in the recitation. We walk or ride, or we meet upon the street, and everywhere there is the greeting or the item or the joke.

Well now among a smaller number all this gossiping would not amount to much. But we form a great mass and every one, under all possible circumstances, has something to say. We are constantly doing or saying or hearing something noteworthy—at least we think so—and it is all repeated. So the stories spread and grow. It is wonderful how they spread and grow. Jack's beanstalk is nothing to them. Western men tell us of soil so fertile that you plant pins and they come up crow-bars. There are numberless crow-bars about, to-day, enormous statements of somebody's plans, tremendous descriptions of somebody's doings, prodigious reports of somebody's observation; and they have all started with a pin. Some one notices a tutor walking near the depot, and every man in the division feels insulted if that tutor is present at the next recitation. Or, perhaps, an instructor is actually called from the city. He speaks to some member of the class about his expected absence. Does that youth, with faithful industry travel from room to room with the joyful tidings? No! he mentions the fact to a friend, perhaps. But the very air takes up the news. Every one knows it—you can no more avoid hearing it than you can avoid being glad to hear it.

So it is with everything that gossip can touch. If the first division has had a lecture, the second enters the recitation room with unopened books. If some outrageous blunder has been committed or some defrauder been caught in *in flagrante delicto*, all college is ablaze with the intelligence. Some one has the measles—he is dying of the small-pox. Some one is late in returning from the

lake—he is unquestionably drowned. But when the sick man is seen again in the gymnasium and the swimmer appears at the morning prayers, there is no one in college who had ever hinted that such would not be the case.

Such is gossip. We waste a great amount of time upon it and we ought to remember that we shall have nothing to show for it. We can work at almost anything else and see a positive result. But all the good that gossip gives us is negative. We keep up with the current of college life and we secure a little profitable rest. For the future, it does not help us at all. Let us get out of it what good we can. Let us not suffer it to get any good out of us.



## NOTABILIA.

Considerable comment has been excited by the appointment of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher as lecturer on preaching in the Divinity School. Whether Mr. Beecher is "sound" or not, it is pretty generally admitted by this time that he knows how to preach. If he had been appointed lecturer on Doctrinal Theology, the question of his soundness might be raised with propriety. But when it is designed that he shall merely give young men practical hints upon preaching, it becomes as absurd to enquire into his soundness as it would be to question that of the professor of elocution or of the professor of gymnastics. It has always seemed to us singular that, in many of our theological seminaries, pulpit eloquence has not been considered a qualification of the first importance in the choice of professors. How men can be supposed to be qualified to teach the art of preaching, who do not know how to preach well themselves, is a mystery to us. Public speaking is, to a great extent, an imitative art, and that seminary will be most useful, as well as most attractive, where good models are constantly before the students in the persons of their professors. We look, there-

fore, upon Mr. Beecher's appointment, as well as upon that of Dr. Harris, as a source of great strength to the Theological Seminary.

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The motto upon our cover has remained some thirty-five years without any explanation of its origin. The following satisfactory account is taken from "Duycinck's Cyclopædia of American Literature."—

"Under an engraved picture of Gov. Yale, sent to the college at an early period, was the following inscription in manuscript.

Effigies clarissimi viri D. D. Elihu Yale  
Londinensis Armigeri.

En vir ! cui meritas laudes ob facta, per orbis  
Extremos fines, inclyta fama dedit,  
Æquor arans tumidum, gazas adduxit ab Indis,  
Quas Ille sparsit munificante manu ;  
Inscitiæ tenebras, ut noctis luce corusca  
Phœbus, ab occiduis pellit et Ille plagis.  
Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSES  
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique Patres.

which Percival has thus imitated :—

Behold the man, for generous deeds renowned,  
Who in remotest regions won his fame ;  
With wise munificence he scattered round  
The wealth that o'er the sea from India came.  
From western realms he bids dark ignorance fly,  
As flies the night before the dawning rays ;  
So long as grateful bosoms beat, shall high  
YALE'S sons and pious fathers sing his praise."

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The *N. Y. Tribune* is disturbed because it has discovered that students of Yale sometimes dub members of the Legislature, "shad-eaters" and disagreeable men, "pills." It supposes that the influence of the Professor of Rhetoric would be sufficient to stop any such riling of the "well of

English undefiled." Unfortunately our Professor of Rhetoric differs slightly in his notions about elegant English from the *N. Y. Tribune*. If some member of the editorial corps of that valuable paper could be induced to supply his place for a time, we have no doubt that his influence would cause the substitution of good, healthy, idiomatic English in place of the obnoxious slang. Members of the Legislature, instead of being styled "shadeaters" would be known by the elegant term of "knaves" and "thieves"; and obnoxious persons would be called "liars" and "fools." Meanwhile we can assure the editor that, in the absence of his personal influence, the general perusal of his paper is daily fostering the pure style which he admires.

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Readers of the LIT. will remember that the March number contains an account of the valiant resistance of the elder Dr. Daggett to the British invasion of New Haven, in 1779. We have before us two manuscript sermons of the plucky Doctor's which are quite unique in their way. If they were destitute of other claims to consideration they would at least be interesting as specimens of the style of preaching which was in vogue in the college chapel during the last century. They are almost microscopic in their proportions, the smaller being written upon paper three and one-half inches in length by two and one-half in breadth. The writing, however, is so exceedingly minute that the Doctor finds room to dispose of thirteen heads in one sermon and seventeen in the other. We must confess that the spelling, in some cases, is hardly what we should have expected from the acting President of Yale College; but then it must be borne in mind that more eccentricities in that direction were allowable in those days than at the present time. As to their general character, we may remark that they appear to be as harmless as the British seem to have found the discharges of their writer's old shot gun when he blazed at them so zealously from his ambush.



In a college which draws its students from so widely different quarters as does Yale, it not unfrequently happens that local dialectic peculiarities appear in the conversation of the students. Perhaps as noticeable a peculiarity as any is the improper use of the word *like* as a conjunction—a usage which prevails in the South and South-west. We are reminded of the locality of this barbarism by noticing in the Bethany (W. V.) *College Guardian* that the publisher, “instead of feeling like running a newspaper successfully, has felt a good deal more *like* he was only a fit subject for a respectable funeral procession, provided he should die in Bethany.” While we are upon the subject, we may as well remark that after a careful perusal of that gentleman’s paper, we quite agree with him in his estimate of his fitness.

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A novel feature of the late Junior Exhibition was the singing by the Glee Club. While their song was admirably rendered, there was something grimly humorous in the performance to one who connected the words of the waltz with the position of the singers, in front of the college pulpit. It was observed that one of the most self-contained of the professors nudged his neighbor with an expression of delight upon his countenance. Doubtless the melody reminded him of the entrancing notes of the “Acoustic Syren.”

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## MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

### *Our Record.*

Extends from April 7 to May 9, and comprises a few days of examination, two weeks of vacation and the opening of a new term—events sufficiently varied to suit the minds of all. The examinations for the most part went quietly by. Cramming was enjoyed as usual, as well as that other abomination—the collection of examination papers—a

process which increases in labor but which becomes more and more delightfully successful as the trial draws to a close. A few unfortunate individuals, to whom these solemnities were literally an eyesore, have since atoned for their brief respite by added work. We had almost forgotten the German Peace Celebration of April, which broke in upon our peaceful avocations, vexing the righteous souls of "crammers" by its shouting, band-playing and cannonading. Beautiful upon the common were the processions of ice wagons, butcher boys and Sunday School children. And we were thrilled with emotion as there passed us a vehicle of the grandest proportions, wherein was placed a monstrous cask of lager beer, while "high on a throne of royal state" sat Bacchus, holding up a flagon of unprecedented proportions. He was unable to speak, but he smiled blandly and gave us his blessing. The term closed with a

### *Dramatic Entertainment*

Given in the town of Waterbury at the request of some of its leading citizens. It consisted in a theatrical performance and singing by the College Glee Club. The play was "London Assurance," and was gotten up and acted by members of Ψ. Υ. The following songs were interspersed through the exercises: 1, Bingo; 2, Warble; 3, Waltz; 4, Nellie was a Lady; 5, Warble; 6, Peter Gray. The hall was crowded and the audience expressed great satisfaction. With the exception of four Seniors and one Freshman, the "Troupe" was composed of Juniors. After the performance, the Glee Club serenaded several great "lights," among whom were Messrs. Kellogg and Kendrick. But their ardor was dampened at midnight by an overwhelming shower, and thus the programme was completed. Altogether the affair was a success and the Waterbury people desire its repetition.

### *Vacation*

Was rendered unusually lively by the presence of nearly seventy-five students. The new Δ. K. E. catalogues were prepared for the press by the committee, consisting of C. D. Hine, '71, H. E. Kinney, '71, W. L. Cushing, '72, R. E. Coe, '72, who remained here for a day or two for that purpose. A number of Seniors, in order to work upon their Townsends, spent the entire vacation in New Haven. A vacation nine was formed which visited Middletown on the 15th of April. The men were well entertained by the citizens, but were beaten by seven runs in a game which they played with the "Mansfields," the "State

Champions." The rest of the holidays were passed in a multitude of employments. The door of the boat-house was considerably left unlocked, and the boats were appropriated without regard to ownership. The beautiful weather favored walking and we hear of several long trips into the country. The campus was enlivened by quoit-pitchers and ball-passers; and occasionally "the sounds of revelry" were heard by night. But after all, the event of the vacation was the laying of the corner-stone of the new chapel of

### *The Divinity School,*

Which took place on Wednesday noon, April 12th. In the morning of the same day a corporation meeting was held. Rev. Samuel Harris, D. D., President of Bowdoin College, was elected to the Dwight Professorship of Didactic Theology, a position which Dr. Bacon and Prof. Porter have provisionally filled since the death of Dr. Taylor. Dr. Bacon was appointed over the department of Church Polity and American Church History. The Lyman Beecher Lectureship on Preaching, which was endowed by a gift of \$10,000 from Henry W. Sage of Brooklyn, will be filled by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who is expected to lecture during the early part of the next seminary year. In consideration of the fact that Hon. William A. Buckingham has long been a thorough friend of the Divinity School, and has contributed between thirty and forty thousand dollars to its funds, the Corporation voted to designate one of the professorships as the Buckingham Professorship of Sacred Literature. At the close of the meeting the corner-stone of the new chapel was laid by President Woolsey. The Governor of the State and the Corporation were present at the ceremony. And the students who witnessed the impressive and affecting spectacle, doubtless forgot, in their emotion,

### *The Third Term's Studies.*

The Seniors are studying Hallam's Constitutional History of England under Prof. Wheeler, Schwegler's History of Philosophy under Prof. Porter, Dana's Geology under Prof. Dana, and Woolsey's International Law under the President. Prof. Hadley lectures to them every afternoon upon Roman Law. On Monday and Thursday morning the President lectures to them upon Historical subjects, and on Wednesday and Saturday noon Prof. Wheeler gives them lectures upon French history. As usual, Prof. Wheeler has charge of the first division and Prof. Porter is division officer of the second.—Prof. Loomis is instructing the

Juniors in Loomis' Astronomy. Under Prof. Thacher they have resumed for a few days Whitney's German Reader, which they commenced last term, but in place of this, the new text-book—Schiller's History of the Netherlands—will be instituted as soon as it arrives in town. They are reciting Jevon's Logic to Tutor Perry. About twenty deluded men are reading Demosthenes on the Crown, with Prof. Hadley, for the present. It is expected, however, that Prof. Packard will return in a few weeks and that they will then be handed over to him. The Juniors have no disputes nor declamations, but are kept out of mischief by recitations on Wednesday and Saturday noon. For this unlooked for consideration they are devoutly grateful.—The Sophomores are reveling in Loomis' Spherics, in which they recite to Tutor Miller. They are instructed in Cicero's De Officiis by Tutor Wright. They are also reading Plato's Gorgias to Tutor Beckwith. Prof. Northrop is taking them through Hart's Rhetoric with rapid marches and they read to him all their compositions. Each man declaims in the chapel once during the term.—The Freshmen recite in Otto's French Grammar to Prof. Coe; in Chauvenet's Geometry to Tutor Richards, in Horace to Tutor Day, and in Herodotus to Tutor Brewster. There is also an extra French class, formed by those who at present possess a partial knowledge of the language, and containing about twelve men. They are reading Molière with Prof. Coe. The Freshmen, furthermore, are now permitted to write compositions. Still we trust that their literary labors will not diminish their interest in

### *Boating Matters,*

Which at present are claiming considerable attention. The Springfield convention was held on Saturday, April 15, at the Massasoit House. Some of the most prominent colleges sent delegates. It was decided that the regatta should take place at Springfield or New London. The former place will probably be selected, on account of its smoother waters and better accommodations for visitors. Yale was not represented at this Convention, although President Ford, of the Y. U. B. C. was present at the Hotel and conferred with some of the delegates. The Harvard representatives expressed their willingness to row us, but no reply to our challenge has yet been received. At the boating meeting held on May 8, the question was discussed whether we should participate in the Union Regatta. After several speeches on both sides it was finally decided, by a close vote, that Yale should not compromise her dignity by joining in the race until Harvard returned an answer to our first challenge. The majority seemed to be more strongly influenced by

the witty speech of a prominent member of '71 than by the real merits of the question.—The time of holding the regatta ball has been changed from Monday until Tuesday. Nothing definite has yet been agreed upon concerning this grand affair, but the committee will hold a meeting on Thursday evening, when final arrangements will be made.—The boat-house, which was considerably injured by the ice during the winter, has been repaired, the most notable improvement being a new, strong “verándah,” on the east side. The expense of the whole will probably reach \$200.—Negotiations are in progress for a race with the “Atalantas,” a New York amateur club, composed of gentlemen of the highest respectability and said to be very fine oarsmen. Several of the club were here a short time since, visited the boat house, saw the crew, and professed themselves to be very much pleased with the appearance of things. This race will probably take place about commencement time.—The treasurer’s books, the whereabouts of which have given rise to so much speculation have at last been found, together with a letter from the late treasurer which helps to explain the financial mystery. Commodore Bone will be here on Saturday and make his report. No blame is attached to Mr. Bone. Although he seems to have been somewhat careless in his management of the finances, his connection with the boating interest has been in every respect strictly honorable and it is fully believed that he in a short time will settle the whole business to the satisfaction of all. The administration of boating matters has been transferred from the corporation to the faculty, and from the interest which the faculty show it is thought probable that permission will be given to the crew to engage in races during term time.

### *Base Ball*

Is beginning to excite considerable attention and interest. The nine is decided upon and the men are practising constantly. The grounds at Hamilton Park have come under a new administration and it is expected that they will be looked after and kept in good shape. Those who know say that the nine is the strongest Yale has ever had. It consists of Strong, '71, p., Richards, '72, 3 b., Day, '72, s. s., C. Deming, '72, r. f., Wheeler, '72, c. f., Bentley, '73, c., Nevins, '74, l. f., Barnes, '74, 1 b. and Maxwell, '74, 2 b. The season will open with several matches with prominent clubs and great things are expected.

### *Composition Prizes.*

These have been awarded, for excellence in English composition during the first two terms of Senior year, as follows; 1st prizes, Watson R.

Sperry, Wilbert W. Perry, George A. Strong, Charles D. Hine, Orville J. Bliss, Howard Mansfield. 2d prizes, Cornelius E. Cuddeback, Charles R. Lanman, Herbert E. Kinney, Charles H. Hamlin, Charles B. Dudley, James G. Blanding, Alwin E. Todd, Nathan H. Whittlesey.

### *Prize Debates.*

These delightful contests took place last week. In Linonia, on Friday evening, May 5, the Freshmen discussed the question: "Would the present establishment of a Republican form of Government be beneficial to France?" The judges were Prof. O. P. Hubbard, Rev. Francis Lobdell and C. B. Brewster, A.B. The speakers were E. F. Rouse, (aff.) of Bay City, Mich.; E. D. Robbins, (neg.) of Wethersfield; A. Wilcox, (aff.) of New Haven; J. C. Sellers, (aff.) of West Chester, Pa.; L. S. Tenney, (neg.) of Stillwater, N. Y.; W. Spaulding, (neg.) of Townsend, Mass.; and H. B. B. Staples, (aff.) of Wilmington, Del. Staples received the first prize, Sellers the second and Wilcox the third. On the same evening, in Brothers, the Freshmen spread themselves upon the question: "Should Representatives be bound by the will of their Constituents?" The judges were Prof. A. M. Wheeler, D. B. Perry, M.A., and J. T. Platt, LL.D. The speakers were A. D. Whittemore, (aff.) of New York City; G. F. Doughty, (aff.) of Cincinnati, O.; C. W. Benton, (neg.) of Mt. Lebanon, Syria; H. H. Ragan, (neg.) of Turin, N. Y.; John Brady, (neg.) of Tipton, Ind.; C. J. Harris, (aff.) of East Putnam; John Leal, (neg.) of East Meredith, N. Y.; J. S. Seymour, (neg.) of Whitney's Pt., N. Y.; W. O. Henderson, (neg.) of Marysville, O.; and W. K. Harrison, (neg.) of Bethlehem. The first prize was taken by Ragan, the second by Harrison and the third by Seymour. The Linonia Juniors, on the evening of May 6th, debated the question: "Are our Institutions calculated to develop great Statesmen?" The judges were Prof. Daniel C. Eaton, Prof. William P. Trowbridge, Rev. Francis Lobdell. The speakers were G. A. Spalding, of Greenup, Ky.; G. R. Milburn, of Washington, D. C.; D. M. Totman, of Norwich, N. Y.; D. Harmon, of San Francisco, Cal.; D. N. Beach, of South Orange, N. J.; and L. E. Curtis, of Oneida, Ill. Curtis received the first prize, Beach the second, and Harmon and Milburn divided the third. The Junior Brothers, on the same evening, discussed the question: "Ought a Government to patronize Literature?" The judges were Prof. G. E. Day, A. B. Miller, M.A. and J. T. Beckwith, B.A. The speakers were J. H. Clendenin, of Gallipolis, O.; E. S. Lines, of Naugatuck, and T. R. Bacon, of New Haven. Every man who spoke took a prize.

Lines received the first, Bacon the second, and Clendenin the third. The audience, varying from one to eight, were enthusiastic in their expressions of delight, and left the hall firmly convinced that the government should by all means patronize literature—an opinion in which the disputants heartily coincided, as they visited the Treasury on Monday. After such a debate as this, it is merely descending from the sublime to the ridiculous to mention some of the

### *Trifles*

of the month. Friday, April 7, was Fast Day, and the students rejoiced in a holiday. There were no services held in the chapel, but the day seems to have been observed everywhere except in the Seminary. We are told that an elderly gentleman, after searching for his son, in vain, among the upper stories of that building, was horrified to find him in one of the lecture rooms, smoking and playing whist with a crowd of Theologues.—On Saturday, April 8, the Freshmen appeared in gorgeous beavers.—The inhabitants of Farnam were roused from their slumbers about 5 o'clock Sunday morning, Apr. 9, by some evil minded youth, who with stentorian voice invited the college to attend the 6 o'clock Trinity service and hear the Easter anthem. A few were enticed out of bed and were well repaid for their fortitude.—Mr. Twining of Cambridge occupied the chapel pulpit Apr. 9. Mr. Burton of Hartford Apr. 30. Dr. Bacon in the morning of May 7, Pres. Woolsey in the afternoon.—On Monday, 10, as elsewhere recorded, New Haven was turned inside out by the German Peace celebration. Prof. Gilman addressed the people from a stage erected upon the State House steps.—G. E. Martin, '72, gave readings in Mystic during vacation, which are very highly spoken of. C. Phelps, '70, has also been giving readings in this vicinity.—Prof. Gilman addressed the Teachers' Institute on April 6. His subject was, "Connecticut in the light of the new Census."—Rev. H. M. Whitney, late of Geneva, Ill., brother of Prof. Whitney of Yale, is to assume charge of the Rhetorical Department of Beloit College, during the remainder of the academical year.—There will be published shortly a collection of sermons by Pres. Woolsey, entitled "The Religion of the Present and Future." They will be selected from the sermons which he has delivered in the college chapel during the last twenty-five years.—J. B. Smith, '72, has been painting fine scenery for Music Hall and for some of the college societies.—April 30 the Farnamites were rendered miserable by the sudden giving out of water all over the building. Some one grimly remarked that the "aristocrats had become the great unwashed."—April 29, the Clark essays were speedily com-

pleted and handed in.—The College Glee Club went to Springfield May 3, to sing at a large fair.—May 3, “David,” the apple-man, gave a “wedding evening entertainment” in the basement of the State House. A large assemblage gathered there and paid 10 cents admission fee for the privilege of buying fruit. The students looked kindly on the institution and enlivened the performance by several “rushes.”—Benj. Hopkin, '72, has returned from his European tour, much improved in health, and has resumed his studies.—The third term catalogues are in press.—F. A. Langworthy, '72, is the new superintendent of the George St. German Sunday School.—The Seniors make geological trips into the country with Prof. Dana, every pleasant Saturday afternoon.—Prof. Brush has commenced his geological lectures.—On Monday evening, May 1, Prof. D. C. Eaton delivered a lecture before the Conn. Historical Society, upon the history of the noxious weeds of New Haven and the vicinity.—The Glee Club proposes to take a yachting tour at the beginning of next vacation. The proceeds of the concerts given along the route are to defray the expenses.—A. H. Adams, '67, E. W. Miller and T. C. Welles, '68, R. B. Richardson and Arthur Shirley, '69, have recently been licensed to preach.—C. D. Waterman, '74, has been chosen captain of the Freshman crew.—The School of Philology in Yale has been reorganized and the system of instruction is now completed. It is designed to meet the wants of those who “are seeking by higher study in this department, to gratify their love of knowledge and gain a more extended literary culture, or fit themselves for the various posts of instruction open to well-trained scholars in the rising and expanding institutions of the country.”—In the latest issue of Steiger's *Literarischer Monatsbericht* appears the following item: “Den Sophomoren des Yale College in New Haven sind jüngst als Preisaufgaben folgendes Themata gestellt worden: Annexation of States without consulting the members thereof, und Bismarck as a Diplomatist.” After a world-wide celebrity like this what can the Sophomore desire further?—The Boston *Advertiser* says it is understood that the terms of arbitration in the case of the late Mr. Washburn, of Worcester, are nearly agreed upon, and that the American Bible Society will be represented by President Woolsey.—The funeral services of Janitor Chipman's eldest will be attended with appropriate ceremonies, on Wednesday afternoon, May 17, at the Medical college, unless this obstreperous youth shall speedily discontinue his impudent mimicry. This statement is made on the authority of an enraged Farnamite who rooms on the ground floor.—The Alpha Delta Phi fraternity will hold their thirty-ninth annual convention at Middletown, on Wednesday and Thursday, May 17 and



18. A poem is to be delivered by Rev. David H. Ela, and an oration by Rev. Edward Everett Hale.—On Monday, May 8, the prominent Freshmen were beset by the Junior society men, who were assisted in efforts by some of the Seniors. Pledges were given, confabulations were held and a general excitement prevailed during the afternoon. The fidelity shown in keeping their agreement is very commendable in the Junior societies.—Prof. Salisbury has recently given a thousand dollars for the benefit of the department of Oriental literature in Yale College.—It is reported that C. Phelps, '70, is training a boat crew in Winsted.—R. P. Keep, formerly tutor in Yale, now U. S. Consul at Athens, is intending to send some bas-reliefs and engravings illustrating ancient Grecian art to the Hartford High school.—D. E. Jones of the Yale Divinity School has accepted a call to the Congregational church in Roxbury.—Prof. Gilman has written to Mr. Gage of Hartford, thanking him for the facilities extended to the S. S. S. lecturers, during their recent course of lectures in that city.—Rev. Asa D. Smith, D. D., President of Dartmouth, will address the alumni of the Yale Divinity School at their anniversary, May 18.

#### S. S. S. MEMORABILIA.

##### *Base Ball.*

It has long been a conundrum to many inquiring minds, why there have been no good base ball nines among the Scientifics. There seems to be no reason why a nine should not exist, able to compete with the class nines of the Academic department, and with a fair chance of success. The numbers of the Scientifics are greater than the average Academic classes; and in boating they have for years put in a presentable crew. It is now possible to raise a good ball nine, taking men from the several classes: for instance—among the Freshmen there are at least three, the Juniors may have but two, but among the Seniors there are four or five good players. We shall lose, perhaps, in having no swift pitcher; but in pitching ball, as in other things, a little practice goes a great way, and with anything before us to stir up the working spirit, it is quite likely that our pitching would improve. The nine which would in all probability be chosen now, would contain careful and heavy batters, and men who, if they will practice, can field tolerably well. Captain Linsley has engaged a ground on Whitney Avenue, where practice will be carried on, and is doing his best to awaken some interest in our national game.

*Boating Matters.*

Quite a number of men have been training for the crew which will soon be selected and set to work. There is good material to pick from and high hopes are held of success. The subscription list started last term met with a good reception, and the funds received covered the debts of the club, with a surplus for this season's expenses.

*Notes.*

Vacation has left its marks. The Senior class remains the same as last term, but the Juniors have lost four men and the Freshmen two.—Prof. Brewer has removed to Cambridge, Mass., for the summer, and is engaged in botanical studies. His specimens were collected in California some years since.—Mr. J. S. Adam, of the Laboratory, who accompanied the San Domingo expedition as Assistant Mineralogist, has returned to his former work. He speaks of traveling over the island on horseback, with little to do except to seek his own amusement.—Prof. Brush is giving four lectures a week in Descriptive Mineralogy.—Prof. Verrill continues his lectures in Zoölogy to the Juniors and Seniors. He will take his class on various expeditions during the term.—Prof. Johnson gives the lectures in Agricultural Chemistry this term in place of Prof. Brewer.—Prof. Norton is lecturing daily to the Senior Engineers on “Iron Structures,” and also on the “Theory of the Arch,” while Prof. Trowbridge meets them in the afternoon at the Art Building and instructs them in “Drawing and Mechanism.”—Prof. Eaton has recovered from his protracted illness and is able to take the Juniors upon botanical excursions as formerly.—The Freshmen have just commenced their practical surveying under Tutor Wells, Mr. Hill, of '69, and Mr. Sherman, of '71.—J. N. Judson, of '71, who left last term, is now leveler on the Jefferson City and Lebanon R. R. in Missouri.—The Seniors have six weeks in which to finish their Graduating Theses, upon which half the class have not yet done an hour's work.—During vacation several Seniors have been traveling through the region of the iron furnaces in Pennsylvania. They were received very hospitably and were permitted to make all the investigations they desired.—Another Freshman has taken refuge in Farnam under the wing of an Academic Junior.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

*New Books.*

*Desk and Debit.* By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Pp. 334. 1871  
New Haven: Judd & White.

This is the third volume of the *Upward and Onward* series, which we believe to be the eighth series of books for boys which this popular author has distributed among the present generation of youth. The story before us resembles all the others in plan and development. They are certainly interesting and exciting, and are welcomed eagerly by the class for which they are intended. They are also pure and elevated in tone. Still, it seems to us, that the characters are almost invariably precocious, and the lives overcrowded with incident. Perhaps the juvenile mind would find no satisfaction in a hero that was natural, and a history that was probable. Yet we doubt the propriety of scattering so lavishly attractive stories, which are calculated to foster that spirit of restlessness and discontent with all that is commonplace, which is already so universal.

*Public and Parlor Readings.* Humorous. By Lewis B. Monroe. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Pp. 318. 1871. New Haven: Judd & White.

This work is full of interest. It does not pretend to be a carefully made collection. It consists of a few amusing extracts from the works of familiar authors. Several writers of recent fame, like Saxe, Bret Harte and Mark Twain are represented in its pages. While very incomplete as a book of reference, it appears admirably adapted for the purpose for which it was designed.

*M. or N.* By J. G. Whyte-Melville. New York: Leypoldt, Holt & Williams. Pp. 159. 1871. New Haven: Judd & White.

A very exciting novel with an original plot. The clear, full print of the book adds greatly to the comfort of the reader. Altogether it is a story over which one can readily spend an afternoon.

*The Fight at Dame Europa's School;* showing how the German Boy thrashed the French Boy, and how the English Boy looked on. Boston: Charles H. Spencer. New Haven: Judd & White.

This is a funny pamphlet, whose contents are thoroughly described in its somewhat elaborate title. The English Boy, notwithstanding his neutrality, occupies an extremely unenviable position.

*The Model Prayer.* By George C. Baldwin, D.D. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Pp. 298. 1871. New Haven: Judd & White.

This book consists of a course of eleven lectures upon the Lord's Prayer. The first of these is introductory and somewhat general in its character; the others contain an exposition of the prayer, clause by clause, and also thoughts and useful lessons suggested. The book is earnest and instructive, and numerous incidents and illustrations serve to make it attractive to the general reader. Though perhaps the comments are needlessly spun out, yet we recommend the work as calculated to give a deeper reverence for the words of our Lord, and a better appreciation of the grandeur and beauty, the appropriateness and comprehensive truths of this simple and familiar petition so often thoughtlessly repeated.

## Exchanges.

COLLEGE EXCHANGES.—*College Review*, *College Herald*, *College Journal*, *College Courant*, *College Mercury*, *College Courier*, *College Days*, *College Argus*, *Dalhousie College Gazette*, *Bethany College Guardian*, *College Words*, *Western Collegian*, *Annalist*, *Jarvis Hall Record*, *Seaside Oracle*, *Harvard Advocate*, *Acorn*, *Irving Union*, *Cornell Era*, *Index Niagarensis*, *Beloit Monthly*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Tripod*, *Nassau Literary Magazine*, *Cap and Gown*, *Union Literary Magazine*, *Chronicle*, *Owl*, *Yale Courant*, *University Reporter*, *Targum*, *Miami Student*, *Cadet*, *Amherst Student*, *Virginia University Magazine*, *College Times*.

OUTSIDE MAGAZINES.—*Nation*, *Appleton's Journal*, *Newspaper Reporter*, *Figaro*, *Overland Monthly*, *Wood's Household Magazine*, *Literary Companion*, *Loomis' Journal*, *Herald of Health*, *Monthly Bulletin*, *Public School Journal*, *Journal of Education*, *Manufacturer and Builder*, *American Literary Gazette*, *Every Saturday*.

It has been a source of wonder to us, as we have examined these exchanges, that so many of them have prefixed the adjective "College" to their titles. Is it not better to use the name of the college or that of the town in which the paper is published? Since these periodicals are multiplying constantly, we make this suggestion. It is convenient to associate a particular publication with a particular place. Hence it seems desirable to unite the "local habitation" with the "name."

Judging from the present capacity of the *Acorn*, the oak must be a long distance ahead. We notice in it a number of verbal inaccuracies. Still, in spite of its extreme youthfulness, it is all that it pretends to be.

The humor which appears fortnightly in the "Atoms" of the *Harvard Advocate* is certainly refreshing, but, for genuine wit, its notices of Yale, which occupy such prominent positions under the head of "Exchanges," are fearful and wonderful. Take for example the following: "The President of Yale has advised the *second* division of the Senior Class to be vaccinated. Why this partiality?"

The *Annalist* is a readable paper but is carelessly written. We clip from one of its articles a passage which strikes us as remarkable for clearness and correctness: "In a crowd of idlers I saw a person once, they were laughing at him. I soon discovered the cause. He had a habit of causing his mouth, when anything was said that pleased him, which (?) they were all very careful not to do, to assume the aspect and proportions of the mouth of a carpet sack. I tried this but couldnt (*sic*) do it."

The *Dalhousie College Gazette* contains an essay upon the Composition of Man, in which much that is ingenious and interesting is marred by the wild and absurd illustrations which are crowded into almost every sentence.

In the *College Review* we notice the first of a series of papers entitled "College Anecdotes." One of the stories is as follows: "Upon a Commencement occasion 'a lunatic alumnus' not being able to get into the church, set up for himself in the street outside, where after he had mounted himself upon a mason's inverted mortar-tub, he commenced a very classical oration as follows: "*Hoc noxe conventum est planetorum in domus Forum. U'tor, abutor, fruor, fungor, potior* and *vescor* govern the ablative. *Recordor, memini, reminiscor* and *obliviscor* govern the—" 'Hold on! hold on there!' cried a constable with a stentorian voice. 'Stop your noise,' &c."

The *College Review*, however, is especially remarkable for its savageness towards Yale. Every number contains a fling against this magazine. For example, in the last issue of the C. R. the editors declare their satisfaction at the retirement of our previous Board. If the information concerning it which we have received is correct, we can congratulate ourselves that before long this pugnacious little sheet will probably enter upon a permanent "intermission."

Douglas Jerrold is said to have demurred to the postulate of a needy author that he "must live." There seems, however, to be a well-founded

reason why the publisher of the *Bethany Guardian* should not die. His object in living appears to be "to get out of debt and into that happy condition in which he shall owe no man (nor woman either) anything save love." With a view of removing any obstacle to an improvement of the *Bethany Guardian*, we cheerfully remit the debt of love which the publisher appears to owe us, provided his lady friends will be equally obliging. After this enormous sacrifice, how can any hard-hearted shopman be so lacking in public spirit as not to destroy any vouchers of pecuniary indebtedness which he may hold against the publisher of the *Bethany Guardian*.

All the way from San Francisco comes "*The Owl devoted to Mental Improvement*." On the cover of the periodical is a picture of this phenomenon—a bird with intellectual aspirations. This design is really a valuable contribution to ornithology. But, after a careful perusal of the magazine, we suspect that this owl, like the rest of the species, is less remarkable for mental improvement than for drowsiness."

*The National Transition Moonly Voice, devoted to Scientific National Reconstruction, Published at each Full Moon*, comes to us from an individual bearing the euphonious name of Robert Sinnickson, or as he gives us to understand in his "humorous way"—

"Our name, 'they say,' is but a mix—  
Its purport, *Sin-a* son of Nick's."

Mr. Sinnickson, like Alfred Hardie of Hard Cash fame, was lured into a lunatic asylum by "unprincipled politicians." Having effected his escape, he is devoting himself to the "propagation of a new National Idea," which seems to be that Robert Sinnickson is altogether too great a light to be hidden under the bushel of a lunatic asylum. In this opinion we perfectly agree with him. We cannot repress our admiration of the original and striking sentiments which flow from his pen. Consider, for example, the depth and power of an observation like this: "Oil and water will not mix. Brandy and sugar will." How "unprincipled politicians" can dare to incarcerate a man who can write such sentences as these, is beyond our comprehension.

*The Bright Side* is the pleasant title of a nice little paper for children. The bright side is emphatically the outside, which is lighted up by a merry young face, looking out among garlands of roses.

It is a relief to turn from these papers, which assail us from all quarters, to such a sheet as the *Nation*. Almost all the changes and improvements which are going on at Yale are discussed in its columns. In a recent copy we noticed that the college was congratulated "upon having secured for its mineralogical cabinet the very extensive collection of pseudomorphous crystals belonging to Professor Blum of Heidelberg."

We have lingered so long over the exchanges that we can only say a word in closing. We have gracefully borne the honors, and stood the treats, and eaten the supper of Editors *in prospectu*, and have actually entered upon the duties of editors *in re*. We offer no original plans. We shall preserve the present appearance of the LIT. and continue the old departments. It will be noticed that the paragraph entitled "Town Shows" has been omitted. We consider that these are matters entirely distinct from the college, and see no propriety therefore in putting them on record in our pages. Perhaps it is well to state that the notion, current among our readers, that the Board are blessed with free tickets, is an entirely mistaken one. We have made one other change. Our subscribers will henceforward apply for copies at Hoadley's, where all the LITs. will be distributed. We cordially invite contributions. It is evident that the LIT. should be the organ for the expression of the best college thought. That we may not be overburdened ourselves and that the best interests of the magazine may be promoted, it is desirable that in making contributions a perfect freedom should be felt.

So, with greetings and invitations, we close our first number.





THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '72.

ROBERT E. COE,

JOHN H. HINCKS,

CHARLES C. DEMING,

CHARLES B. RAMSDELL,

GEORGE RICHARDS.

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Accessus

THEODORUS DWIGHT WOOLSEY.

Exitus

1846.

1871.

SUCH will be a brief but weighty record in our next Triennial. President Woolsey has already announced to the Prudential Committee of the Corporation, that he shall resign the Presidency at the close of the present collegiate year. He will then have filled his present office for a quarter of a century during which period our sister university of Harvard has had *six* presidents. It is due to his long services, to his unobtrusive, but not the less remarkable life, that this magazine which professes to embalm the memorabilia of Yale, should devote a page or two to the influence of his long administration upon the College, and to some of the more important facts of his public career.

Yale College has been a growth and not a manufacture. It is the natural product of the germ planted at Saybrook in 1701. There are no breaks, fissures or marked divisions in its history, "as of things 'which live by infusion and propping up and not by inward energy.'" The business therefore of its chief managers has been one of training and guidance, not of construction, for time, and the



upward march of the Republic, were doing as much for the institution as its appointed guardians. Accordingly we should not expect to find that sudden changes, radical innovations or ambitious attempts at startling improvements impart romantic interest to the management of any of its presidents. They have quietly permitted it to develop itself according to the properties of the seed, and in accordance with the wants and requirements of the age in whose general progress it was participating. They have aimed at supplying the kind of education which the development of the country needed, more than at furnishing the highest style of education, which during a long period of its past history was not demanded by college students, and if offered would not have been accepted. It originated "when the want of learning and learned men both in church and state, and the great difficulty and extreme charges of educating children at Harvard College in Cambridge," began to be felt in this infant colony. The learning and learned men which it has provided, since its foundation have been always up to the standard of time, unless the modern charge is true, that the sagacious generation now on the stage have outgrown the college.

It was not until 1800 that Yale College rose any higher than the "Collegiate School," which, at the first meeting of the Trustees was ordered to be "erected" in Connecticut. The academical corps, at the beginning of the present century consisted of a Professor of Natural Philosophy and Mathematics, re-appointed from year to year, a Professor of Divinity who was also President, and of five tutors. The mathematical text-book in use prior to this date was a meagre collection of the most elementary propositions in geometry and conic sections. Enfield's Philosophy, now obsolete, was the sole source from which instruction in natural science was drawn. The only Latin authors studied were Virgil, Horace and Cicero de Oratore. No Greek beyond the New Testament was taught to the classes in regular course previous to 1800.

It was for President Dwight to meet the requirements

of the post revolutionary age for a more comprehensive education and the cravings of thoughtful minds for the new sciences which at that time were in the process of development. The impulse which may be said to have raised "the school" to the dignity of a college, was given to it when he created the professorships of Hebrew, Greek and Latin, and of Chemistry, and placed on a permanent basis the professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy and co-operated in founding the Law and Medical departments. He left but little for the administrative skill of his successors, but to provide instruction in new branches of learning, and to sub-divide the professorial duties. Under President Day the Chair of Mathematics was separated from that of Natural Philosophy, the Chair of Latin from that of Greek, the professorships of Hebrew and Rhetoric endowed and filled, the professorships of the theory and practice of Medicine, of Surgery, Obstetrics and Materia Medica added to the Medical, and those of Didactic Theology and of Sacred Literature to the Theological Department.

Such was our progress towards a university and such, in outline, the facilities afforded for instruction here, when Dr. Woolsey was raised to the Presidency in 1846.

Before, however, reviewing his management of the college, we may as well introduce, at this point, a few facts of his personal history and preliminary training. He was born in the city of New York, Oct. 31st, 1801—the youngest of seven children—of William Walton Woolsey, and of Elizabeth, the sister of President Dwight. The grammar schools of Hartford and New Haven share the honor of fitting him for Yale, which he entered in 1816. His career both in the Hopkins Grammar School and in college, Dr. Bacon, who was his classmate in both, has touchingly portrayed: "If in the Grammar School," he says, "where I first met you three and thirty years ago, it had been told by some prophetic voice that one of the scholars would be President of Yale College, the master and pupils would have thought of none other than that bright-eyed, modest boy whose image is in my mind's eye now."

And if in that hour when we and our classmates went forth together from this house of graduation, it had been announced that one of the class of 1820 would be President all eyes would have turned to the one—*facile princeps*—whose voice had just spoken our last farewell to each other, and our *Alma Mater*." After his graduation he studied law with Charles Chauncey of Philadelphia, with no intention, however, of practicing the profession, but simply for the purpose of the culture and mental discipline to which the study of the law contributes. Dr. Woolsey has pronounced a brief eulogy upon this revered instructor which we cannot refrain from transcribing here, not because it is a deserved tribute to a Yale graduate, but because it reveals the eulogist's own idea of the true type of American manliness. "Charles Chauncey of Philadelphia was one whom any college might feel proud to number among its sons. Long among the leaders of the bar, a man of the kindest disposition, one of the truest gentlemen that ever lived—to these qualities he added sterling worth built upon Christian principles, and might be held up as a model to all young men entering his profession, to teach them that there is something better than political power, to which he never aspired, or than wealth which he scattered with a liberal hand; that the affections of fellow citizens will cling to a man who lives not for himself; and that no dignity conferred by men is as high as that of the Christian gentleman."

Two of the subsequent four years were passed by Dr. Woolsey at Princeton, and two in the office of Tutor at this college. In 1825 he was licensed to preach the Gospel, but continued to prosecute his theological studies, devoting himself particularly to the investigation of the Hebrew and Greek scriptures in the original tongues. We have reason to believe that at this period he abandoned the purpose of following the profession of a clergyman. The discourse of Dr. Bacon at the inauguration of Dr. Woolsey as President, was designed also for his ordination to the Christian ministry. In that discourse the preacher speaks "of inward conflicts," of the "torture of

a depressed and struggling mind," of "hidden anguish," which compelled Dr. Woolsey to surrender his early aspirations towards the ministry of the Redeemer, and of his having at length reached, "healthier and more natural habits of religious feeling." Dr. Woolsey also intimates in his Historical Discourse that he was indebted to Dr. Dwight for "solving his religious doubts," and helping his pathway in spiritual things.

From May 1827 for more than three years he was at the most celebrated seats of Greek literature in Europe, at Leipsic, Bonn, Berlin and subsequently at Paris, in Italy and England, perfecting himself in that magnificent tongue which he so greatly admires, that according to college tradition (no very reliable authority) he regards as a sim-pleton every man who is unacquainted with it. In 1831 the professorship of Greek was established at Yale, and Dr. Woolsey elected as Professor. He held the office for fifteen years. He is the father of Greek instruction in this college. Before his time a compilation from Attic writers called *Græca Majora*, with the *Cyropædia* and *Anabasis* of Xenophon, comprised all the Greek read at Yale. Before his time neither the masterpieces of the Grecian dramatists, nor the works of Plato, nor the orations of Demosthenes were perused here in the original tongue. Editions of Sophocles were so scarce in this country when he entered upon the professorship that the first classes to which he unfolded the touching pathos of the *Electra* and *Antigone* were obliged to use textbooks imported from Germany.

From what we have said, at the opening of this article, no startling effects, no revolutionary measures should be anticipated in the history of Dr. Woolsey's Presidency. There never has been an administration more quiet and unobtrusive. "Speech is silver, but silence is golden" might seem to be its motto, and its merits are of a kind which escape superficial observation. In his Inaugural Address he acknowledges himself as a "progressive conservative, aiming at carrying out and carrying forward the principles understood and put in practice during the

two administrations which have lasted more than fifty years." He says, moreover, that "if revolutionary changes in discipline or teaching were demanded, the guardians of the college would have called in from abroad some stranger whose views had not been founded in the institution itself." No one can claim that he has falsified this programme or that it did not clearly foreshadow the character of his presidency. The Chairs of Mental and Moral Philosophy, of Modern Languages and of History were added conformably to the plan of the ancient regime, of adapting the college to the exigencies of the age. Consistently, too, with the principles of his predecessors, he introduced such new studies as in his ripe and enlightened judgment the interests of substantial education required. He advanced warily, "progressive conservative" as he is, upon the path of reform. He ameliorated the college code in such a manner as would increase the freedom without impairing the subordination of the students. He liberalized the spirit and to some extent the theology of the college. Evening prayers were discontinued under his auspices. He encouraged physical culture and harmless amusements and exercises. The Gymnasium, we believe, was the gift of his wisdom.

It must be admitted, however, that he has made no marked departure from the established course. In discipline he has adhered to the old rule of having punishment certain but not severe. He has conformed to the antiquated plan of merit marks for scholarship and demerit marks for violations of the laws. He is a rigid supporter of the old theory of grammatical drill, and but little more time, under his presidency, has been devoted to the genius and spirit of ancient literature than when Rector Cutler flogged its rudiments into his pupils. He believes in hard study, more than elegant acquisitions. He is evidently of the opinion that all the proposed innovations of Young Yale may be profitably postponed to the next ages, with the exception of the most meritorious. Several years since he published an article in the *New Englander* from which it appears that he is not only the advocate,

but the author of the famous plan for the freer representation of the Alumni in the Corporation; "and his administration seems likely to close with the achievement of this crowning glory." The only indication which we have been able to find of his toleration of any other radical change is in one of the notes to his Historical Discourse where he cautiously says: "The substitution of a temporary for a permanent President, I anticipate as likely to be viewed with favor by the next generation."

The most remarkable event in popular estimation during Dr. Woolsey's presidency has been the foundation of the Sheffield Scientific School, which has now become one of the leading schools of its kind in the world. We understand that it is now claimed, that the President's influence was not visible at the origin of this school and has not been conspicuous in its history. It is even intimated, that he is wanting in enthusiasm for the natural sciences. We presume such critics have forgotten that the first intimation on record that such a school might be called into existence, is to be found in the address which Dr. Woolsey pronounced when he was inaugurated as President, and that the same passage explains his idea of the precise place of natural science in a system of education. He is speaking of the superior value of *training* to knowledge and says:

"There are others, and not a few in this country, who would lay aside the old plans of education, and study, chiefly or exclusively, the natural sciences on account of the stores of knowledge which they contain. I am by no means willing to undervalue these branches of knowledge, and I shall presently point out one noble use to which they may be turned. But in *the early training* of the mind they are fitted to perform no great part; being built on observation and experiment, rather than on primary truth discerned by the reason, and assuming the form of systems chiefly according to the principle of resemblance and not through the exercise of the higher logical power, they do not tend to discipline our most important faculties. Hence very properly they are deferred to the *later* period of college life, where the *training* is nearly completed. I congratulate our College on the accession which we have lately received to our corps of instructors in these sciences; and I hope to see the time when a school in all these branches of knowledge shall induce many to reside here after finishing their college course. But it would be an injurious thing, if the option were left to students to devote themselves to such studies

extensively at an earlier period. It would be to substitute knowledge for *training*, and by the kind of pursuit to prevent the greatest good for which colleges exist."

It seems difficult to see what more the retiring President could have done for the college than he has done, unless he had permitted large freedom to the students in the choice of studies, or had yielded to the clamor of making education here what is loosely styled "more practical," or had instituted in imitation of Harvard a course of lectures *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, or had assigned more time for instruction in modern languages. To all these innovations but the last, he is known to be unalterably opposed; and if Young Yale or Old Yale is anxious to combat the reasons of the faith which is in him, they will find abundant employment for their time, and a sufficient tax upon their argumentative powers in answering Dr. Woolsey's Inaugural, wherein he essays this lofty theme; "What would a mind thoroughly trained itself, say respecting education in college, when it looked at them from a Christian sphere, and contemplated them in their bearings on the best interests of man."

We find, as we expected, that President Woolsey's administration of the college has been as unostentatious as his life. Training instead of knowledge, hard work the best discipline, modifications of ancient ways which shall prove unquestioned improvements, adaptation of instruction to the wants of the age, improvement of all parts of the mind, more scholarly but less scholastic culture, and leading the minds of his pupils up to God, seem to have been the simple but controlling rules of our presiding instructor.

Not in measure, but in results, not in catalogues, but in the minds and hearts of the twenty-five hundred men who have graduated under him, should his record be studied. He has initiated no *measure* for increasing our knowledge of English literature, he has never himself instructed in the art of writing, but the purity and simplicity of his style is now discernible in every college composition.



He has delivered no lectures against bombast and exaggeration, but his pupils unconsciously prefer his plain language to a turgid style, and attach more weight to his modestly expressed opinions, than to the fervid asseverations of more pretentious guides. He has never formally rebuked affectation and shams, but they were never more at discredit at Yale than to-day. He has never joined in the cry for "practical education," but every student now feels that school teaching is not his only resource for a livelihood, when graduation day launches him on the world. He makes no boast of having raised the standard of scholarship, but we are all conscious of being better able to grapple with intellectual work, from having been blessed with such a master.

His merits as a President are not to be solely measured by the external impression he has left upon the college. He has moulded minds; he has purified tastes; he has chastened passions; he has strengthened and fortified virtuous resolutions; he has elevated and ennobled purposes and aims; he has left a portion of his nature in every Yale alumnus for the last quarter of a century, which has assimilated many of them to his own pure and holy likeness. That sincerity is here regarded as an indispensable requisite of genuine manliness, that earnestness in the pursuits and duties of life is no longer looked upon with contempt, that modesty, humility, and devotion have exalted claims upon our reverence, that we have aimed our arrow at something higher than political power and material aggrandizement, that the title of "Christian gentleman" is esteemed worthy of our aspirations are mainly due to the simple, silent, but constant pressure of his character and example. He has most signally saved himself from the condemnation which he deprecates in his Inaugural, when he says: "I should not like to die with this weight upon my soul, that I had taken into my hand a block of the finest marble, and cut it into the form of a demagogue."



“A CAT IN A STRANGE GARRET.”

“I HAVEN'T got the hang of the new school house” was, according to Joe Miller, the apology of some ingenious urchin for some palpable blunders in orthography. “I haven't got the hang of college” ought to be accepted by every division master as an abundant excuse for every failure and shortcoming of an unfledged Freshman. “A cat in a strange garret” is a feeble metaphor to describe the confusion produced in his mind by the strangeness of his surroundings.

A Freshman's first college lesson is conned as he is seated upon his trunk, by the flickering effulgence of a tallow dip stuck in an empty ale bottle, to the inspiriting cry of “Freshy, put out that light,” and to the patter of a lively shower of stones against his window blinds, from irrepressible Sophs in the street. When he attempts the next morning to show his good breeding by bowing to the Prex, as he passes down the main aisle, he is “pshewed” out of chapel by certain suggestive movements of that venerable officer's hands, as if he belonged to an offensive flock of barn-yard poultry. While chewing the idea thus strongly indicated, that he is regarded only as one of the feathered tribe by the head of the college, he suddenly finds himself in the recitation room, in the act of reciting, confronted by a division master who, among other things equally absurd, demands of him peremptorily the attic form of “ὡς ἐφατ',” and just as he is collecting his scattered notions of attic forms, he hears the word “sufficient,” at which hint he suddenly subsides into his seat, fully convinced that after all he is a mere dung-hill fowl of the most ignominious breed, for “ὡς ἐφατ'” is still sticking in his crop. He now strolls towards his comfortless quarters, reflecting upon the question whether really a comb or a cap is on the top of his head, when the question is summarily settled by some myrmidon of the Sophomore class, who relieves him of his head piece and

rushes away with such a defiant war hoop that he puts his hand to the "place where the wool ought to grow" to find whether the desperate marauder has left him his scalp. In the evening, again seated on his trunk, he addresses himself to that jumble of subjunctives which Titus Livius has prefixed to his elaborate history of the master state of antiquity. He soon finds that without aid from a pony, these prefatory remarks are a hard road to travel, and he speedily catches himself wondering why the preface did not perish with the other books which were lost. He flounders through the lesson towards the short hours of the morning, and then flings himself upon his restless pillow with "*Facturus ne operae pretium sim*," and other crazy sentences dancing like maniacs through the cells of his brain.

At Hardscrable Academy where he "fitted" he was accustomed to read the tongue of Rome thus: "*et*," and, "*dixit*," he said; "*Romani Populi*," Roman people; and as he is proceeding in this approved manner to construe one of the most difficult passages in the aforesaid preface, "the cat in the strange garret" suddenly finds himself interrupted by the silvery voice of the Tutor: "we will dispense with construing, Mr. Green, translate if you please. "At the same preparatory institution his fossilized old instructor kindly gave him the captions and diagrams of the propositions in Euclid, which he was required to demonstrate.—Imagine the surprise of this Fresh "as is a Fresh" when Tutor Richards politely requests him to transfer the elongated figure of the *pons asinorum* to the blackboard; he stands before that instrument of torture with the chalk convulsively grasped in his fingers, "*comae steterunt, vox faucibus hæsit*," he is as completely paralyzed as the babes in the wood when pounced upon by a devouring lion, or the mocking children in the old Testament, when they beheld the two avenging she-bears emerging from a neighboring wood. "I haven't got the hang of this confounded college" is the exclamation wrung from him by despair.

Time fails me to portray the shock his preconceived

notions of the dignity of college life received, when he passed through the imposing ceremonies which initiated him into his first society. How he found himself stepping up when he was told to step down, down when he was told to step up; how he passed through a long box against a cold sponge splattered in his face; how he opened his astonished eyes to see the knife of the guillotine descending on his innocent neck; how he was tossed up and down in the cruel blanket, until brains and bowels were both "discombobulated," and he felt more than ever like a "cat in a strange garret."

The cat belongs to the feline species, which usually frolic by night, but college nights bring no consolation to the cat in the strange garret. He retires to his couch after wasting the midnight oil courting "nature's sweet restorer" when he is suddenly roused by the lusty chorus of the *Q. A. S.*s. Muttering mighty strong words, he buries his ears in his pillow and again subsides into gentle slumber, when his eyes are dazzled by a brilliant light on his windows. Amid the screeching of fire engines and the lusty roar of firemen, his heart sinks within him, and his head is stunned by the frightful shout "the south coal yard is in flames." Grief and excitement at such a disaster is too much for his enfeebled nerves; he rises desperately from his bed, dons his pants, and half bursts a blood vessel in striving to pull on his chum's boots which are a size smaller than his own.

The only real comfort and relief which he finds, is when in the company of congenial felines he is securely seated three times a day before the carnal comforts and flesh pots of his eating club. The grub exercise is the only part of the college routine which he fully comprehends; the only situation here where he finds himself a complete master, is when he is permitted to brandish, *ad libitum*, the knife and fork. He therefore enjoys his meals as the oasis in the desert of college life. He adopts as the motto of his club "*haec olim meminisse juvabit*" thus significantly indicating the only pleasant reminiscences of Yale will be connected with its hashes and its swipes.

As he advances in his course the extraordinary labor imposed upon his stomach impairs the strong digestive apparatus which he brought from his rural home. Dyspepsia prematurely attacks the "cat in the strange garret." He feels the necessity of tonics to invigorate his failing powers; and as he wanders in seedy raiment and delapidated boots towards Hoadley's and the comforters of the inner man, you may frequently hear him warbling a stanza of the famous ballad

"Backe and side go bare, go bare,  
Both foot and hande go colde,  
But, bellye, God send thee good ale yenough,  
Whether it be newe or olde.  
I cannot eat but lytle meate,  
My stomach is not good,  
But sure I think that I can drynke  
With him that wears a hood.  
Though I go bare, take ye no care,  
I am nothing a colde :  
I stuff my skin so full within  
Of jolly good ale as olde.  
Backe and side go bare, go bare,  
Both foote and hande go colde,  
But, bellye, God send thee good ale yenough,  
Whether it be newe or olde."



### YE ANCIENT COMMONS.\*

"They had not then the dainty things  
That commons now afford."—DR. HOLMES.

WHAT our fathers studied can be ascertained by consulting the reliable catalogues of auld lang syne. Where they slept, a glance towards what Professor Hopkin compares to "a row of respectable brick factories" will make clear. Where and what they ate, it will be the attempt of this article to show.

\* Obligations to the following must be acknowledged: Prest. Woolsey's *Historical Discourse*; Yale Lit. Mag., Vol. xxii, p. 1; *Scenes and Characters in College*, by Rev. John Mitchell, '21; *Memorial of the Class of 1830*.

To the founders of this university, men whose ideas of college life were derived from an acquaintance with Oxford and Cambridge, a scholastic institution without a common table for its inmates, would have been a startling phenomenon. At the very first, Commons was established and continued to exist until 1843. The earliest college building, and the one to which alone the name of Yale College was at first given, stood on the corner of College and Chapel streets, about twenty feet from College. This was a wooden affair of three stories and three entries, and embraced a hall for prayers and meals, a library and twenty rooms for students. Here, as long as the building stood, Commons remained, and here many old time worthies—of whom were Jonathan Edwards and Noah Webster, Daniel Humphreys of doggerel fame and the ill-fated Nathan Hale—congregated about the festal board. What satisfied the cravings of their stomachs can be learned from the following bill of fare voted in 1742 by the trustees.

“Ordered, that the steward shall provide the commons for the students as follows, viz: for breakfast, one loaf of bread for four, which [the dough] shall weigh one pound. For dinner for four, one loaf of bread as aforesaid, two and one-half pounds of beef, veal or mutton, or one and three-quarter pounds salt pork about twice a week in the summer time, one quart of beer, two pennyworth of sauce [vegetables]. For supper for four, two quarts of milk and one loaf of bread when milk can conveniently be had, and when it cannot then apple pie, which shall be made of one and three-quarter pounds of dough, one-quarter pound hog's fat, two ounces of sugar and half a peck of apples.”

By 1759 the fascinating beer mug had been found too strong or too weak for the student constitution and it was abolished. But somehow the evening meal did not seem to go well without anything with which to wash it down and supper was given up altogether soon after. Not that they had resolved to exist without eating, but South Middle had been erected, and for each of its rooms there was a compartment in the cellar which each proprietor kept stored with provisions, and from which he bore his supper to his room. Although the Commons of that day was not an institution “altogether lovely,” still it was not

without its good results. Twice during the Revolutionary war the students were dispersed "from Dan even unto Beersheba," because, owing to the depreciation of paper money, "the steward was unable to uphold the Commons."

When, in 1782, the old structure threatened to come down about the ears of its inmates, it was decided to build "a hall and kitchen of brick, one story high, with cellar;" and "like some tall palm" rose the wondrous fabric now known as the Chemical Laboratory.\* This building consisted of a hall with a kitchen at the north end. Lengthwise through the middle of the hall ran a passage way, from which on both sides tables extended to the walls. The meagre ribbed tutors occupied two raised tables in the middle and kept what order they could. These tables, furnishing accommodations for eight persons, four upon a side, were made of pine and had no coverings but grease. Each individual was entitled to a separate pewter plate, but, down to 1815, four drank their cider from one mug of the same precious metal. Old Deacon Beers was steward. The Deacon was a good old man, but, as the newspapers would say, he did not know how to keep a hotel. A fundamental article of his creed was to observe a strict chronological impartiality in dealing out meat,—that is the meat longest in his possession must be eaten first. Hence it always smacked of antiquity. Under his dispensation the usual fare for dinner was beef or mutton, cider and bread. His boarders often provided for supper by pinning with their knives the superfluous meat to the under side of the table. They received for supper bread and butter and pie. For breakfast, milk, and the meat cooked for the dinner of the preceding day, worked over into hash and called "slum" was given them. It was customary to express disapproval of small sized crockery by walking on it; the next day ware of the required size appeared,—also an item for the same on the term bills. Six hundred tumblers and thirty

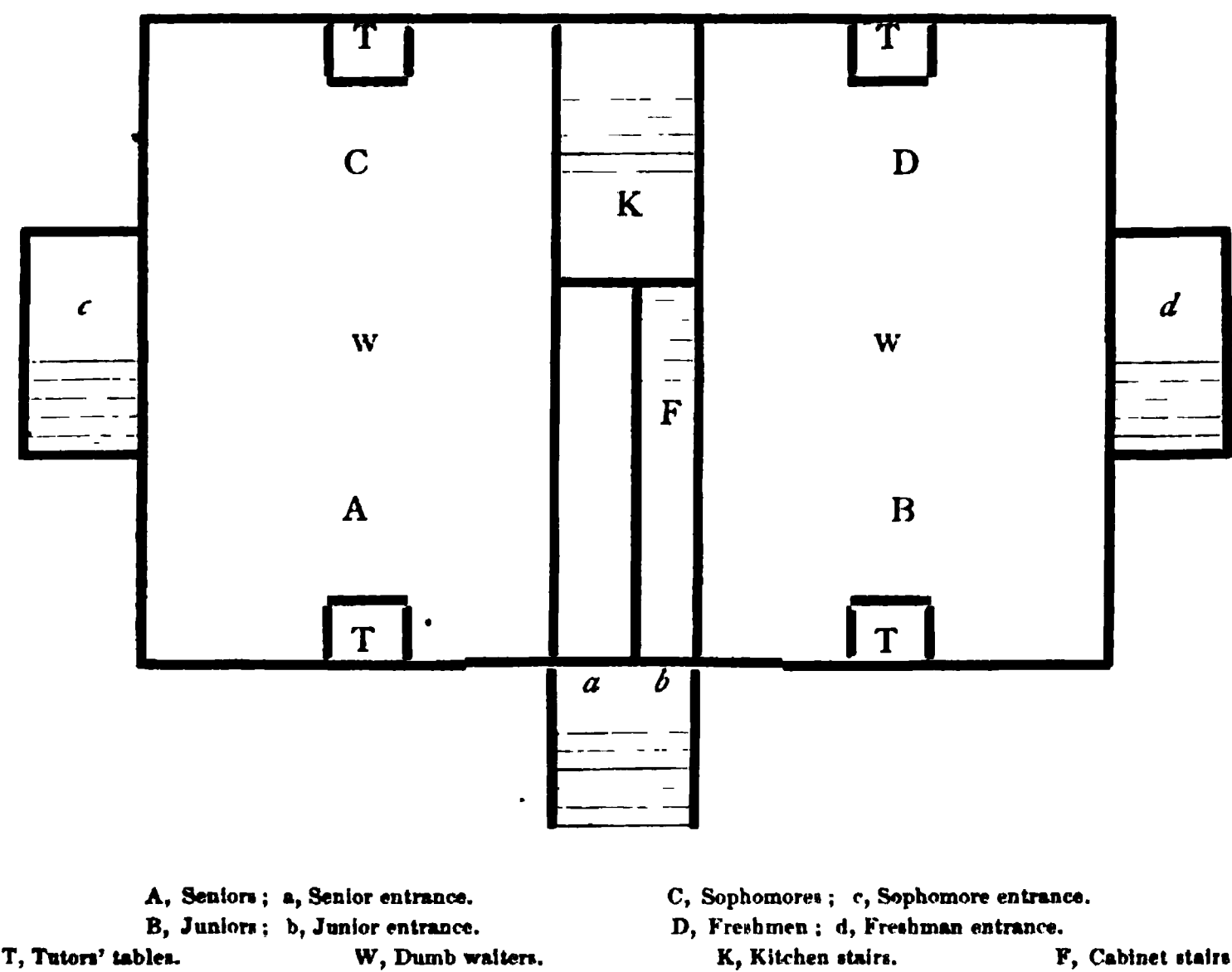
\* The western projection of this building was added in comparatively recent times for the accommodation of ladies wishing to attend the elder Prof. Silliman's lectures.

coffee pots were charged as destroyed or carried off in a single term. One class became tired of 'lamb for breakfast, lamb for dinner, lamb for supper,—lamb,' and gave vent to their sentiments by coming into the hall bleating. This demonstration producing no effect, a few days later they made an early entrance and pitched the whole of the offending article, platters and all, out of the window and beat a retreat. When aged and decayed clergymen rehearse the bill of fare of that time, we implicitly believe them; but when they add that the coffee was made of old hats, and that while grace was being said two forks could be seen piercing every potato in the room, we are forced unwillingly to the conclusion that they are trifling with us.

In those days the happiest denizens of this sublunary sphere were the confirmed invalids. For was not a physician's certificate the magic word which released them from the enticing wiles of commons? "Oh, vot ish all dis earthly pliss," says Hans Breitmann. Ill health became so alarmingly frequent that a change was made and an "invalids' table" was set up in the hall, at which better food than the rest obtained, was furnished for these circumvented beings. This step was the signal for a revolt. The two lower classes sent in memorials to the president; these received no reply for the excellent reason that they were suppressed by the tutors. Thinking it time to act, the students voted to absent themselves from the hall and did so. For three days the tables were spread, but the "slum" and cider remained untasted on the boards; no Sophomore bombarded Freshmen with potatoes, for Freshman and Sophomore seats were alike as empty as a boat club's treasury; tutors raved and called into service the most violent words in a theologian's vocabulary; students attended recitations but their ancient feeding place "they passed by on the other side." At length President Day met the two classes. He was new in office, but his conduct on this occasion made him friends among all. In a most conciliatory address, he said that he had been ignorant of the state of things in the hall, and

promised a change. He asked them to return to their wonted mangers while the matter was being settled. His request was immediately complied with. The reform commenced with a trial of the cooks, all but two of whom were found guilty of various high crimes and misdemeanors and were banished. A new hall—the present Cabinet—was at once commenced and was in a few months complete.

In 1819 the new hall was thrown open amid a blaze of creature comforts and glory. Mr. Stephen Twining, the steward, so exhausted himself with his initiatory spread that he confessed himself at a loss how to get up another meal. A simple plan of this hall will show the workings of the system more clearly than words.



There were two bells; the first brought the fellows to the hall and the second admitted them. At the stroke of the latter they rushed in with such vigor and despatch that in less than a minute all were in their seats. Then up starts a tutor grim, and gives three raps with his case knife upon the table. All



rise while he asks a blessing, and the meal commences. Sixteen sat at a table, one of whom was elected carver. This personage after performing the duties of his function, helped himself to the best piece and passed the platter to his neighbors. The waiters were students who received their board for their services, and the position was not considered at all disgraceful. To leave the table one must ask permission by rising and the tutor would nod. When several had risen the presiding genius would again rap on the table and all would rise. Then tutor gave thanks and anyone could go or stay at will. The fare seems to have been tolerable. The butter, however, was a source of great dissatisfaction. One day some of this article was thrown up against the ceiling, where it remained. The indignant tutor inquired for the offender. A wicked wag pointed to the butter and answered: "He is of age, ask him." On the door of the steward's office in the north end of the laboratory there could sometimes be seen as much as ten pounds of butter which had been brought from the hall and thrown there by the students as a slight token of their appreciation of its excellence.

To the butter also, perhaps, is to be charged the great "Bread and Butter" or "Stomach" rebellion of 1828. On July 26th, about a week after Presentation that year, the three classes remaining in college resolved "that they would not return into the hall until some measures should be taken by the Faculty to improve the board." The resolution went into effect upon the following Monday. On Tuesday afternoon a committee presented a paper to the Faculty giving their reasons for non-attendance at Commons. The next day a reply was received to the effect that the Faculty would take no steps about improving the quality of the food until the students should return to the hall. At evening chapel the President gave warning that all who did not appear at supper must expect the law to take its course. On Thursday morning several Juniors, looked upon as leaders of the movement, were called into the august presence, and after being reminded of their matriculation oath, were asked whether

they would return to their duty, and were threatened with expulsion in case they refused. Four answered that they would not and were expelled before they left the room. This action did not tend to soothe the body of the students. They held excited meetings, and when forbidden the use of the college buildings for this purpose, retired to a grove at the head of Hillhouse Avenue. The Faculty refused to treat with their committees, and after eight or ten stormy days all the rebels left town. Before that event, however, each party issued a circular giving its own version of the trouble. A copy of the one issued by the students lying before us has affixed to it the signatures of Elias Loomis, Henry Barnard, Ray Palmer and numerous others who have since achieved greatness. After six or eight weeks' absence, most of the students returned and resumed their relations with the college. Great efforts were made to secure the restoration of the expelled, but all without avail. Thus, like so many college outbreaks, this rebellion came to "a most tame and impotent conclusion."

F. J. S.



## THE SONG OF THE SEA-SHELLS.

Sea-shells bright with gold and blue  
Blended soft in every hue,  
Kissed by flakes of white sea foam—  
Tell us where was first your home;  
In what port you trimmed the sail  
Swollen by the hurrying gale;  
• What your wanderings o'er the sea  
Till you moored your bark with me?

Oh! our home was far away  
Deep beneath a dark blue bay,  
Where the gentle zephyrs fanned  
Laughing ripples to the strand—  
Where the orange blossoms lave  
Snow-white locks beneath the wave.

There we built our palace halls,  
Hemmed them in with coral walls,  
And throughout the summer's day  
Washed each taint and stain away.

Then we paint their pearly white  
With the colors of the light,  
Stolen from the beams, that play  
On the waves, at break of day.

Water nymphs and mermaids fair,  
Weave us in their locks of hair.  
While, with all the rainbow's hues,  
We a soft rich light diffuse—  
Purple, blue, and ivy green,  
Blended with the rose serene—  
Fairest sight that e'er was seen !

But the wild waves, all unrest,  
Snatched us from our cosy nest,  
Bore us tossed upon their breast,  
'Whelmed by many a breaking crest,  
Lost within the seething foam,  
Far from youth, and friends, and home ;  
Then, with loud and sullen roar,  
Threw us, shattered, on the shore.

Lady fair—from wanderings free  
Let us rest awhile with thee.



## BOTANY AS A SOPHOMORE STUDY.

"Thou hast by moon-light at her window sung ;  
With nosegays, sweet-meats, trifles, knacks, conceits,—  
With curming, hast thou filch'd my daughter's heart."—

*Midsummer Night's Dream, I., 1.*

AND very like this speech of old Egeus was that made to my chum one pleasant May evening by the father of a girl much fairer than Hermia, I am sure. The dear boy ! to the moon-light songs, the nosegays, the trifles, full well his downcast look plead guilty ; but to the "filching,"—a hopeful twinkle in his black eyes and a blush across his handsome cheek as plainly said, "Oh ! how I wish I *could* plead guilty !"

Yes, Ned was my chum till the last term of Sophomore year; and then we were parted for a while, but not nearly as long as he would have liked, although the nine weeks for which I was suspended seemed an age. He was a thoughtless fellow; susceptible and impulsive; one in whose character all qualities but the best were at the surface. Yet, as in the bowl of quicksilver, the baser metals stay at the top, and the gold sinks, so in him was there a wealth of pure and sterling manhood, of true nobleness of heart.

Perhaps, then, you'll not judge him harshly if I tell you that, though we, silly Sophs, had been caught more than once putting bouquets and *bonbons* through a lattice not three marine leagues from G——. Hall, his rashness followed his love (of flirting *then*) into another scrape. For, in our day, that a more beautiful girl than Maud Stanley should grace a New Haven boarding-school was neither thought nor wished to be within the range of possibilities. And, compared with what we should be willing to risk for a smile and a word from her, the perils incurred for the Golden Fleece were as nothing. But Ned's adventure came to a very unworthy end, compared with the romance it promised him; for, as ill luck would have it, he stumbled upon Mr. Stanley who had stopped here to see his daughter. He demanded of Ned his name; and the answer, coupled with previous official information, seemed to give him just ground for indignation. So it was that my chum stood before him abashed, yet hardly knowing whether to feel innocent or guilty. He came back with a gentle reproof from a kind heart that remembered its own boyhood, and soon after it was rumored and then asserted that Maud Stanley had left town.

His knightly ardor thus dampened, Ned sought to drown his disappointment in Euclid and Analytics; until, his Sophomore biennial wearing on, it was time that Euclid himself should be drowned in Lethe, and his remains buried with all the rites that perverted ingenuity could devise. Having "gone carefully *over* it," and then having "seen *through* (a hole bored in) it," the Sophomores, with

mocking prayer and solemn dirge, place the doomed volume on the pyre. The match is applied; and, as the flames roll up, his shade descends with a curse on it to the abode of the *manes*. And now, with dance of imp and goblin, ghost and devil, about the burning pile, a masked revel goes on with wild excitement and confusion. Suddenly a well-known form appears through the trees; it clutches at these "phantoms, and it finds them air," for in a twinkling every one has vanished. Ned, who, clad in a long white sheet, was acting the part of one of the four ghosts, was off with the rest at the cry of "faculty," quickly as real ghosts flee at the sound of a Paternoster. But as he ran, the luckless mantle caught in a bush, too late for him to free it as he saw near him a college officer. Ned, indeed, escaped to his room, but faithfully did the indelible ink preserve his name on the corner of the ill-starred fabric. Circumstantial evidence was too strong against him. In vain did he plead his general innocence of such disorders. It was replied that his excellent moral character only increased the evil influence of his presence at the burial. He was suspended.

But a commendatory letter from his division officer was dispatched to his home in Sacramento. This silenced his father's fears as to the moral depravity of his boy, and wondrously lightened Ned's heart, withal. The time of his banishment included the long vacation and a few weeks of Junior year. And so, with his books, his gun, fishing-tackle, and dear old botany-can, he left me for a quiet summer resort on the shore of a romantic lake in Litchfield county. At first, the study, the novel, the boat, all expedients failed to "lash the lingering moments into speed."

Ten days labored by and Ned came down one morning and saw on the verandah a trunk with the name of Charles Stanley on the cover, and another lettered "M. S." by its side. Delightfully confused he sought his room. Commencement is past, thought he, and my absence from Yale ought to excite no suspicion. He determined to meet Mr. Stanley, and when he did, he received a greeting far more cordial than his remembrance of that May evening would let him hope for; and, what was more, an

invitation to call upon Maud. That afternoon he sauntered into a parlor, and sitting down, was thoughtfully picking to pieces a hare-bell, and examining it with a pocket-lens; yet the thoughts of which he was full seemed not to be on *that* flower; but half an hour after, when Maud herself had entered the room, and kindly saluted him, then, indeed, its interest seemed new for both. A botanizing excursion was proposed and agreed upon, for the next afternoon. A pleasant ramble it was, through the glen and up the hill; and beautiful were the two golden sunsets, one in the sky and one mirrored in the calm stretch of water before them, that warned them to return.

As twilight came, they reached an open, grassy place sloping down to a brook that tumbled along into the lake. A rustic seat, their weariness, and a glance from Ned were very suggestive;—but no; sitting down herself she bade him climb an overhanging rock for a bunch of crimson-fronded lichens, and when he returned she was ready to go on again. They came to the brook. Maud gave him her hand; and, as they stepped from the plank to the moss-covered stone on the other side, their eyes met—Ah! then he “filch’d her heart.”

The time of Ned’s exile, after that, seemed *very* short, he said. He certainly grew very mature and thoughtful,—perhaps a little absent-minded. One day I left him translating Goethe’s *Iphigenie*. Coming back, late in the afternoon, I found him scarce half a page beyond the passage he was reading when I left him; and the line he had reached was—“Da fing mein Leben an, als ich dich liebte;” “and with my love for thee, my life began.”

C. R. L.



## BROTHERS' JUNIOR PRIZE DEBATE.

Three hearers heard in a sleepy state,  
Three speakers spoke with eloquence great,  
To gain three prizes in Brothers' Hall,  
Three judges judged, and that was all.

## COLLEGE SUCCESS.

THERE are four men who live in my entry whose characters I have studied with some care, and they represent so strangely four types of the collegian that it has seemed worth my while to write about them and turn my tale to account. They are all prominent men and the friends of each think that their favorite is the first man in the class.

The fellow who rooms opposite seldom joins the entry sports. His face is rarely seen around college, and he rather avoids most of us, and seeks his college experience in his books alone. Availing myself of a sort of facility I have for 'drawing out' quiet men, I have learned from him that his father is a poor minister whose earthly possessions consist in a salary of \$800 and a family of ten children, of whom he, the second, and the oldest of the boys has been sent to college as a preparation for the ministry. In view of his embarrassed financial circumstances, and his proposed life-work he feels it his duty to devote himself wholly to his studies, and to deny himself the pleasure and guard against the dangers of general college life. To this end he keeps his room, which contains little furniture, and that of the plainest description, and there studies almost constantly. As a result of this diligence, which is seconded by natural talent, he leads the class. He took the first scholarship in Freshman year and has already a long list of honors accredited to him on Delta Kap's prize list. The pleasure he would derive from his success is, however, somewhat marred by poor health. His close habits and excessive head-work have nearly ruined his constitution. But he is a fair specimen of the "dig"—who sacrifices pleasure, physical development and the cultivation of the lesser graces to the one single object of mental improvement.

Diametrically opposite to him is his next door neighbor, the boating man of the class *par excellence*, and the main stay of the University crew. Six feet tall, broad in pro-

portion, with the beauty of Apollo and the muscles of Hercules, (or as near to such a paradoxical compound as a handsome athlete can be) he forms a striking picture. His room is filled with nautical implements and trophies. Long "sweeps" hang from the wall; silken flags decorate the cornices; a "Glyuna" poster—a souvenir of his elder brother's boating days—hangs over the framed velvet mat in which are placed two pairs of crossed oars, one of silver and one of gold. A handsome shelf has just been placed upon the wall and this he swears shall hold the Southworth cup. He is seldom to be found at home, and then he is abed. A firm believer in rigorous training he lives on raw beef and abstains from delicacies like a Spartan, takes long runs, "rubs down" and rows—does, in short, in boating matters just as any other monomaniac would do in the direction of his particular hobby. He is always in good spirits: but that is no credit to him, he can't help it. His uproariousness is but the unbidden, irrepressible overflow of superabundant animal life. He comes up stairs singing like a bull of Bashan. He reaches "G" but it sounds like a Hudson River calliope. "Nut-brown Maiden" and a parody on the Warble are his favorite ventures, but they are one to him so he can yell. He has little to recommend him but what I have mentioned, little to interest him but his training and his shell. He keeps in college by the "skin" of his teeth. Except to admire his physique and bet on his stroke his classmates have little connection with him. He is rough and ungentlemanly, and has no appreciation of anything out of his own sphere. But there he is a remarkable success.

Next comes a man whose fertile brain and facile pen have gained him as many first prizes as there were to take, a LIT. editorship, and an enviable reputation. He has achieved this success only by hard work, for he does not write easily—as indeed is the case with the best of them. He is careful and conscientious, pays attention to small things and works as faithfully over a division composition as a prize debate. The professors compliment him on his clear style and graceful diction, and he really deserves the



pre-eminence he has attained. It is a rare treat to converse with him on letters; his ideas seem so superior to our boyish fancies. He talks quietly, but so decidedly that his words carry conviction with them. But he is reached only from this one side. Of boating he knows not the first thing; and base ball is a myth to him, except that he sees it spoken of in the *LIT. Memorabilia*. He is not ashamed that he does not know his own classmates by sight, and as for intimates, he has none but a few of us who are contented to sit by his fire and hear him talk. But he does that delightfully, and is, in spite of his slow and quiet speech and lazy drawl, a very brilliant man.

One more specimen brick completes the quartette. What have we here? A bright face with blue eyes; a smile that is like sunshine; a laugh that makes you laugh again. Who is he? Why, this is my popular man. He has not a care: nothing interrupts his genuine happiness save another's troubles; nothing adds more to his pleasure than good news of a friend. He knows every man in the class well; has had something to do with each. He always knows if any one is sick, and visits him. He never speaks against a man behind his back nor insults him to his face; and not because he does not read the true character, nor because he chooses to be non-committal, but simply because he would not like them to treat him in the same way. He does not play ball much, but he takes an interest in the nine that would make a model for many of us; he pulls but little, but he bets on the crew whom he fathers and assists with his head, hand and well-filled pocket book. He has always a kind word and is never tired of doing kind things, but he does it all so modestly and delicately that few know how much he does and those whom he helps are made to believe that they are doing him a favor. His popularity is by no means due to negative qualities: he does what he likes and says what he thinks without risk of offending because his thoughts are all generous and his deeds all honorable. His qualities stop here, however. He loves the fence too much to spend much time over his books, and he is too ineffably

lazy to go to the gymnasium. He thinks that "self-improvement" is nonsense and as for reading, give him "The Innocents Abroad" or "The Luck of Roaring Camp" in preference to all that Linonia library contains besides.

The success of each of these men in his own sphere is so complete that he may be taken as a type of the class. It is worth considering, however, whether any one of them is making the most of his college course; whether it is the true policy to devote one's self exclusively to development in one direction. Is it not too great a price to pay for the valedictory to begin life without health, without a knowledge of men or the ways of society, and without even a smattering of books and reading? Or will a perfect physique and a room full of trophies compensate for the loss of learning and manners? The good opinions even of the dearest friends are not to be compared with the right to their respect, nor is it worth while to become a literary recluse at the expense of other callings quite as essential to a perfect character. Such one-sided development is monstrous. Do not interpret this as an argument against devoting one's energies to one pursuit in life. But the point is that college is not a school for specific work, but rather a place to lay the foundations of an even character. We come here to learn how to learn. And although it may be advantageous to keep one's probable calling in view, it will not pay to throw away the opportunities which college life alone affords for cultivating every talent and exercising every faculty. The truest college success is his who is good at all things, prominent in one, but pre-eminent in none. A capital scholar need not be first, nor a good oar captain of the University. It does not pay to dwarf any faculty for the sake of abnormally developing another. I have introduced my friends and have, perhaps, said more than their confidence in me warrants, but I shall be satisfied if I have conveyed to others the lesson which is so forcibly impressed upon my own mind. H. W. B. H.

## THE DUTTON NINE.

LITCHFIELD hath her victories as well as War. Litchfield, in comparison to whose eminences the seven hills of imperial Rome were as but the "small dust of the balance," and which can give long odds to Washington itself in the way of "magnificent distances," Litchfield, we say, is still *par excellence* renowned as the home of the Dutton Nine. The possession of this club it is which makes her, as aforesaid, the rival of war. A slight sketch, then, of this company on whose banners victory would have so often lit, if any had ever been purchased for her to perch on, showing its peculiar organism, discipline and history, will no doubt be acceptable and certainly useful to every one at all interested in the national game.

Its organism is peculiar, so much so in fact that envious rival clubs have applied that adjective to the organization in a Bret Hartian sense. The first peculiarity of the club is its marked political basis. Like another famous club, the Mutuals, of New York, it is an organ of the Democracy. The nine is, therefore, a free trader, a supporter of easy naturalization laws, and prone withal to avail itself occasionally of the service of "repeaters." It is these eccentricities which have laid it open at times to the envious slurs just mentioned. Thus it gathers its champions from Waterbury, Bridgeport, New Milford and New Haven impartially, and after digesting them for sixty short days, changes them into veritable "Duttons." And then it does not, to say the least, discourage repeating. Particular mention would, perhaps, in this connection be, as the papers say, invidious, yet even with our modesty we cannot refrain from recalling one guileless youth whose auburn locks fluttered in the Derby breezes three times in as many clubs during the space of four weeks, while being at the same time a regular member of two clubs more. This gay deceiver, we regret to say, was afterwards wel-

comed to the Duttons. But such eccentricities are happily among the things that were, and this year we believe no member owes a divided allegiance.

As we have mentioned several particulars in which the club evinces a Democratic origin and policy, it is but fair to mention one essential feature in which it radically differs from Tammany. The club is not a pecuniary success, and so love rather than money is the incentive to official ambition among its members. All envy and bickering and back-biting is removed by the simple expedient of letting the officers, or officer rather (for the government is a despotism), be responsible for all the expenses of the club. Much of the wire-pulling and soreness consequent upon annual elections is eliminated by this happy provision. In other clubs each officer may envied by his subordinates; but, as Mr. Milton in his invaluable work goes on to suggest, who here will envy him whom the highest place exposes foremost to stand the opponents' aim, and condemns to greatest share of endless *payin*?

I would not have it thought, however, that the unlucky favorite who has the greatness of the consolidated officers of the club thrust upon him does, in fact, bear all the expenses of the concern. Time would fail to tell of the loyal and patriotic citizens of the hill whose hearts and purses are always open to his occasional appeals. A stroll through the billiard or bar rooms of the Mansion House, or a few moments' lying in wait at the Post Office, is the potential measure of many dollars. In fact it sometimes becomes necessary to restrain the impetuous generosity of the "backers" lest there should really be that not-to-be-thought-of contingent—a surplus.

In saying that the club organization is a "one man government," I have done great injustice to another most diligent and indispensable official of the club who rejoices in the classic name of Epaphroditus Harrison, abbreviated to Paph by his more intimate friends—among whom are included the entire Litchfield species of the human race. I doubt if Mr. Harrison ever sprang from sea foam, unless possibly from the Black sea variety, for though most

emphatically a shining light in the club, his brightness is rather the luster of ebony than the brilliancy of silver. He is not an Apollo, a Beau Brummel nor a Murray, but Paph, peculiar and *sui generis*, like the club he serves. His character may be defined in a word as obliging. He carries messages, presides over the water pail and takes care of the bats, carrying them patiently to and from the field either on his sturdy back, or as is more commonly reported, in his mouth, which latter mode of conveyance is said to be the reason why so many are annually lost. This last tradition must be considered a superstition merely, but it is certain that the receptacles he uses for the safe keeping of the club paraphernalia are almost as strange as the abyssinal gulf where rumor keeps them. Out of rat holes, and from under steps and piazzas and behind bars and mangers, the bats issue at the appointed time in readiness for victory. But Paph is helpful in other ways than as a store-room. He is a servant whose energies never tire, a partizan whose loyalty never falters, a (theoretical) backer whose hope and pluck never fails, an eulogist whose tongue never sleeps. Poor Paph! he would die without the Duttons, and we are not sure that the Duttons could live without him.

We had intended to give some sketch of the many enthusiastic backers of the nine, and a brief resumé of its very peculiar discipline and glorious history, but our courage fails us before such a gigantic task, and we leave to abler hands a subject so worthy of the ablest.

H. R. E.



## COLLEGE TALKS, No. II.

DID it ever occur to you, my philosophic friend, when you were dwelling upon the peculiarities of student character that certain members of every class harbor a vast deal of

unnecessary hatred toward certain other members? Externally, of course, we are a band of jolly brothers. The uninitiated observer in the New Haven House balcony, who derives his idea of student life from the appearance of the fence on a summer eve, doesn't dream that the happy young beings before him who insist that they smoke so many pipes and sing so many glees can entertain any but the kindest feelings toward one another. But you, who have become one of those jolly, pipe-smoking, glee-singing dogs, know better. You know that beneath the prevailing superficial good-fellowship there exists a great deal of heart-burning and downright hatred. You have seen men estranged by some trifling circumstance in the early part of their course who have allowed the breach to become wider and wider until, when they have come to part on class day, they have felt almost like hypocrites in taking one another's hands. You cannot have failed to notice, too, that there is nothing, generally speaking, to justify the hatred which they feel toward each other. Take any specimen you please—not one of your own enemies, for you will be a little prejudiced yourself in that case, but one whom some body else hates cordially—and look at his character minutely. Do you find anything of the Mephistopheles in him? On the contrary, he may be pronounced a very fine fellow. He is probably truthful, independent, generous, and a faithful friend. If you happen to know anything of his home relations, you will discover that he has amiable qualities which endear him to his family circle. He may, perhaps, (who knows?) be exhibiting in his daily life qualities which are almost heroic. He probably doesn't tell you that he is practicing a self-denial which only a man of noble character could practice, he doesn't tell you that he is fighting against circumstances with the desperate and determined courage of a warrior who is bound to hew a way through the ranks of his enemies, but such, very likely, is the case. It is the case with very many quiet individuals around you. Most men don't wear their hearts on their sleeves "for daws to peck at." Is it not then strange, I ask, that men

whose characters are in some respects so admirable should be hated, and should in turn hate others of as good qualities as their own? Don't you involuntarily feel that two enemies of this kind should be friends? Yes, when you pass some one with whom your own relations are not of the pleasantest nature, don't you feel that if both of you could divest yourself of your prejudices and look into one another's breasts there would be no more estrangement but that heart would leap to heart in sympathy? When we come to look at the matter there are really very few persons in this world whom we have any right to hate. There are very few whose characters are so ugly that we must needs hate them. There are many so weak, perhaps, that we cannot refrain from a feeling of contemptuous pity for them, so disagreeable that we may not court their society, or so wanting in true manhood as to forfeit all our respect; but there are very few who are characterized by that devilish and unscrupulous malice which excites instinctive hatred in all with whom they come in contact. You must conclude, I think, that men hate their conceptions of their enemies rather than the real personages themselves, and if you are willing to examine the grounds of your own feelings of personal hostility with the same candor with which you inspect those of other people, you will probably find that they are equally unreliable.

Did you ever ask yourself what is the cause of this hatred which exists between men who should know one another better? Do you suppose that it is due to the trifling rivalry for college honors or to the collision of college politics? Doubtless these may have started the evil, but, believe me, generous and cultivated young men don't hate others because they have had more success in getting upon committees of greater or less importance, or because they may have beaten in a fair and open contest for honors. All that such rivalry can effect is to excite a slight jealousy which leaves the mind open to any influences calculated to promote ill-feeling. Just at this point, it appears to me, the real cause of the mischief appears. Some of your not-too-delicate classmates, who

know that A and B are at the present moment feeling an interest of rather a peculiar kind in one another, make it a point to notice whatever remarks each may make of the other, and to report them with all the exaggerations and misconstructions of a police spy. Do you say that each has no business to discuss the other, to make comments upon his conduct or to form estimates of his character? When you say this you are preaching what some men consider Christian morality, but you are commanding something as contrary to the laws of nature as Canute's famous veto to the tide—and, let me say, something about as futile. Man is a reasoning being. By the very nature of his mind he is constantly educing general principles from observation of particular phenomena. Now will you say that he must refuse to let his thoughts dwell upon a class of facts which have the highest degree of interest for people in all stages of mental development, from the child up to the metaphysician? In that case you would be placing a premium upon imbecility, for you would paralyze at a blow the activity of the human mind. But must a man think and not talk? No! it is only men of a rare self-control acquired by long practice, and generally crafty and deceitful men, who can lock their thoughts about other people in their bosoms. Provided we are not indulging in malice or in depreciation, we have just the same right to reason from a man's actions to the peculiarity of his character which they illustrate, as we have to reason upon any other class of phenomena. But we are not obliged to go and tell him our conclusions. Good heavens! If all the world knew what their dear friends, fathers, brothers, children and lovers were saying about them, what a Pandemonium this little orb would become! Now some such state of affairs those busy-bodies are helping to bring about who officiously report to A what B is saying of him, and again to B what A, in an explosion of anger, replies. You, my dear sir, calm and moderate as you are, often say carelessly of a friend something which you do not mean, or, if you mean it at the time, you change your opinion afterwards, or, if your words



accurately describe some little unpleasant trait which has for the moment annoyed you, in your calm judgment you regard the defect merely as a spot upon the sun which does not sensibly diminish its splendor. But your friend hears of your remarks in an exaggerated and disconnected form; he supposes that you mean what you say; he isn't aware of your change of opinion; he isn't aware of your estimate of his other qualities; his vanity is touched, and he begins to regard you with a cordial hatred which you soon learn to reciprocate. The real mischief-maker in this case is the go-between. You find it hard to admit this fact because this go-between may be a very nice kind of fellow in his way, and quite unconscious of the odious part he is playing. He isn't aware, perhaps, that he is violating his honor in reporting what is said in his presence, with an implied confidence in his integrity, as grossly as would the paroled soldier who should once more take up arms against his too-confiding foe. He wouldn't sign a false church paper, or wilfully reveal what he had promised in so many words not to tell. But his faculties are, perhaps, too obtuse, or his moral education too defective to allow him to suspect that he is bound in morality to respect another's confidence as he would an oath, and bound the more in honor that no pledge is exacted from him. Don't, then, my dear sir, tattle, and don't let any one else tattle to you. Of one thing you may be sure; that he who doesn't respect another's confidence will not respect yours. And if he should, you have no right, as a gentleman, to listen to what another man says of you without designing his remark to come to your ears. You might with the same propriety listen at a man's key-hole or read his letters as to allow your chum or friend to pour into your ear what he has heard of you at another man's fireside, or in the unrestrained intercourse of the table. If you are not curious as to your classmates' opinion of you, there are few of them whom you will have to regard as your enemies. If they are not equally considerate, the misfortune as well as the fault will be their own.

## NOTABILIA.

It is a matter for congratulation that a precedent has been established in the Kelly case which promises to students in the future a partial enjoyment, at least, of the rights which are commonly supposed to belong to American citizens. As our readers are doubtless aware, the suit has been compromised by a payment of \$50 to Mr. Watson, accompanied by a letter of apology from Kelly. The lesson to be drawn from this result is obvious. If we would be secure from the insolence of petty public officials we must not hesitate to apply rigidly all legal measures for redress. It is the curse of our democratic institutions that persons who are invested with certain public duties do not know their places. They imagine that instead of being public servants they are public masters. A Post Office clerk appears to labor under the delusion that that he is conferring a favor upon you in giving you your mail. A town official that he may or may not give you the right of suffrage at his pleasure, and a police officer that he has unbounded authority over your person and movements. It is, of course, more agreeable to pay a fine than to appear in the public prints in connection with a lawsuit. But if every student who is arrested for tossing a ball from one part of the college grounds to another, who is clubbed for offering to go bail, who is throttled for happening to be on the street on the night of Freshman initiation or who, finally, like Mr. Watson, is knocked senseless for no reason at all, will only have the energy to prosecute his assailant to the full extent of the law, he will be doing his part effectually to secure protection to his successors. There are certain public duties which we have no right to shirk. Such a duty we believe to be a legal resistance to any illegal arrest.

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The position which Yale has taken with regard to the regatta, is one which we are persuaded will commend itself more and more to the sober judgment of the under-

graduates and alumni. It would, of course, be highly desirable to have a race and to give our fine crew a chance of regaining by fair pulling the laurels which were lost by the technicalities of last year. But it must always be remembered that the race is supposed to be a friendly contest between gentlemen. If we would retain its distinctive character we must insist upon a due civility in the preliminary negotiations as well as upon fair play in the race itself. Now, as a matter of fact, our challenge, which was sent Dec. 10, 1870, and which by the standard of sporting civility even—to say nothing of that which might be supposed to exist at Harvard—should have been answered within a fortnight, received no sort of attention until Feb. 24, 1871, when it was voted that our request for an immediate answer was “unprecedented.” The absurdity involved in voting so bald a truism did not conceal the rather impertinent spirit which dictated the vote. The President of the Yale Boat Club having done another “unprecedented” thing, in explaining to the *Boston Advertiser* that a challenged club which refuses to commit itself places the challenging party at a great disadvantage, was notified Mar. 7, that his challenge of Dec. 10 had come to hand and would receive attention “in a few weeks.” At this point the sentiment in Yale had become pretty general that it was hardly worth while to chase up so slippery antagonists any further. The search was getting to be very much like that for the owner of some primary school-book, on the first page of which you are told that if his “name you wish to see,” you must “turn to page 103”; and again when you have turned to the identical page, you are told “if you wish to find” that will-o’-the-wisp, you must “turn to page 109,” etc. In the course of “a few weeks,” however, the President did hear from Harvard in the shape of an invitation to send delegates to a convention designed to form “a union regatta of American colleges.” While the avowed purpose for which this convention was called, viz: to secure “fair play,” was cordially reciprocated by the Yale Boat Club, and the delicate way in which the Harvard oarsmen aimed to secure this result, by getting up on their own responsibility a convention in which Yale

should play a subordinate part, was fully appreciated, at the same time in view of the extraordinary course of Harvard in reference to our challenge it was voted *not* to send delegates to Springfield. Shortly after this the Yale crew disbanded, since the failure of Harvard to answer their challenge during a period of four or five months had left little expectation that she would answer it at all. When, however, it became evident that the "regatta of American colleges" made a somewhat larger appearance upon paper than it was very likely to make in reality, Harvard answered its long-neglected challenge in terms which the Yale Boat Club construed as a virtual non-acceptance. A communication in accordance with this construction was returned, and at the same time it was distinctly stated that no further acceptance of the challenge would be recognized. At this late date, however, (May 28) when the annual examinations were impending, when the crew were entirely out of training and when it was impossible to procure a boat before the end of the year, Harvard magnanimously offered to row a race at any time, place and for any distance that Yale might name. Had it been Yale's policy to display finesse instead of seeking to arrange a race upon honorable conditions, it would have been easy to name a day in the fall when several of Harvard's crew would have left college. As it was, she simply declined to recede from her former position. We do not know how far Harvard men generally control their boating matters, but we should prefer to believe that the extraordinary policy which we have sketched has been directed by a few individuals, rather than by the general voice of the college. None can regret more than ourselves the suspension of the races. But for our own part, though we were morally certain of victory in every case, we should decline to row with any boat club which should trifle with a challenge in the same manner in which Harvard has trifled with ours. And if Harvard should treat any future challenge as she has treated this, we believe that Yale will maintain the same position that she occupies to-day.

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The difficulty with Harvard has not been at all simplified by the violence of the *Advocate* on the one hand and of the *College Courant* on the other. The effect of this wordy war, however, has been mainly noticeable at Harvard, where the opinion seems to be prevalent that the *College Courant*, which is as much an outside journal as the *Boston Advertiser*, is conducted by undergraduates of Yale College and is the especial organ of her boating interests. As to the merits of the controversy, it may be said that both papers have been about equally abusive, but that the *Advocate* struck the first blow. It may be rather an ungracious act not to support fully so vigorous a champion of Yale as the editor of the *Courant*, but we must confess that these exhibitions are little to our taste. If it suits the undergraduate mind at Harvard to have its little advocate, like a police-court lawyer, try to strengthen a weak cause by violent and coarse abuse of the opposite party, we do not know any reason why it should be denied so innocent a pleasure. At any rate the "you-are-another" principle has little to recommend it in point of dignity or effectiveness. It is quite an erroneous notion to suppose that the one who scolds the loudest in contests of this kind comes off the first best. The most effective way to meet abuse of a certain kind is to take no notice of it whatever. We regard it as highly creditable to Yale that her undergraduate opinion, as expressed in her college publications, has been marked by so much moderation and justice. We cannot attribute so fair a state of mind to the great body of Harvard students. For their singular demand to be informed if the Yale Boat Club authorized or endorsed "Worcester Once More" would seem to imply that the articles in the *Advocate* of Oct. 14 were authorized and endorsed by themselves.

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Probably no greater swindle was ever perpetrated upon this community than the recent "show" of Barnum's. It is almost worth while to come to college in Connecticut in order to be duped by the most celebrated imposter of this state and country. We notice in one of our pictorial

exchanges an elaborate illustrative account of the show, evidently paid for, from which we clip the following sentence, which could only have emanated from the brain of Barnum himself. "As a moral instructor of youth it occupies a high position, and Sabbath school teachers have found in its historical department a valuable aid in their Scriptural studies." The "historical department," so far as it has reference to "Scriptural studies," consists of a blasphemous representation in wax-work figures of the Lord's Supper. A prominent object of Scriptural interest was Judas, whom an irreverent Irishman was bidding to take an apple out of his mouth at the time we saw him. Probably the captivating sentence above attracted the numerous Sunday school teachers whom we saw mingled with the motley crowd in the mammoth tent.

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It is rumored, on how good authority we do not know, that the usual class histories will not be forthcoming on Presentation day. There are certain college customs which should not be allowed to die out, but the reading of class histories is one which is more honored in the breach than in the observance. It would seem as if the parting moments of a class should be undisturbed by any influences which are calculated to mar the enjoyment of the occasion. But with how much pleasure can some prematurely graduated student, who returns to take a final leave of his class, look back upon parting festivities which consist in a great part of scurrilous abuse of himself and of other unfortunates? Even if the histories were approximately accurate they would be still open to objections of the strongest kind. For what right has one man to recite to a promiscuous audience the faults, weaknesses and, it may be, crimes of another? By what right is the confidence of familiar intercourse violated and the common decencies of life outraged? But when the wit of class-historians takes that exceedingly delicate form of representing a class deacon as a Lothario, or of lowering the character of reputable men by an ingenious perversion of facts innocent enough in themselves, they become nuisances of the first

order. When we add that we have heard allusions in class histories, which ought to have brought the blush of shame to every undergraduate who had a sister or mother present at the exercises, we have said enough to show that they are anachronisms which the advancing culture of the present day will not long tolerate. Whether they are abolished this year, or the next, or five years hence, they will as certainly pass away as grosser and more brutal college customs have passed away before them. It is strange that men have so little independence that they cannot judge of a custom on its merits, but suppose that they are bound to adhere as closely to precedent, as the crowd to the example of the chief in the old game of "Follow the Leader." For instance, no one has had the spirit, till this year, to refuse the class cup, though for some time it has hardly been an enviable honor, but now that it has been once declined the impropriety of the bestowal is generally recognized. So, too, class cradles are still given in some institutions, and, in some of our smaller colleges, mock programmes still make their appearance. Of the three customs, that of class histories is the worst, though it seems to have the most vitality.

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A proposition has been made to establish a new periodical which shall print the various prize pieces of the year. Provided individuals can be found philanthropic enough to lose a considerable amount of money for the sake of preserving the perishable productions of genius, there seems to be no reason why the idea should not be carried out. The proposed plan, however, is too extensive and needs material modification. Very few college productions are really worth printing, besides the Townsend essays and, perhaps, some few prize compositions. If Freshman or Sophomore debate pieces were printed, for instance, we should have an array of eloquence as oppressive as that reported in the *Congressional Globe*.

## MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

*Our Record*

Extends from May 9 to June 6. The month has passed by quietly with only a few breaks. It opened sadly. On the morning of May 10, as we met in the chapel for morning prayers, the President told us that during the previous night death had entered the Senior Class for the first time during its career, and Mr. Wm. S. Moody had been taken away. His sickness was painful and serious almost from the outset. The arrival of his family seemed to revive him. But all efforts were unavailing, and on Wednesday morning about 1 o'clock he breathed his last. He has left to his classmates and to the college an admirable example and a precious memory. The funeral services were held in the chapel at noon, and were conducted by Prof. Porter, after which the remains were carried to the depot, accompanied by the Senior Class in a procession, headed by some of the members of the faculty. The following resolutions have been adopted by the Yale Base Ball Club, of which Mr. Moody was the Treasurer:

*Whereas*, God has removed from us Wm. S. Moody, an officer of this Club,—

*Resolved*, That we bear testimony to the deceased as having been a most courteous, faithful and efficient officer.

*Resolved*, That this testimonial of our respect and sympathy be forwarded to the family of the deceased, and published in the YALE LIT. and *Courant*.

The weather has been most oppressively warm of late, and the green in front of the colleges is occupied at all hours by bands of students in all stages of discomfort, lying under the trees. We notice in a recent *Courant* that "'71 has voted to have a class uniform consisting of a white beaver and rattan cane." One might imagine at first that this costume would be rather slender, but when, in addition to the well known modesty and retiring disposition of the Senior Class, we take into account the almost unendurable heat of the atmosphere, we cannot venture to condemn their choice. We have been visited by a few "shows" during the month. Jefferson, Miss Krebs, Miss Glyn, and

*Barnum*

Have secured the most patronage. Perhaps we ought to give the latter a more extended notice. Some weeks previous to his arrival we re-



ceived a number of editors' tickets. Hence we promised ourselves much unalloyed pleasure. Nor were we disappointed. We were met at the entrance by Mr. Barnum himself, and politely shown over the entire establishment. The collection of animals is truly astonishing. The giraffe and polar bear were especially interesting. We should have enjoyed watching the antics of the white lions, but he hurried us along to see the wax figures. How lifelike they were! We were on the point of speaking to the sleeping beauty, when suddenly the air was filled with strains of melodious sweetness. We seemed to rise above the level of earth and to hear the music of the spheres: and yet the band by which these harmonies were produced is simply a minor contribution to the grand whole. We were escorted to the amphitheatre, placed in luxuriant arm-chairs, provided with tempting refreshments, introduced to the giant, and then the circus began. We had never listened to such a clown before; the jokes seemed as spontaneous as they were original. One performance was unique. Two donkeys were brought into the ring and every body who chose, could ride them as long and as fast as he wished. We did not like to abuse the generosity of Mr. Barnum and so we did not take advantage of his kind offer. We noticed that almost all the spectators felt just as we did. We recommend this idea, however, to other shows of a similar character. With all thy getting get two donkeys, and until the novelty wears off you will find them a great attraction. Time would fail us to describe this admirable entertainment. When we were fairly glutted with enjoyment and felt that Mr. Barnum might have other duties, we thanked him for his attention and he took us back to the colleges in his own carriage. We can give the performance nothing but praise. If you want to study anything in nature or art, which is pure or lovely or of good report, and which is exhibited in a polite and generous way, without noise or crowd or confusion, become an editor and go to Barnum's. While we are upon the subject of public exhibitions, we must not forget the

*Anniversary of the Theological Seminary,*

Which took place at the College Street Church on the morning of May 18. Owing to some blunder, the stage was not erected until the congregation was assembled, but the matter was soon set right by the appearance of the carpenters. The following was the *Order of Exercises*: 1. Anthem by the Choir. 2. Prayer. 3. The Scientific Method in Theology; Theodore Lansing Day, M.A., Newton, Mass. 4. The Theology of the Apostle John; Lauren Matthew Foster, Meri-

den. 5. The Element of Beauty in Nature, its use to the Preacher; Edward Pierpont Herrick, New Haven. 6. Doctrinal Preaching; Charles Winthrop Fifield, B.A., Concord, N. H. 7. Secresy in its Moral Aspects; Charles Wesley Drake, Elkhart, Ill. 8. Parties in the Roman Catholic Church on the question of the Temporal Power; John Kinne Hyde DeForest, B.A., Lyme. 9. Hymn. 10. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; Alexander Johnston, B.A., Pittsburg, Pa. 11. The Work of the Holy Spirit in the Church; David Evan Jones, Olyphant, Pa. 12. The Commercial View of the Pastoral Office; William Woodmansee, B.A., Denmark, Iowa. 13. A Day in the Life of a Missionary; Cornelius Beach Bradley, B.A., Bangkok, Siam. 14. Evolutionism in Natural History as related to Christianity; James Brainerd Tyler, M.A., New Haven. 15. Ethical Preaching; Alfred Van Cleve Johnson, B.A., New York City. 16. Hymn. 17. Benediction. The essays were, for the most part, carefully written and interesting. In the afternoon the alumni meeting was held in the chapel of the Centre Church, Dr. Budington acting as Moderator. Remarks were made by Pres. Butterfield, Drs. Bliss, Clapp and Palmer, and Rev. Messrs. Taylor, Harson, Beckwith, Holmes and Bacon. The Secretary's report was read by Prof. Day. The collation was highly agreeable, and was served up by ladies in some of the rooms of the Seminary. Pres. Smith, of Dartmouth, delivered the address to the graduates in the evening at the Centre Church. The attendance was very good but very small. On the same day were concluded the exercises of the

#### *A. Δ. Φ. Convention,*

Held at Middletown on the 17th and 18th. Fifteen chapters were represented. The appointees for the ensuing year are Hon. W. S. Groesbeck, President; Dr. Joseph P. Thompson, Orator, with James R. Doolittle as alternate; Manton Marble, Poet, with Rev. Frank Terrell as alternate. The next convention will take place at Ann Arbor, Michigan, the headquarters of the Peninsular Chapter. The exercises were as follows: Music by the Seventh Regiment Band; Prayer, by J. W. Barnhardt; Poem, by Rev. David H. Ela; Oration, by Rev. E. E. Hale; Fraternity Song; Benediction. The exercises were interesting and were listened to with great attention. The affair closed with a spread at the McDonough House, where after eating and toasting and singing, the members of the fraternity made merry until a late hour. The delegates from Yale were C. H. Board, '71, B. L. Holt, '72, and S. J. Elder, '73.

*The Freshmen Societies*

Have elected their campaign committees and mean business. Sigma Eps. has made the following selection of officers: H. B. B. Stapler (Pres.), C. W. Clark, E. H. Dickerman, A. M. Dodge, D. R. Howe, B. Johnson, F. H. Olmsted, Seymour and R. Waldron. The Delta Kap. committee consists of the following men: P. Barnes (Pres.), G. Bushnell, S. T. Dennis, T. G. Evans, G. E. Munroe, H. H. Ragan, H. S. Robbins and T. P. Wickes. Gamma Nu enters the list with the following committee: W. K. Harrison (Pres.), J. A. Butler, G. L. Fox, D. A. Kennedy, J. Leal, J. C. Sellers, W. Spaulding and E. Zacher. Members of '75, beware how you make a mistake which will ruin your college course! The Freshmen have selected this committee for their class supper: S. W. Grover (Chairman), W. A. Coffin, H. W. Farnam, R. Johnson, F. H. Olmsted, J. M. Townsend, E. H. Dickerman, W. S. Halsted, D. A. Kennedy, W. Peck and J. Willson. The

*Base Ball*

Season has fairly opened, and we may say that it has opened well. Our nine played their first game of the year with the Mutuals of New York at Hamilton Park on May 10. The attendance was large and the grounds were in fine condition. The game was in all respects satisfactory, though we were beaten by a score of 20 to 10. The nine played well, doing wonders at the bat. The result was especially valuable for the encouragement which it gave to the members of the nine and to the college in general. And this effect was enhanced by the following game with the Eckfords, which was played on the same grounds on Wednesday, May 17. Although as usual the game opened badly for Yale, the nine picked up bravely and came out ahead at last by a score of 17 to 14. We have rarely witnessed a more closely contested and exciting game. On Saturday, May 20, the nine played a return game with the Mutuals in Brooklyn. Accidents will happen, even in the best organized ball clubs, and we were sent back to New Haven with the melancholy tale of 28 to 3. The nine has since been in constant practice and is eager for an opportunity to retrieve its fortune. But for some reason or other all the recently attempted matches have failed to ignite. There have been, however, several minor games. On Saturday, May 27, the Freshmen attempted to win the champion flag which has been in the possession of the Juniors for over two years. The attempt was unsuccessful by a score of 28 to 18. The '73 ball club

has been challenged by the Harvard Sophomores, but is not in a condition to play them and was compelled to decline. The University nine propose to play a match with the Harmonics of Brooklyn on Saturday, June 17, at the Park.

### *Boating Matters*

Have been unusually lively of late. Meetings have been held two or three times a week and we have seen, for the first time during our course, a free discussion among all the members of the college. In regard to a race with Harvard, the result of hours of talk and dispute may be stated in a few words. A letter received from Harvard on May 18, desired us to row at the Union Regatta or else to follow the old custom, and row at Worcester. We had previously declined to do the former and had long since resolved not to do the latter. It was decided almost unanimously to notify Harvard that their letter was construed as a non-acceptance of our old challenge of Dec. 10; and that our crew having disbanded, in consequence of Harvard's long silence, could not now enter a race. In reply to this letter we have, with astonishing promptness, received another communication from Cambridge. This challenges the Yale crew to row on any course, any distance, at any date. But so much time has elapsed since the crew ceased to train, that we can only make our last letter final. Capt. McCook has been sent to Harvard to discuss matters with the crew and to try to come to an understanding with them in regard to a race next year. The condition of our finances is at length made clear. Mr. Bone has issued a complete and satisfactory report. The total expenditures of the year are \$4773.85, and there remains a deficit of \$390.69. Mr. Bone has advanced the amount required to balance the account, and the assets remaining will probably be collected before long. The race with the Atalantas has been broken off in consequence of the disbanding of our crew. The excitement in regard to our race with Harvard has taken away our attention from the

### *Regatta*

Which is to come off on Tuesday, July 11. Considerable trouble has been caused by the gentleman to whom the control of the race for the Southworth Cup has been entrusted. As he refuses at present to allow any but academical undergraduates to compete for the prize, it will probably be necessary that two single scull races be rowed upon the same day. The matter of answering the conditions and details of the

race should be left to the officers of the University Boat Club, who are certainly best fitted for such a duty. The Regatta Ball is to be given upon the evening of the same day. Every thing has been arranged with a view to make this the most satisfactory and enjoyable occasion of the kind which Yale has ever witnessed. The printing and engraving will be done by Tiffany in the best manner. The music will be furnished by Lander's Band. It is proposed to decorate the hall in an appropriate and graceful style, and it is hinted that a new feature is to be added in the shape of refreshments. The committee are hard at work and we trust that their efforts will be appreciated and that the college will unite in making this closing celebration of the year the jolliest of all. The following gentlemen compose the committee: C. H. Clark, '71, J. Wales, '71; F. S. Dennis, '72, H. S. Payson, '72; S. L. Boyce, '73, F. S. Wicks, '73; R. S. Bussing, '74, T. P. Wickes, '74; G. M. Keasby, S. S. S., and R. W. Davenport, S. S. S. Floor Manager, C. H. Clark, '71. A few

### *Trifles*

Demand notice. The services in the college chapel were conducted on May 14 by Rev. Mr. Merriam of Norwich; on May 28 by Prof. Porter in the morning and by Rev. Mr. Hermance in the afternoon; on May 21 by Prof. Hoppin in the morning and by the President in the afternoon; on June 4 by Prof. Day in the morning and by the President in the afternoon.—May 10 the trial of "Peeler" Kelly took place, and he was obliged to make a satisfactory apology to Mr. Watson for his unreasonable assault and to pay him fifty dollars.—The University nine have been photographed in their new uniform. The pictures are only passably good.—Samuel Linsley of Branford has presented the Historical Society of New Haven with a "View of Yale College and the College Chapel."—The first prize for the solution of astronomical problems in the Senior Class, was awarded to A. A. Moulton; the second to R. P. Maynard.—Lord Tenterdon and Prof. Bernard, of the "High Joints," visited the colleges on May 10 and were entertained by the President.—Prof. Baldwin of the Law School is lecturing to the Seniors upon Constitutional Law.—The Seniors have had photographs taken of their Lit. Board, the Glee Club and Delta Kappa Epsilon.—A stone has been carved for the '71 class ivy, on the west side of Brothers Library.—Mr. Brewster addresses the Berkeley Association every Friday evening.—The Glee Club are to give another concert on June 14 in Stamford.—After hope deferred had made the hearts of Juniors sick it was announced to them that the expected Ger-

man Histories could not be procured, and that the German Readers which they had been using for a text book, would be continued until the end of the term. Those who bought up the few copies of Schiller which were in town at the close of last vacation, are consoling themselves for the outlay, with the idea that they possess the last relics of the genius of that gifted poet.—The Reading Room has been furnished with Argand burners, very much to the satisfaction of evening occupants. We notice two additions to its list of periodicals—the *Brooklyn Daily Union* and *Harpers' Weekly*. The room now contains fifty-five magazines and reviews, twenty-eight newspapers, seven foreign periodicals and twenty-two religious papers.—The Juniors have lately been allowed to run the telescope in the tower of the Athæneum, and some of the class may be seen there nightly searching after new luminaries.—Two Yale men lately made a trip into Litchfield County, and profess to have received the heartiest welcome from the inhabitants of a lovely village. They are not very communicative upon the subject, but from their improved appearance and good spirits, we should recommend another trip of a similar character.—W. Beebe, '73, was lately rescued from drowning by some members of his class.—We are glad to notice the return of F. Pettee, '72, to his college duties, after an absence of nearly a year.—Prof. Dana has recently written an essay containing suggestions for a trip of a few weeks in Switzerland.—The third term catalogue has appeared.—Church's Damascus has been removed from the Art Gallery.—On May 20, Hon. Samuel Fallows, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, visited the colleges.—C. Astor Bristed (Carl Benson), of New York, has sent \$500 to President Woolsey to be expended in the purchase of books for the clerical and philosophical departments.—Prof. Whitney has been appointed one of the Directors of the Philological Association.—Prof. Porter delivered a few congratulatory remarks at the laying of the corner stone of the new Dwight Place Church on May 27.—The *Nation* recently contained an article by Prof. Dana, upon the needs of Yale College, and in the last issue of the same paper we notice an article by Prof. Gilman on the propriety and feasibility of admitting into the corporation a formal representation of the graduates.—Many students attended the consecration of the Church of the Redeemer on May 25. Pres. Woolsey took part in the exercises.—The warm weather has caused all the boating portion of the community to make for the harbor and the sound. A party of Seniors recently visited Milford in a sail-boat, and we understand that in '73 a regular yacht club has been organized.—North College is to have the luxury of steam heaters next term.—The

Freshmen were matriculated on May 29.—The examination for the Woolsey Scholarship took place on May 29 and 30. Only eight men presented themselves as candidates.—The faculty refused to excuse the students from recitations to attend the anniversary of the Theological Seminary, whereupon the students were mightily displeased.—The Townsend candidates handed in their essays on Wednesday, May 31.—Prof. Porter will deliver the address before the Connecticut Beta of the  $\Phi$ . B. K. at Hartford on June 11. The poet for the occasion is William Henry Dyer.—J. H. Hincks, '72, has been elected Superintendent of the Bethany Sunday School.—Two members of the Junior Class were hospitably entertained by Malley at his grand opening on May 11. His new store seems very attractive.—The Sunday School Concert of the First Baptist Church was held on June 4. H. G. Sanders, '72, is its Superintendent, and the children were addressed by his father.

### *Additional Memorabilia.*

Since the LIT. has been "set up," several events of general interest have occurred, and hence are inserted out of place. Of course the most important of these is the announcement of the

### *Society Elections.*

On the evening of June 2 the following Freshmen received elections to  $\Delta$ . B.  $\Xi$ .: H. D. Bristol, E. H. Dickerman, G. L. Dickerman, A. M. Dodge, G. F. Doughty, E. R. Dunham, T. G. Evans, H. W. Farnam, F. W. Foster, H. G. Fowler, G. M. Gunn, D. R. Howe, F. G. Ingersoll, H. A. James, R. W. Kelley, J. B. Moody, A. B. Nevin, H. H. Ragan, H. S. Robbins, Lewis Roberts, J. C. Sellers, J. S. Seymour, E. W. Southworth, H. B. B. Stapler, Russell Walden, C. H. Walker, C. D. Waterman, J. B. Whiting, Jared Willson, F. S. Witherbee and J. S. Wood. And on the same evening elections to  $\Phi$ .  $\Theta$ .  $\Psi$ . were offered to T. M. Adams, Pearce Barnes, S. C. Bushnell, R. S. Bussing, H. H. Chittenden, C. W. Clark, T. DeW. Cuyler, T. S. Dennis, J. A. R. Dunning, T. W. Grover, W. S. Halsted, H. P. Hatch, C. E. Humphrey, Frank Jenkins, Bradish Johnson, William Kelly, D. A. Kennedy, G. R. Kent, Cortes Maxwell, R. S. Miner, G. E. Munroe, F. H. Olmsted, R. H. Platt, A. B. Thacher, J. M. Townsend, Burt Van Horn, C. R. Walker, Ralph Wells and T. P. Wickes. On Tuesday evening, June 6, the following Sophomores received elections to  $\Delta$ . K. E.: F. W. Adee, F. D. Allen, C. D. Ashley, G. T. Bliss, C. W. Bowen, J. A. Clemmer, A. Collins, J. Day, S. T. Dutton, W. W.

Flagg, E. E. Gaylord, G. Greene, C. S. Hemingway, J. C. Hubbard, W. St. J. Jones, I. N. Judson, W. Lathe, E. J. Latimer, C. Lehmer, W. F. McCook, S. Merritt, J. B. Mills, A. B. Morrill, F. Palmer, J. P. Peters, S. O. Prentice, J. P. Platt, J. A. Robson, C. A. Russell, D. S. Schaff, F. B. Tarbell, F. S. Wicks, R. Williams and F. H. Wright. Ψ. Υ. elected the following men upon the same evening: E. Alexander, A. H. Allen, L. B. Almy, T. A. Bent, A. T. Bacon, S. L. Beckley, W. W. Beebe, W. B. Bininger, S. L. Boyce, E. A. Bradford, L. Carter, J. C. Chamberlain, S. S. Clark, H. B. Frissell, F. Goode, J. W. Gott, G. V. Gould, C. R. Grubb, J. O. Heald, W. A. Houghton, F. W. Howard, D. W. Huntington, L. W. Irwin, C. P. Latting, H. W. Lyman, H. O. Oaks, J. P. Ord, F. S. Parker, J. T. Perry, J. Poston, C. H. Thomas, J. H. Van Buren, W. E. Wheelock and S. W. Williams. At the same date Α. Δ. Φ. received the following Freshmen: G. L. Beaver, G. W. Benedict, E. T. Bradstreet, J. A. Butler, W. A. Coffin, W. L. Gordon, C. Ives, J. McDonald, W. Spaulding, G. W. Stone, E. E. Swallow, H. S. Vanderburgh, A. L. Whittemore, A. Wilcox, J. Winters and E. Zacher. Together with these elections we notice that of the

### *Speakers for Commencement,*

Which has been announced by the Professor of Rhetoric. The following Seniors have been selected: J. G. Blanding, San Francisco, Cal.; O. J. Bliss, Chicago, Ill.; C. E. Cuddeback, Port Jervis, N. Y.; C. B. Dudley, Maine, N. Y.; C. H. Hamlin, Plainville, Conn.; C. D. Hine, Lebanon, Conn.; H. E. Kinney, Griswold, Conn.; C. R. Lanman, Norwich Town, Conn.; H. Mansfield, New Haven, Conn.; W. W. Perry, Collinsville, Conn.; W. B. Riggs, Palmyra, N. Y.; W. R. Sperry, Meadville, N. Y.; G. M. Stoeckel, New Haven, Conn.; G. A. Strong, St. Louis, Mo.; T. Thacher, New Haven, Conn.; A. E. Todd, Ludlow, Mass.; N. H. Whittlesey, New Preston, Conn. June 7 was distinguished by three events. One of these was the

### *Ball Match*

With the Athletics of Brooklyn, which took place in the afternoon at Hamilton Park. The game was a successful one, so far as Yale is concerned, but was not played with much animation by either side. Very little heavy batting was done—a fact which accounts for the scarcity of runs. The game was a short one, however, and one can always watch



a contest in which his side is ahead. The score was 15 to 8 in favor of Yale. After the match the nines adjourned to the harbor to witness

### *The Barge Races*

For the Phelps prizes. These prizes are \$75 and the champion barge flags to the winning crew, and \$25 to the second best. The course was from Tomlinson's bridge down the harbor, round a stake and return, a distance of three miles. Three crews entered—the Scientific, Sophomore and Freshman. A tug boat was provided by the President of the Boat club for the officers of the club, ladies, members of the press and the Athletic and Yale ball nines. Owing to the excellent arrangements the usual delay was avoided, and the crews took their positions at half past five. The Scientific crew won the inside, the Freshman the middle and the Sophomores the outside track. The Sophomores carried a handicap of 35 lbs. The crews caught the water well together, but the Freshman immediately drew ahead. Soon after the start two immense waves struck the '73 barge, covering the crew with water and filling their boat, thus adding considerably to the weight of their previous handicap. The Freshmen kept several boat lengths ahead of the Scientifics, who, in their turn, had a slight lead of the Sophomores, and had taken two strokes on the return before either of the others had turned the stake. They retained the lead during the whole race. The time was as follows: Freshman first, 22 min. 3 sec.; Scientific second, 22 min. 57 sec.; Sophomores third, 23 min. 13 sec. Those who are surprised that the '73 crew were so badly beaten must remember that this crew labored under serious disadvantages in having the outside track where the water was rougher, in taking a handicap, and in shipping several hundred pounds of water. Still, the Freshmen rowed a plucky race and won a well earned victory. We hope that the result of this contest will give them new confidence, and incite the Sophomores to more thorough preparation for the July races. The following is the '74 crew; R. S. Bussing (stroke), H. DeF. Weeks, C. D. Waterman, G. E. Munroe, J. A. R. Dunning, G. M. Gunn (bow). The S. S. S. crew contains the following men; R. W. Davenport (stroke), T. P. Nevins, F. Coggsell, H. F. Gause, ——— Smith and H. B. Sargent (bow). '73's crew contains W. W. Flagg (stroke), J. Day, W. F. McCook, C. S. Hemingway, D. Davenport and F. W. Adee (bow). The other event of May 7 was the

### *Glee Club Concert,*

Which was held at Brewster Hall. The audience—consisting largely of students and their fair companions—in consequence of the storm was

much smaller than was expected. The carriages required by the ladies occasioned a little diversion, but every one seemed to be satisfied with the result of the performance. The programme consisted of two parts, the first including—1. The March. 2. Gaudeamus. 3. Quartette—"Oh, how lovely the face of the Deep." 4. Nellie was a Lady. 5. Warble—"Oh, where is my Little Dog gone?" 6. Bass Solo—"Give me a Fresh'ning Breeze." 7. Serenade. 8. Warble—"Come, Rally To-Night." The second part including—9. The Waltz. 10. Upidee. 11. Quartette—"Stars of the Summer Night." 12. "A, B, C." 13. Peter Gray. 14. Warble—"When the Matin Bells." 15. Bag Pipe. 16. Good Night. The first two Warbles, the Bass Solo, "A, B, C," Peter Gray and the Bag Pipes, were encored. Mr. Wickes elicited much applause in his rendering of the solos "Give me a Fresh'ning Breeze" and "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." And the first quartette, in our opinion the most beautiful piece of the evening, was very favorably received. For some reason the March did not lead off very brilliantly. We have heard it sung better by the same persons. In view of the damp evening, and the throat-strainings at the boat-race, and at recent society ceremonies of a boisterous character, this concert proves that the Club bids fair to maintain its excellent reputation. We wish it all success during its yacht trip in the summer vacation.

### *Elections*

To Skull and Bones were accepted on Thursday evening, June 8, by the following gentlemen: R. E. Coe, W. L. Cushing, C. Deming, C. C. Deming, H. C. Deming, F. S. Dennis, J. H. Hincks, B. Hoppin, A. R. Merriam, G. F. Moore, E. T. Owen, H. S. Payson, C. B. Ramsdell, G. A. Spalding and T. S. Woolsey. No elections were refused.

### S. S. S. MEMORABILIA.

#### *Examinations.*

The annual examinations have already commenced and continue, one a week, till the twenty-fifth or eighth of this month, when recitations are suspended and an annual occurs every alternate day, till the eighth of July. This practice of having the annuals distributed through the third term, gives the Freshmen an examination every Saturday afternoon for the rest of the month. Resolutions requesting the faculty to change the time were brought before the class by some of the members, but were voted down.

*Notes.*

Mr. Bush, a former member of the present Senior class, who received the recommendation for the West Point Cadetship from this district, left for the academy on the 28th of May.—The theses must be handed in on or before the 15th of June, by a recent vote of the Faculty.—During the stay of Prof. Bernard and Lord Tenterdon, members of the Joint High Commission, in New Haven, they spent an hour in going through the various departments of the Scientific School, taking notes of what they saw and expressing themselves highly pleased.—The back compositions of the Juniors were brought in with considerable haste by a vote of the Faculty that no member of the class should be allowed to go in to an examination until the three compositions of the term were handed in.—It is proposed in future to give the classes in all the courses a more extended and thorough course in Instrumental drawing than formerly.—Prof. Bache, who is soon coming to New Haven for the Coast Survey, will choose his party from the graduating class. Several members of the School are now engaged on the Coast Survey.—Several of the present Senior class in the Academic department propose to enter the Scientific next year in order to fit themselves for Engineering.

*Excursions.*

Profs. Eaton and Verrill, with their respective classes in Botany and Zoölogy, during the past month have made several excursions. Among the places visited are Mt. Carmel, Stony Creek, Maltby Park and Westville. One day was also spent dredging in the Sound for marine specimens. These parties go out regularly twice a week and report excellent success in making their collections.

*Boating Matters.*

On the 15th of May a boat meeting was held, at which it was voted to sell the old shell and barge belonging to the Undine Club, to the Freshmen Class of Wesleyan University. The terms were one hundred dollars, to be paid within two months. At the same meeting T. R. Nevins, of '72, was elected 2d Lieutenant in place of Boykin, resigned. There was a large attendance at a meeting June 1st, called to adopt resolutions relative to the Southworth Cup. No one was pleased with the probable arrangements whereby the Undine Club was to have no chance of competing for a general prize. It was resolved, among other things, to request the President of the Y. U. B. C. to

officially inform the U. B. C. whether or not members of the said U. B. C. have a right to enter the single scull race, competing for the championship of the University. No answer has as yet been received to the resolutions.

### *Base Ball.*

A practice game between the Juniors and Freshmen was played on the Whitney Avenue grounds on May 24th, in which the Freshmen were victorious. The Juniors soon after sent in a challenge to the Freshmen to play a series of games, but the latter cannot get a nine to play on account of pressure of examinations. It is said that the Sophomores propose to play a game with a nine from the Scientifics at some early date. A nine composed chiefly of Scientifics, recently beat the nine from the Medical School in a practice game. The score was 47 to 23 for six innings.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### *New Books.*

*Travels in Central America.* From the French of the Chevalier Morelet. By Mrs. M. F. Squier. New York: Leypoldt, Holt & Williams. 1871. pp. 414 with appendix. New Haven: Judd & White.

The greater part of this work was read by the author before the French Academy of Science. Although the explorations were undertaken to collect such facts as were interesting to naturalists, it is by no means a merely scientific work, but contains descriptions of scenery, sketches of manners and customs, and much general information in regard to the social, political and commercial character of a people concerning whom little has been written. It contains a number of illustrations, and is from a firm which is taking a high position among American Publishers.

*New Testament, Text Book.* By Stephen Hawes. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1871. pp. 175. New Haven: Judd & White.

This book comprises an Historical Tabular View of the Gospel, Tables of the Parables, Discourses and Miracles of Christ, Description of Places, &c., &c. It is not designed as a commentary on the New Testament, but rather as an introduction to a careful study and proper understanding of the New Testament Scriptures. To teachers, it seems to us, this book would be priceless, and we heartily recommend it to that numerous class in college who are engaged in Sunday School work.

*Wonders of the Heavens.* By Camille Flammarion. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1871. pp. 289. New Haven: Judd & White.

The "Wonders of the Heavens" is one of the Illustrated Library of Wonders published by Scribner & Co. It contains forty-eight illustrations which aid greatly in understanding the subject. The author writes in an easy, agreeable style, and not only makes astronomy interesting, but, by avoiding as much as possible technical language, brings it within popular comprehension.

*Basil or the Crossed Path.* By Wilkie Collins. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bro. 1871. pp. New Haven: Judd & White.

A powerfully written and exciting story, but one which appears to have no definite aim. We can read such a novel with great interest, but it does us no good. The scenes are unnatural, and the general sentiment is unhealthy.

*The Heathen Chinee.* By Bret Harte. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

"*Jim Bludsoe*," "*Little Breeches*." By John Hay. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

These two famous little poems have just been published by the above firm in a handsome little pamphlet, uniform with the edition of the "Heathen Chinee." The Boston Post in speaking of this edition says, "these verses, which have gained a notoriety throughout this country and England, only equaled by Harte's celebrated epic of the Western Shore, have the enhanced attraction, in this form, of a series of characteristic illustrations, by Mr. S. Eytinge, Jr., whose efforts in this line of drawing are invariably highly successful. Those familiar with the poems will find a new pleasure in re-reading them, in connection with Mr. Eytinge's sketches, and those as yet unacquainted with them will find this attractive edition a most agreeable introduction."

*Desk and Debit.* By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard. pp. 334. 1871. New Haven: Judd & White.

*Public and Parlor Readings.* Humorous. By Lewis B. Munroe. Boston: Lee & Shepard. pp. 159. 1871. New Haven: Judd & White.

The usual Exchanges and Outside Magazines have made their appearance this month, many of which are interesting to notice.

The following, taken from the *Lafayette Monthly*, may give the reader some slight inkling of what goes on at the "Dam" and also an idea of the delight Easton girls take in snubbing sentimental students.

"The night was clear,  
The moon was bright,  
When with my beau  
I took a sight  
Of the dashing dam  
From the Lehigh Shore,  
'O be my lamb  
For ever more?' (says he.)  
The clouds blew o'er  
The silver disk (*sic.*)  
As for my hand  
This spooney asked;  
But the moon shone bright  
On us two once more,—  
'O cork up tight,  
You dreadful bore!' (says I, and laughed.)"

It is amusing to take up the College papers from all over the country and find in them such articles as the following. "One more appeal for our literary societies." "The reason why Literary societies are dying out." "Attempts to resuscitate the Jefferson Society," &c., *ad infinitum*. The *Lawrence Collegian*, however, still retains confidence in the literary work at Appleton. "However true," it says, "is this decline of literary societies in general, we are happy to announce it is not true of Lawrence University. The students surmount the difficulties of colleges in general, making their several societies almost the center of attraction and improvement." We congratulate them, and hope that their confidence will not be misplaced. The same paper gives a list of slang phrases, the three most euphonious of which are *sculdugger*, one who tries to pull wool over another's eyes. When successful, his success is called *sculduggery*; and *sheblecobble*, to fool, talk nonsense.

The *Virginia University Magazine*, which has been the recipient of some compliments of late from the *Bethany Guardian*, thanks the editors of the *Guardian* for the same, and begs leave respecting College papers to endorse the *Guardian's* opinion in which occurs the following sentence: "That of late the generality of College papers have taken advantage of their existence to foist upon the public an intolerable amount of second rate metaphysical twaddle is becoming painfully evident." With wonderful consistency in the same number appears an article on "Mental Progression," and another on "A glimpse into the Realms of the Mind." The editors would probably excuse themselves for this apparent inconsistency by assuming that these articles are not "second rate."

Ohio Wesleyan University must contain some curious specimens. The *Collegian*, speaking of class hats, announces that the "colors chosen by the various classes were as follows: Junior, green; Sophomore, red; Freshman, blue." Why this diversity?

The first number of the *Cadet*, a Monthly Magazine, edited at the University of Nashville, comes to us this month. Its aim, "to promote learning and a love for literature," is certainly commendable, but judging from the first number, we are afraid that it will be some time before it will accomplish this looked for result. From its first article we extract the following sentence: "Thus we all (though perhaps it may not have been the high privilege of any of us to awake with presumptuous footsteps the silent cities of the dead) experience the deepest emotions; when we contemplate events that cluster around those cities of the mighty past, which long since have bowed their lofty heads to the dust; sad memorials of the mutability of human concerns." The following verse, extracted from a poem entitled "That Boowitching Commandant" is also sublime.

"See how he walks the campus  
He looks as if he'd tramp us  
All that come in his way,  
And he shakes his haughty head  
That seems as if it said  
I am monarch of all that I survey."

The outside magazines are all full of interesting matter. The *Galaxy*, especially, is always stocked with first class articles. In the last number

Richard Grant White devotes considerable space to his reply to the criticism written by "X. a Yale professor" on "Words and their Uses." He follows up this with another article in the College Courant, and it is rumored that an answer from the critic will soon appear. We miss Mark Twain's "memoranda," but the Galaxy Club Room supplies its place with its sharp and keen observations on men and things.

The *Overland Monthly* contains, among other interesting matter, an article entitled "A Final Pause." It is written concerning the character of Dr. Taylor of Andover, by a former pupil of this distinguished scholar, whose death we have been lately called upon to notice. Its tone is altogether different from the eulogy of Prof. Park, and expresses pretty nearly a pupil's idea of "Uncle Sam," after he has passed from under his care and control, and contemplates his character with cool and unprejudiced judgment.

The *Atlantic* and *Scribner's Monthly* have exceedingly interesting articles and hold a place among the first of American Magazines.

The hot weather seems to have a demoralizing effect on Literary work at Yale. Articles for the LIT. have made their appearance slowly, and the editor who has been gradually sinking under the anxiety and responsibility of getting out his number has been finally completely broken down by the last mistake of the printers, which made "*quibusdam aliis*" read "*gulbusdam aliis.*"

C. C. D.

VOL. XXXVI.

NO. LXV.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale College.

"Dum mens gata manet, nomen laudesque YALENSIS  
Cantabunt S. SOCIJS unanimique PATRES."

JULY, 1871.

NEW HAVEN

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THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XXXVI.

JULY, 1871.

NO. IX.

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EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '72.

ROBERT E. COE,

JOHN H. HINCKS,

CHARLES C. DEMING,

CHARLES B. RAMSDELL,

GEORGE RICHARDS.

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UNDERGRADUATE JOURNALISM.

ONE unaccustomed to the duties of an editor, would be surprised and amused if he could examine, day after day, the contents of the Post Office box, number three hundred and thirty-eight. Not to mention a constant stream of letters, circulars, and outside magazines, which gain temporary lodgment in this receptacle, here is to be found, pouring in from the scattered Universities and Colleges of our land, an overwhelming multitude of undergraduate periodicals. Now the striking fact is, that these periodicals are just as various as they are numerous. Among them are weeklies, semi-monthlies, monthlies and quarterlies—specimens of elegant paper and type, side by side with cheap and carelessly printed sheets. Here are publications from the South, tinged with southern peculiarities of thought and language, with now and then a touch of southern chivalry, or intimation of a hankering for the good times under the old dispensation of slavery, when pursuits of learning and industry were alike uninterrupted by war. Here are exchanges from the West, not always free from slang

phrases and provincialisms, but enterprising and hopeful as the communities from which they come. Here also are Eastern periodicals, with local features just as clearly defined, and with faults as numerous, but manifesting, in certain cases, a consciousness of greater age and experience, and showing effects of the higher culture and refinement with which they are surrounded.

All these come dropping one by one into the above mentioned box, from which they are speedily transferred to the editor's sanctum for examination and criticism. Let us make bold to enter these sacred precincts, with some incredulity concerning the truth of the assurance "no admittance," and presume, as self-made critics, to investigate the miscellaneous collection with which the table is already covered. As the lightest happens to be on top, we first select for examination an unsubstantial little sheet hailing from a Seminary of learning recently established among the prairies. Its columns are neither profound nor brilliant, nor would it be right to say that they indicate that natural fertility which is generally ascribed to the soil of our western territory. The pages of this sheet abound in glowing accounts of its own success, and are loud in the praises of the institution to which it belongs, its excellent system, and splendid prospects of becoming famous in future years. They congratulate the readers upon the intense application, and prevailing morality noticeable among the students. They tell of nice little picnics in the woods and expeditions up the river, descriptions very interesting, doubtless, but which, in their peculiar style, recall vividly to our minds the dreaded exercises and humiliating experiences of Friday afternoons long ago, in the district school-house. They give items of information copied fourth-hand from other college journals, about trips of professors who have long since returned, about boating controversies already settled, and report much news which is news indeed to those best acquainted with the facts of the case. They breathe at times, in their most unfortunate moments, a spirit of sentiment like that indulged in by dreamy maidens of

sixteen, soliloquies about "the pleasures of memory" and "dreariness of hope deferred," raptures over "the spring-time" and "the sunset," and sermons upon "the excellence of a contented spirit" and "the mournfulness of a wasted life," and so on *ad infinitum, ad fastidiosum*. But the character of the paper can best be understood by remembering that this institution, this so-called University, with its infant class, its preparatory department and collegiate course combined, invites all its children, both male and female, of every age, to contribute to its representative publication; and judging from the looks of things, we conclude that the little ones, most in need of improvement, are most heartily encouraged. These faults, however, are not confined to one paper, but can be discovered, to a greater or less degree, in all. There is so much that is silly and puerile, so little that is original and solid, and such meager evidence of earnest deliberation, that we wonder if all severe manly thought has degenerated into mere effeminacy and sickly sentimentality, and long to lay aside such trash, and turn for relief to the standard periodicals of our day.

We consider now a more bulky journal, a pamphlet of fifty or sixty pages, which, from its size, its attractive exterior, good print, and the pretentious tone of the Editor's Table considerably raises our expectations. Encouraged by our introduction, we glance over the topics, and select for perusal a promising article. An excellent article it is, a sound, convincing discussion upon a subject interesting to us all, giving evidence of sterling good sense and superior ability, absorbing our attention, and rendering us for the moment forgetful of criticism. Our estimate of the rising generation rapidly increasing, we consult the Table of Contents to learn the author's name, but are disappointed and mortified to discover that all the credit of the production must be ascribed to the President of the College, or to one of the Professors, whose valuable services have been solicited to support a feeble and dependent magazine. We turn over the pages and come across a pretty poem by a well-known English writer, a humorous

story, in quotation marks or intended to be, and a few jokes which strike us as being old acquaintances. But the other articles, the undergraduate department, are forbidding enough, without freshness or appropriateness, without entertainment or instruction, suggesting the possibility that already, in the recitation room, they have fallen unheard upon students' ears. In view of the origin of all that is readable before us, we feel inclined to ask in college phraseology, who runs this concern, and what does it claim to be. We are prompted to inquire whether the unfortunate members of this college have not ready access to other magazines, the proper organs of literary graduates, that they should be willing thus to surrender all the good reputation of their representative publication to outsiders. We want to suggest to them that the charm of their journal, except in rare cases, must consist in the fact that it is the expression of their own opinions, the vigorous and untrained voice of students. And so we cast aside this pamphlet, and as an undergraduate periodical pronounce it a failure.

The next specimen that claims our attention forms quite a contrast with the last. It is a weekly, and seems especially marked by a bitter tone. Its spirit is pugnacious in the extreme. Its complaints and abusive epithets are hurled in every direction. Here its stings, apparently with deadly intent, are aimed at a sister college which, it is urged, from some action in boating or ball matters has forfeited all claims to respect. There it pitches into the Faculty for some outrageous and inhuman requisition on their part. In this column it so far forgets the appropriate dignity of its position, as to descend to personal insult and thus commits a humiliating and cowardly act. In that it vents its spite with a malicious satisfaction worthy of a county "local," by disparaging and casting slurs upon rival publications. Surprised at this exhibition of hostility by those whose business is the acquisition of knowledge, we compare this with former numbers of the same paper to see whether this violence is characteristic of all. Finding that it is not, we are led to discover a fault, or

rather misfortune belonging to many of the college journals, the fault of having no settled policy in form or opinion, a fault certainly open to criticism. The work of our college journals is frequently so apportioned, that successive numbers are published by different editors, are evidently under different management, and often grossly inconsistent with one another. This takes place under the administration of one Board. At the close of the year there is sure to be some change in the editorial corps. A part, perhaps all, graduate, leaving behind them for their successors only a few scattered instructions and suggestions. Fresh hands take up the work. Novices bent on innovation and improvement, with their own ideas about the province of their journal, at once put their plans into execution. Away go the old notions, and out come the new ones, heralded by a new cover and new headings.

In view of all these faults, is not the question necessary to fair criticism, what is the aim of undergraduate journalism? How shall this superficial, sentimental, tedious, pugnacious, inconsistent literature be made to accomplish any desirable results? Is the object of our journalism primarily to make good journals, or to benefit the contributors; to entertain and instruct the readers, or to stimulate them to personal effort, by offering them an excellent and attractive opportunity for voluntary composition, and thus, to elevate the literary tone of our colleges? Assuredly it is the latter. The college periodicals are indeed an indispensable convenience as news carriers. They notify us of what is to happen, and keep for us a record of college events as they transpire at home and abroad. They ought to be entertaining as well. They ought to command the very best undergraduate ability. They ought to be worthy representatives of undergraduate sentiment. They ought to discuss well the questions that are agitating the college world. We would wish them to be neat and inviting in form and print, correct in statement, consistent in policy, and, in a word, journals that we may look for with eagerness, and preserve with pride. Nevertheless we cannot doubt but that the other aim,

namely, that of raising the literary standard among the students, though intimately connected with this, is a far higher one. If this object is kept in view and successfully gained, if a thorough and general interest is awakened and brings forth abundant results in advancement and improvement, many short comings and irregularities which could not be overlooked in outside magazines, ought to be pardoned. Our journals are not intended to be exclusively managed by a few chosen editors who are to reap all the benefit of this training, but it is the right and should be the ambition of every student to become worthy of sharing the work and the reward. More good, we believe, may be accomplished by this means than by the regular composition exercises of college. For we take a livelier interest in what is so peculiarly our own. An editorship must always look more attractive than a paltry college prize, and public approbation be more coveted than the approval of a Professor. Efforts made to contribute to the undergraduate journal, self-prompted and hearty, as they may be, are apt to bring success at last. Readers, we invite you to claim a place in our pages, because they furnish a means of advancement towards that influence over the public mind, and sympathy with it, which are essential to a thorough literary success.



#### THE DEFOREST PRIZE ORATION.

### ***The Importance of the Towns of the Middle Ages in Preparing for Modern Liberties.***

BY HOWARD MANSFIELD.

FIVE centuries of deepest night follow the going-down of the sun of Roman civilization. In them we discern few traces of former splendor; almost no hope for the future. Society is but a mass of confused ele-

ments struggling blindly for form and utterance; and human affairs seem, in every respect, to have reached their lowest point of depression.

Organization had begun in a feeble way with feudalism; yet feudalism was little more than organized violence. Though adequate for defence, it was marked by internal disorder; its certain fruit was the degradation of the masses; its underlying idea complete political servitude. Germs of better things it undeniably contained; yet these would have found in it a tomb, had not some influence appeared to call them forth and clothe them with life and power.

Such an influence came with the rise of the towns, and the operation in society of the forces to which they gave birth. I speak of it as a rise rather than a revival; for the Roman municipal system seems either to have perished wholly or to have survived only in form. That which succeeded it embodied other principles and was endowed with a life of its own.

The movement owed its origin to the needs and fears peculiar to an unsettled state of society, and its continuance to the spirit of association which it early developed. Effects of it are soon apparent. The arm of the law reveals itself, and its authority begins to be respected. Industry revives, and the industrial classes acquire importance. The influence of the nobility declines as the need of their protection is less widely felt. Gold comes to be a force as powerful as the sword.

But the privileges of which these were the outgrowth were yet meagre, and rested on no firm basis. Mere fragments of liberty were they which satisfied not, only created a desire for fuller participation. So long, too, as they came from without, they came coupled with weighty exactions. The authority which was their source, to be responsible, must be centered within the communities themselves. Hence local independence is the next and corner-stone, which the towns lay, in the foundations of their freedom. By grant or by purchase, and when peaceful measures fail, by the arm of force, the requisite immunities are accumulated and made sure.



Such, in brief, are the circumstances which marked the first dawn of a popular spirit in the towns of the middle ages. With it progress was reawakened and civilization arose to a new activity and greater triumphs.

Two characteristics of the liberty thus far obtained, stand out with special prominence. First, it was a fact rather than a principle. The "theorem of sovereignty" was never once disputed; only the oppression which was its corollary. No high sounding declarations of natural rights are preserved: but charters which grant solid, definite privileges.

Secondly, and as a consequence of this, the liberty in question was eminently institutional. Otherwise the concessions gained had proved mere shadows which vanished with the first cloud of disaster. Embodied in institutions, however, they were fortified against encroachments, guarded with double zeal, and handed down to future generations.

Thus were avoided, instinctively as it were, two errors which the political wisdom of more modern times has not been able wholly to guard against. The one is the tendency to place trust in theories, abstractions, mere words without corresponding realities. The other is the idea that liberty, spite of the perils by which it is assailed, will somehow take care of itself, and needs not institutions to preserve it. How fatal these errors may become, we see to-day in unhappy France. It should seem, then, that in the very manner in which the towns acquired their early liberties, lay their salvation and the possibilities of further growth and expansion.

Let us now turn to the more important influences, through which that growth and expansion were effected.

First we come to the conflict with the nobles. This was a natural and unavoidable result of the antagonism between the municipal and feudal systems. The barons were actuated by the spirit of resistance, the towns were inspired by that of domination. The two forces met; the struggle was long and bitter; but when it ended, the municipal banner floated over ruined castles.

Everywhere results became apparent in new gains of freedom, radical and permanent changes in society. The power of a class, which had used it only to oppress, was at once and forever crippled. A cloud, which for centuries had stifled progress, was at length effectually lifted.

From the despised and down-trodden masses now arises a great middle class, which by virtue of its strides in wealth, enterprise, and cultivation, claims for itself the foremost place in history.

Not least among the spoils wrested from feudal lords is the power of legislation. With its exercise by the towns, politics takes its rise and a national life and spirit begins. The objects of legislation, too, are altered. It is no longer the exclusive tool of selfishness and despotism, but order, prosperity and freedom are brought within the scope of its provisions.

This conflict had another result,—the establishment of a more regular central government. Hitherto the power of the king had existed more in name than fact. Royalty thus dethroned finds allies in the towns, which by their voluntary submission and the forced subjection of the nobles restore it to something of its rightful honor. Thus begins the work of reducing all social elements to two—the government and the nation.\*

But perhaps the most energetic influence in enlarging and fortifying municipal liberties was commerce. Even before the crusades its advantages had begun to be known and its subsequent vast proportions dimly foreshadowed. By the fourteenth century, it had become the lever which was moving the world. Its earliest fruit was a universal spirit of enterprise and independence. All lands and seas were placed under tribute, all dangers despised, all obstacles surmounted in pursuit of trade and gain. Coupled with these, however, were the higher objects of commercial freedom and political rights.

But the successful prosecution of commerce and the industries connected with it required special organization. Within the cities, guilds are formed—voluntary associa-

\*Guizot.

tions for mutual aid and common defence. Coiled around an "enlightened selfishness," this institution becomes the mainspring of all social activity. While it binds men by the ties of interest, it teaches them the force of obligations. While it makes their hands skillful for manufacture, it strengthens their muscles for war and sharpens their wits in the school of politics.

As commerce embraced new objects and opened new avenues of wealth, more extended associations were formed. Cities united in leagues and secured for themselves the protection and advantages for which public authority was inadequate. Most famous of these and their proper type was the Hanseatic, which at its hight had the rights and exercised the powers of an independent state.

Liberty further drew revenues from commerce, in the new and liberalizing influences brought in through its agency. The character, tastes and modes of life of one people tinged the character, tastes and modes of life of those with whom they came in contact. Through the same medium learning, arts and sciences were introduced into the cities and flourished in the warm rays of their prosperity. Broader views thus began to prevail; old prejudices were worn off, intellectual activity was awakened.

A third agency to which the liberties of the town were indebted—especially for its conservative influence—was the Roman civil law.

Buried in obscurity till the twelfth century, it was then revived in the Lombard cities, and from that center spread throughout Europe. Its first office was to supply the need of a common standard. Jurisprudence hitherto had been marked by the widest possible diversities. The growth of liberty, however, by creating a more elevated idea of right, called for better modes of securing it. Increased intercourse, moreover, demanded a system which should be more elaborate and uniform. Also the laws composing it must be known and written—such as could be always appealed to. To all these requirements the renovated code proved itself fully equal. Further than this, it broke down the oppressive feudal laws, gave

rise to the powerful order of civilians, and extended to the state the social and political revolution to which the towns had given impulse.

There was one more influence felt in the towns, as everywhere else, which we cannot overlook—the Christian Church. With all its defects, this became, as regards the social state, an agency of incalculable good. It promulgated the doctrine of human brotherhood, lifted woman to a position of honor, toned down the harsh manners of the populace, and tempered the sway of rulers with mildness and equity.

Politically considered, however, this influence was less uniform and less beneficial. Ecclesiastical power played a double part in the drama of politics, now as the champion of popular rights, more often in the role of intolerance and oppression. For where the Church gave the refuge of a hut to liberty, it built a castle for despotism.

From this survey, we discover inherent in the liberties of the mediæval towns three principles, which in their development either then or later, assume especial importance with reference to modern liberties. These are the democratic principle, the federative principle, and the principle of national sovereignty.

The germ of the first is found in local independence, acquired primarily as a privilege, established ultimately as a right. The towns thus become strongholds of liberty, in that they foster a love for it, accustom men to its intelligent use, and guard it from every aggression. From them, as centers of influence, its principles are expanded and its sway made universal. Municipal jurisdiction, moreover, creates an ambition for political influence, for an actual share in the general government. Through favoring circumstances, representation at length becomes a fact. With its establishment a mighty advance is made toward equality of conditions, and all legislation is infused with a new and progressive spirit. And so, by a thousand influences, a way is finally prepared for complete self-government by the people. In this culminates the germ of democracy which those early towns nurtured.

In it are comprehended all the elements which at any time were evolved from that idea. And this—the fruit of the ages—is the liberty which we enjoy.

The second principle—the federative principle—was embodied earliest in the guild, the formation of which indicated social progress, the importance of labor, and the recognition of common needs and ends. Though local in its proper scope, it branched out from this and sought to regulate and reform society. It was thus the forerunner of the league, which being made up of cities, assumed a corresponding importance. Making independence the sole requisite of admission, it aimed to secure to all its members adequate protection and increased commercial advantages. This it not only accomplished but by its acquisition of political power, proved the adoption of a similar union to the functions of the state.

Hence we arrive at the last stage in the growth of this idea,—the confederacy. Reared neither for the selfish prosperity of a class nor for the defence of isolated towns, but for the highest welfare of the whole people, stands this new creation. The soil in which it springs is worthy of it; it is that of the Netherlands. Storms here assail it, disasters threaten, but it strikes its roots deep into the old municipal freedom, and it stands. The English Puritans, pausing in their flight, catch its spirit and bear it with them across the sea. And when on these shores a new state springs into being, the old model serves its purpose and helps shape its character.

The third principle—that of national sovereignty,—dates from the union which existed almost invariably between the monarch and the towns. From the very first they acknowledged his authority and struck effective blows in his behalf. And when, later, they are brought into closer relations with the state, the weight of their influence still goes into the scale of centralization. Monarchy, in its absolute or restricted form, now becomes the prominent feature in European political history. In the one case it is supported by all the traditions of Roman imperialism, and all the hopes of national glory. In the

other it is made subservient to the will of the people as the true source of power, and the agency through which it had been established. Yet the idea of centralization finds no place in free governments, and they go to pieces through a want of unity. It was left to establish in this land a sovereign republic with local rights and privileges and central powers. After long years of uncertainty, after a protracted and bitter struggle, this sovereignty has been effectually vindicated. This is a democracy, it is a confederacy, it is also a nation.

Thus we see that in this new world, discovered by the enterprise to which the towns gave impulse, the liberties which they fostered have reached their blest and fullest development. And if these liberties are here to be maintained—and their history should make them doubly prized—it must be by preserving against attack and encroachment, and in their proper balance, the three great principles thus strikingly and harmoniously blended.



## A SUMMER'S CAMPAIGN.

THE quiet village of H. in the Berkshire hills, or rather the younger portion of its feminine population, was thrown into quite a flutter by the announcement that Henry Rogers was to bring a college friend home with him, to make a short visit during the first part of the long summer vacation. Rogers was the son of the wealthiest gentleman in H. and since leaving home for Yale, three years before, had gradually blossomed out into quite an indefatigable "ladies' man." His visits, therefore, during his occasional vacations, were matters of no little interest to certain young ladies, whose company he generally kept, when at home. By no means were they displeased at the rumors that a classmate would accompany him on this visit. Several times had this same thing occurred, and the "experience," so far from being unwelcome to the

belles of H. was eminently to their liking. The fair denizens of a country village in New England are not overrun with "*desirable*" acquaintances of the other sex; nor are Yale students, accustomed to society, as existing in New Haven, where every attractive girl is always surrounded by an adulatory crowd, at all loth to exert their powers of fascination "with none to molest or make them afraid." Their watch word is somewhat different from that of the self-reliant warrior. It runs rather as follows: "A *fair* field, and the more favors the better." Several times had some of these gallant carpet-knights entered the lists in H., and each time, to the great satisfaction of the young ladies of that place, as well as to their own. Rumor, always officious on such matters, was busy in regard to George Curtis, the friend whom Rogers was to bring home with him. Mr. Curtis, as she represented him, was young, rich, talented,—in a word, a paragon, whose advent would mark an epoch in the history of H.

Slowly the days wore away, at least to those interested in the expected arrival. At length the much talked of event occurred. The inquisitive feminine mind of H. was raised to a pitch of feverish excitement, at the sight of the Rogers' family carriage, leisurely moving up from the depot with two occupants, one Henry Rogers himself, the other,—why, Mr. George Curtis, of course! Thus soliloquized several young ladies, as between their nearly closed shutters, they watched the carriage pass by.

They were right. Mr. George Curtis had indeed arrived. It was but a day or two before, through the kind attention of his host, that he had formed the acquaintance of the five or six young ladies who composed the rather limited circle of the élite of H. These were not disappointed in him. George Curtis was indeed one fitted to shine in any circle. To a handsome person, and an interesting face—one that told of a hearty soul behind it—he added the fascinations of a keen, quick mind, and an easy bearing, that bespoke the accomplished society man. To the young ladies, who now met him for the first time, he proved irresistibly attractive. Would they be equally so

to him? He had moved with equal success in New Haven society; he had passed season after season at the most fashionable watering places; he was still heart-whole. Was he to feel the tender passion for the first time in a retired country town? Was he to strike his colors to a village belle? It really seemed as if this were to be the case. Perhaps the simple artlessness of these daughters of nature was to prove more potent than the artificial coquetry of the queens of society in the cities. There is something very "*taking*" in the conversation of an intelligent young lady, whose ears and heart have never been poisoned by years of meaningless flattery, who means just what she says, and evidently deems your utterances equally sincere. Such an one had George Curtis now met. Miss Helen Grey was the daughter of a gentleman of good family, although in moderate circumstances, as are most men of his calling. He was pastor of one of the churches in H. In accordance with the invariable practice of ministers, he had contrived, on a very meagre salary to afford his daughter every advantage of a finished education, and every advantage afforded her had Helen Grey improved. She had completed her education the year before, and had passed the time since her graduation in the midst of home duties, striving in this way to manifest the feelings of a loving heart. Her mother was an invalid, and at times household cares fell heavily on the young housekeeper. She rarely had time for much gayety, and gayety was not over-abundant in H., so that her mother, who was much better this summer than for some years past, endeavored to see that she should enjoy as much as possible the opportunities afforded by the presence of the two collegiates. Mrs. Rogers was a most intimate friend of Mrs. Grey; in this way the latter heard much of Henry Rogers' friend, and all she heard was praise. What wonder then, knowing, as she did, the little chance her retired home gave her daughter to form desirable gentleman acquaintances, that she should be anxious to give her all possible opportunity of meeting one so highly praised.



Fate seemed to smile on her unconscious hopes. Acquaintance between the two grew into friendship, and friendship, apparently, was fast ripening into love. Already had George far exceeded the proposed limit of his visit. He came to spend a fortnight with his friend; his stay had now been prolonged to five weeks, and he manifested no intention of bringing it to any immediate close. George Curtis was deeply "smitten" with Helen Grey. So said the tongue of village gossip. Village gossip for once was correct. George Curtis *was* in love. He loved Helen Grey. The attachment was earnestly reciprocated. It would certainly "be a match," remarked, on all possible occasions, the above mentioned tongue. But in nothing does the homely old saw, "There's many a slip," &c., hold more true, than in affairs of the heart. "The heart is deceitful above all things," is as reliable a doctrine as can be found in Holy Writ. Just before George was to return, to enter upon his last year, however, they were affianced.

When George Curtis asked Helen Grey to be his wife, he certainly thought that he loved her. More than this, he certainly thought that he felt for her an affection which time could only deepen. But as the weeks rolled away after his return to college, the letters, at first frequent and full of fervent assurances of unchanged, of unchangeable love, became more and more unfrequent. He mingled in more fashionable society, he mentally compared the unassuming village beauty with some of the brilliant belles whom he there met, and, shame to say, he began to suspect the wisdom of his choice.

She was still true to him as steel, but she could not fail to mark the alteration in the tone of his letters, and their growing infrequency. She questioned him as to the cause of this, to her, most painful change. Poor girl! how soon and how rudely had her blissful dreams of the future been dissolved! Learning at last from him something of the actual state of affairs, with a generosity that only a true woman can show, she wrote him a letter, in which she freely released him from his engagement. He pre-

tended to be piqued at her willingness to have their engagement broken, and replied in a brief note, accepting the release she offered.

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Months passed, and matters remained ostensibly as before. But George Curtis was ill at ease. He mingled more than ever in society: he seemed the gayest of the gay. But at heart he was wretched. A still, small voice, that no gayety could drown, whispered ever in his ear; "you are acting a false part. You will never love any other girl as you *have* loved one,—as you *still* love her." Returning one night from a late and fashionable party, he opened a volume of poems, from which he had often read aloud to *her*, and something fell upon the floor. It was only a withered flower. But it recalled to his mind, with lightning speed, a scene of months gone by. The volume of poems was that, from which he had read to her on one memorable afternoon. It was that which he had laid down to ask her a question, whose answer had given him more happiness than he had ever before known. The faded flower was a simple forget-me-not. He had vainly imagined that he had forgotten her. The sight of that little flower, and the recollections which it brought, taught him his mistake. "I have been a fool," he muttered. "God grant it may not be too late to repair my folly."

The next day found him *en route* for a small New England village,—you can guess the name. There he found a loving girl, who listened to his humble confessions. "I knew you would come," said she.

\* \* \* \* \*

Commencement day is close at hand. But there is one to whom that day, so all-absorbing in interest to others, has but little. His fancy runs over to a day not far distant, when Helen Grey is to become Mrs. George Curtis.

Reader! I have been writing history. May you be favored with cards!

S.

## TOWNSEND PRIZE ORATION.

**The Religious Faith of Wordsworth and Tennyson as  
shown in their Poems.**

BY WATSON R. SPERRY.

THE religious faith of Wordsworth and Tennyson, in the last analysis, is identical. Each believes in a personal God, the divinity of Christ, the operation of the Holy Spirit, the immortality of the soul, the depravity of man and the efficacy of the atonement.

Assuming, then,—what every careful reader already knows,—that each man holds to every one of the fundamental facts of a sound faith, I shall simply attempt to account for their differences. Why, if they believe the same things, are they so unlike one another?

Speaking in general terms, I should say this was the result of the different processes by which they acquired their faith. Wordsworth came to a distinct apprehension of the great facts of religion through nature;—Tennyson through the heart of man. Those who have stopped short with a superficial examination pronounce the one an advocate of the philosophy of Spinoza;—the other a mystic. These are misjudgments.

Wordsworth, both by taste and education, always had a predilection for nature. When a young man, however, he was smitten with a love for the high-sounding names which heralded the French Revolution. With boyish enthusiasm he pinned his faith to its specious creed. The creed no sooner began to exist *de facto* than it was knocked into a hundred fragments by those who swore by it, and the hopes of man for man and for society died out. Wordsworth, who had always found nature true to him, was terribly disappointed, became sick of life and lost hope for the world. When present friends grow cold or deceive us, we think of the old friend and seek him if we can. Wordsworth came back to nature for health and

comfort and some certain belief. He came back with a perfect contempt for enthusiasm and a profound conviction that mere feeling was not only an unsafe but a disastrous guide. He came back with a great doubt as to whether there was anything deserving of trust and respect in the world. He flees to his hills and lakes and woods. He puts himself under pure and revivifying influences. In a word, he comes to nature to be taught of her what she can tell him of this great juggle we call life. I have said that he had a feeling of uncertainty as to everything. But here he finds something certain. The blue sky hangs above him every morning and every eventide it is there. Windermere never changes its place; the high hills move not; the huge trees are fixed to their spot of earth. Even the daisy and the violet last through their season, and year after year are to be found in their accustomed nooks. There is something fixed in the world. I have also said that Wordsworth had been taken by the names of things. He had fallen down before the catching words of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, with a crowd whose devotion was simple blasphemy. He found himself believing in the mere shadows of nothingness. But here are real things. They may be gross and (some of them) unsightly. But they actually exist. He can no longer help believing there are *some* real things in the world. More than this: amid storms nature remains, in its distinguishing features, unchanged, and the sunshine of prosperity leads to no unseemly action here. Here is law, order, decency. But it is created—in all that makes it beautiful, before his very eyes; in all that makes it grand, in some day long faded out of sight. There is then a creator—a God. And when this primal fact is reached, all the correlate and subordinate facts of Christianity are reached. The belief of his childhood comes back to him, not as a vague and doubtful formula, but as the living and exclusive truth.

“He holds with God Himself communion high.”

Tennyson, on the other hand, had a different experience. Nature was a great deal to him, but man was more.

When a lad he had his friends—his life grew up and budded and blossomed about human hearts. About young Hallam's heart, in particular;—who, by all accounts, was worthy to be admired and loved. But Tennyson found some things in the world hard to be understood:—notably, the tremendous facts which we call life, death, evil, Christ, God. He saw many things hard to be explained;—and he said, in a vague way:

“There's somewhat in this world amiss  
Shall be unriddled by-and-by.”

What he could not understand he tried not to believe. He endeavored to sit

——“as God, holding no form of creed,  
But contemplating all.”

Nevertheless, these things perplexed him:—every now and then, in his earlier poems, one sees the signs. If two and two make four, eternally and invariably, why, he asked, should a being of boundless love make men to be miserable;—and if they are not made to be miserable, how does it happen that unhappiness is so fearfully common? Why should even innocent baby faces be distorted with agony? Looking about him in his great doubt, he groaned forth:

——“the drift of the Maker is dark, an Isis hid by the veil.”

Sometimes he almost said—Out upon the whole thing: almost said this;—for, in spite of himself, he believed, and even half surmised that

——“wildest dreams  
Are but the needful preludes of the truth.”

This harassed him—that he *could* believe, when his eyes were open to the daily doings of the world. He found no rest. Just now, when Tennyson is in this frame of mind, young Hallam dies. From which there follows some real work—a deadly struggle with the inexorable facts of man's life. No matter for all things else now:

here is the minister of this good God, to wit, death, who has thrown down the gauntlet in his face and eyes, challenging him to tell what he does believe—challenging him to show some result for his speculations. It was a hard fight, and “In Memoriam” is its epic. As we read the record we see him struck almost dumb with surprise; then idly moaning forth

“Short swallow-flights of song, that dip  
Their wings in tears, and skim away;”

later, toying with the accessories of death and the character of him who has gone away; at last approaching the meaning of all this—approaching and withdrawing—dallying with wayside flowers of poesy before he ventures to sit down by the tomb and ask it what business it has in this world of green fields and singing birds; and so back and forth he goes, now saying I *will* know and straightway losing heart and talking of minor matters;—until finally, hopeless of getting profit out of the vestibule of death, and the sharp strain on his heart being somewhat relieved by the passage of time, he boldly faces the fact, examines it in detail and comes to a determinate conclusion. The first fact his groping hand seizes is this—that death does not destroy, but advances the soul to a higher state of being; the second—that death has no power over love, for that is left as a hallowed and enduring influence in this changeful world. But how is this? And he answers:

“I cannot understand: I love.”

Out of these two facts his faith blossoms into luxuriant life. Now, although he cannot put it down, as two and two make four, any more than before, he sees positive utility in death. Now he knows and admits that the finite cannot grasp, except in an uncertain way, the Infinite. Now this woeful grave has its “sunny side.” Now he believes in

"That God, which ever lives and loves,  
One God, one law, one element,  
And one far-off divine event,  
To which the whole creation moves."

His faith is perfected.

But this is not all. Each man carries the dust of the way he trod. Each man is overshadowed by his past. To say the same thing more definitely: Wordsworth's experience and habits lead him to give great prominence to reason;—Tennyson's experience and habits lead him to give great prominence to emotion. I do not mean by this that these two men are absolutely one-sided in their views of religion. What I mean is, that each man has a decided set toward different sides of the same faith, although each recognizes the other side and considers it in his characteristic fashion. I can illustrate this by the way they talk about sorrow and prayer. Sorrow is the common inheritance of mankind. Prayer (of some sort) is the universal refuge of mankind. Both poets understand this. But sorrow, in the hands of Wordsworth, assumes a far-off aspect. He rarely brings it down to one's every-day life: he rarely makes it the homely, household thing you and I know it to be. With him it is an element in God's economy, having its uses, and to be endured with philosophic patience. But in the hands of Tennyson sorrow is a vital thing. It comes near us—it dwells in our homes: it is just such sorrow as we have felt. He admits that it is in God's world, and God is good, but we are hurt all the same;—and so our weak, human hearts cry out with pain. There is the same difference in the way the two men look at the office of prayer. Wordsworth believes in prayer, but with him it is rather a means of worship than a sure and blessed cord which binds us to the Father's heart. He looks at the glory which comes to God from it rather than at the help which comes to man. But Tennyson regards the human side of it. Sometimes he almost seems to say—God has in Himself all glory and honor—the works of His hand, they praise Him: He has enough. Let us feel that prayer is for *us*: let *us* get what good we can out of it: let it belong to *us*.

It is easy to show that these results were natural, and, indeed, almost inevitable.

Wordsworth was led to speak mainly of the rational side of religion for three reasons. In the first place, his experience with men, particularly those making up society, had taught him in the sharpest way possible the folly of sentiment and emotion, lacking a basis of common sense. Reason, as he had seen men act, would largely have prevented or mitigated their mistakes and misfortunes. In so far, then, as he treated of the ideal or attempted to teach the real man, he inculcated the nature and worth of reason. As an honest man, and especially as the Christian priest of nature, he was bound to do this—not in the belief that that was everything, for he himself says that the best and holiest living

——“ unassisted reason's utmost power  
Is too infirm to reach,”

but in the belief that that was the *first* thing, and the indispensable thing, indeed, if only one change was to be made. In the second place, he shut himself away from men and affairs. In a certain sense, he shut himself out of sympathy with human business. But religion is a different thing to him who lives on a mountain-top of seclusion, away from factories and theatres and parliament houses, from what it is to him who dwells among all these things, and who therefore sees and feels all the pains and badness and injustice of life. On a mountain-top one can worship and talk learnedly about the philosophy of living;—but when he tries to live a right life among men there is an involuntary cry now and then for help. In the third place, he worked out his faith under the benign influences of nature. And nature's

——“ mute powers, fixed forms and transient shows ”

become to him reason. In the essential elements of her being he saw reason; in the endless diversity of her development he saw that everything was adapted to its place—that it was good in itself and that it was good in



its associations, and here was reason. He saw that the whole had its use in the world, and this to him was reason. But there was another thing which influenced him. These mountains and trees and shrubs—the lake and field and garden-patch—never had sinned. Here they flourished in their designed beauty: they were untainted by the general curse. Neither had they suffered nor caused suffering. Nobody had died for them: they needed no saviour. Why, then, should he, living among these sinless and sorrowless ones, talk much about Christ and faith and the atonement which makes men whole? Why should he, in his efforts to get close to nature's heart, think largely about what had no special connection with nature? Why should he not think mostly and write chiefly about God the Father and the order and beauty and perfection of His works?

Tennyson, on the contrary, talks mainly about the emotional side of religion, and for this three reasons may also be assigned. In the first place, he had been the victim of protracted and distracting doubts. He had troubled himself with vain surmises; he was far out at sea between what he saw and what he believed; he had known the horror of being out of sight of a friendly shore on the trackless deep. When he caught sight of the green fields of the everlasting land and knew that his wanderings were over, he spoke of the things signified to him with all that emotion which his previous suffering and danger were calculated to inspire. In the second place, what he saw in the world stirred the depths of his sensitive nature. For Tennyson, although he has sedulously shut himself from the sight of men, never has lost sight of men. All the inharmonies of man and society jar upon his finely-constituted organism. He is in perfect sympathy (*σύν* and *πάθος*) with the life of men. And surely he can see enough, even in his seclusion, to make him sing with feeling of better men and a happier world! The money-getting for the sake of the money; the honors won by chicane for the sake of the honors; the soul-selling for the sake of the profits; the cheating which is orthodox;—

all these things, attendant of a high civilization, to be sure, but not necessary attendants, excite his contempt and scorn, and make him long for the time when all men shall in some degree approach to that ideal of pure, delicate and yet sturdy manhood which he has in him—when every one shall deservedly wear

“The grand old name of gentleman.”

Above all he sees how hardly life goes with many people. He sees daughters sold into matrimony and half dreams that King Arthur and his knights have left no descendants. He sees little men tormenting one another in their small way, and he hums again the old refrain :

“There’s somewhat in this world amiss.”

But he knows there is One who can and is willing to make the world go smoothly, and the depth of his certainty tinges all he says. In the third place, he is constantly influenced by the death of his friend. By his dead face, himself buried, so to speak, in his own faintly-expressed mental anguish, Tennyson worked out his faith. He had wandered around among men, not understanding at all the mystery of things. All at once he stumbled headlong over a grave. For a while there was no one at hand to help him to his feet. For a while he staid there and got what he could out of what his hand could touch—his eye could see. At last he tried to raise himself. He failed. Again and again he tried—again and again he failed. But there was One who had conquered death—there was One who was biding His time. The struggling man was in the dark: he wanted to see the hand that was outstretched for his deliverance;—he wanted to thrust his fingers into the bleeding side. Hopeless at last, he was ready to be helped—and he was helped! He had fallen in darkness and woe: he arose in a great light and in gladness of heart;—he had fallen over a heap of earth: he arose over the entry-way of heaven. He could not *see* the hand that helped him, but he could *feel* it. He

understood but dimly, but he believed strongly. And out of the depths of his own belief he sings passionately of the faith that is in him.

I have traced the outward differences of the religious belief of Wordsworth and Tennyson with a heavy hand. To some I may seem to make too sharp a distinction. While admitting that such an objection would be valid, in so far as the common ground of both is concerned, I deny it in regard to all that distinguishes the one from the other. They are near neighbors, but each sees little of the other. Both see much of God, however, in their different ways;—and their interpretations of Him and His works, though unlike, are both true and consistent with the fundamental doctrines of a sound faith.

How shall we estimate the belief of these two men? We cannot. On foundations exactly similar, each builds a different structure. And yet, one cannot help remembering that while Paul will always live for his logic, John was the disciple whom Jesus loved.



### THE EXPULSION OF DAVID BRAINERD.

THE "Life of David Brainerd," by Dr. Jonathan Edwards, reveals the devotion, the earnest and simple piety of a good man. These, with his labors, have become the heritage of the church. The records of Yale College also tell a story in which the same Brainerd plays a prominent part,—a story characteristic of the times and important in its results.

David Brainerd entered college in 1739. In 1742 there was an unusual religious awakening and a few students associated themselves together for religious exercises and mutual assistance. They were accustomed to express their opinions on the matters then engaging the attention of the college, without restraint. They discussed men, their actions and words, more critically than they would dare or desire to do in public.

One evening in February, Brainerd remained in the college hall after prayers, with a few of his intimate friends. No other person was in the room. The topic of conversation was the prayer which had just been offered. Tutor Whittelsey, who officiated, had been unusually pathetic,\* and one of the company asked Brainerd what he thought of Mr. Whittelsey. He replied, "he has no more grace than this chair." A Freshman who was near the hall but not in the room, overheard this language. Though he distinguished no names and did not know the parties censuring or censured, he took an early occasion to inform his landlady of the occurrence, sagely adding his suspicion that Brainerd used this language concerning one of the rulers of the college. The woman flew to Rector Clap and poured the news into his ear. The energetic Rector was determined to ferret out such dangerous heresy. He sent for the Freshman and closely examined him. The words uttered were established, but the speaker could not be determined. The Freshman mentioned the names of those who were present in the hall and reiterated his suspicions of Brainerd. The young men were called before the faculty and compelled to tell "what was said and of whom it was said." They were backward in informing against their friend, especially as the conversation was private and confidential. But finally, threatened with a disgraceful expulsion, and yielding to the absolute command of the Rector, they made a clean breast of the matter. It was decided that Brainerd, for the words thus privately and quietly spoken, and extorted from his unwilling friends, should make a public confession, and "humble himself before the whole college in the hall." This he refused to do. It was also urged against him that he had once attended a "new light" meeting in New Haven, in defiance of the express prohibition of the Rector. He was also accused of saying concerning the Rector, that he "wondered he did not

\* Dr. Stiles says of him, "His elocution was loud and sonorous; it was curt and pathetic; it was pungent and striking. He was a Boanerges, a Son of Thunder, a son of Consolation."

expect to drop down dead for fining the scholars who followed Mr. Tennent to Milford." This was not proved, and Brainerd did not admit that he ever made the remark. For these reasons he was expelled.

This severity was due to Rector Clap. He was a man of decided opinions and energetic in action. He did not approve of the preaching of Whitfield, Davenport and Tennent, the revivalists of that day, and had fined some of the students for attending upon their preaching. There was also a rule of the college to the effect that if any of the students should "denounce the college authorities as being hypocrites, carnal or unconverted men," he should for the first offense be required to make a public confession, and for the second be expelled.

During his whole life, Brainerd was subject to varying religious experiences, and at this time peculiarly susceptible to the forcible preaching of the revivalists. In January, 1741, he thought that ambition in his studies had rendered him "cold and dull in religion." In February there was a revival in college and in town. In March Tennent visited New Haven and preached seventeen sermons, two or three of them in the College Hall. Six months afterward, in January, 1742, came Davenport, whom all the records of that time pronounce a fanatical, extravagant preacher, and attempted to establish a separate meeting. Surrounded by such influences, which worked upon a nature well adapted to receive them, Brainerd was probably intemperate in his zeal and unwise in his actions and words. "He had a tincture of that intemperate, indiscreet zeal which was at that time too prevalent; and was led, from his high opinion of others, whom he looked upon as better than himself, into such errors as are really contrary to the habitual temper of his mind." He went to the meetings in defiance of college authority. His sympathies led him to make an unjust remark of a worthy man whose after life was a sufficient refutation of his judgment.

The faculty were quick to take notice of any manifestation of that vulgar and indecorous kind of piety which

they esteemed little better than no piety at all. "They probably had an eye on Brainerd as one who would be likely by his religious zeal to come in conflict with their authority."\* They saw the rules of the college violated, the law of the land broken, the good order of the community disturbed, and study neglected, as results of this running after a fanatic. They were willing to check this tendency by a severe example. Brainerd was of mature years, the foremost scholar in his class, and the blow would here fall most effectively. We must conclude that while Brainerd was hasty and unwise, the faculty were harsh and inquisitorial.

Brainerd felt himself deeply wronged and always retained the sense of injury.† He made several attempts to obtain a degree. Finally, at commencement, in 1743, he presented a confession, stating that he had done great injustice to Mr. Whittelsey, and expressing his penitence. The governors of the college were so far satisfied with the "reflections he had made on himself," that they were willing to admit him to college, but not to give him a degree until he had remained there at least twelve months. He could not comply with this condition, and is not enrolled among the graduates of Yale College.

In order to prevent similar disturbances in the future, Rector Clap was desirous of establishing a church within the college walls. His efforts were successful, and the college church was formed, then as now, under the control of the college faculty.

But still more important was the foundation of Princeton College. It is not possible within the limits of this article, to enter into a careful analysis of the motives

\* Dr. Bacon in Historical Discourses.

† He says in his diary, under date of July 9, 1743: "I was still occupied with some business depending on certain grandees for performance! Alas, how much men may lord and tyrannize over their fellow countrymen, yet pretend that all their treatment of them is full of lenity and kindness—that they owe them some special regard,—that they would hardly treat another with so much tenderness and the like. Like the Holy Court of Inquisition, when they put a poor innocent to the rack, they tell him what they do is all for the benefit of his soul! Lord, deliver my soul from this temper."

which influenced all the actors in that enterprise. The following testimony will establish the fact.

Dr. Field, in Princeton Review for 1857, says:

"I once heard the Hon. John Dickinson say that 'the establishment of Princeton College was owing to the sympathy felt for David Brainerd because Yale College would not give him his degree, and that the plan of the college was drawn up in his father's house.'"

The Brainerd Genealogy states

"That the men who founded Princeton College were stimulated to act promptly and efficiently in the great work by sympathy with the exiled student of Yale."

Dr. Alexander, in his history of "The Log College," says:

"Messrs. Dickinson and Burr \* \* took the lead in this enterprise. Both these distinguished divines were graduates of Yale College; but just at this time their minds probably experienced some alienation from their *alma mater* on account of the harsh treatment which Mr. David Brainerd had received from the officers of that college."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Rev. Mr. Burr (referred to above) declared 'if it had not been for the treatment Mr. Brainerd received at Yale, New Jersey College would never have been erected.'"

C. D. H.



#### FOUR YEARS AT YALE: BY A GRADUATE OF '69.

THE numerous magazine articles and books on the subject of education which have appeared of late in this country, have been mostly written by men long since graduated, who retain no vivid impressions of their student life. The book before us has for its author an alumnus of barely two years, whose close and intimate relations with the college world have been kept up by frequent visits to, and a year's residence in New Haven since graduation. Did it have no other title to consideration, the book would commend itself to those interested in the college, because the author "knows how it is himself" and tells it without fear, certainly, if not without favor or affection. Yale students will be gratified with it, because it gives an inside view in a style neat, clear, and precise—

they can hand it in triumph to inquisitive outside friends, and tell them to find in it the answer to almost every conceivable question; and his classmates of Sixty-nine will be proud of it, as coming from one of their number, and corroborating their estimate of his worth and ability.

It would be almost impossible to fairly criticize the book, and lose sight, at the same time, of the author's personality—that personality which he asks so earnestly to have kept from the public gaze. His well known patronymic, of course, we will not give; but it is fair to state that the "Graduate of '69" was an ardent society man, not a politician, but enthusiastically devoted to inside details; he was always entrusted with the making of catalogues in those societies fortunate enough to secure him as a member. He has been called the "first pen on the Continent" on the subject of stamp collecting. He was, in college—and we presume is now—a warm friend, and a hater, whose vigorous invective must make Dr. Johnson's bones rattle for very joy. He lived in the same room through his entire course, with no company but the framed visage of his crop-eared "dorg." From this fastness he looked out upon college life, formed his estimates of men and things, and, doubtless, there conceived the design of publishing them some day to the world. From such an author we would naturally expect faithful, pre-raphaelite work, and enthusiasm for it, occasional bias and dogmatic assertion. We are not disappointed.

The first thing to strike the reader is the minute elaboration of many subjects of almost no general interest. Many of the seven hundred and six pages are devoted to details and statistics which might be replaced by an equal number from the last trade report of Chicago, with equal satisfaction to the average reader. "Plan and specification" descriptions of buildings abound, while there is a lack of sketches of the persons who are the real Yale College, and whose efforts have made it what it is. Indeed one does not know which most to wonder at: the tremendous labor of the author in amassing the dry statistics which mar some of his most interesting chapters,



or the boldness of the Napoleonic publisher who has risked his money and material in putting into print a book of such length. The first sentence of the introductory chapter is the key-note of the whole book: "Yale College is situated in New Haven in the State of Connecticut." Hereafter there will be no excuse for people who ask horrified Yalensians on rail-way cars, if the college is not in New Jersey. From this it proceeds to give an account of every college building, even stating the number of bricks in the old South Middle. The Scientific School, we are told, has a tower ninety feet high, and having a clock, it displays four dials. For the benefit of those people who do not know where the college is, it is, of course, essential to give the meaning of upper and under classes: of Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior; but to us it seems like defining what are the first, second, third and fourth stories of a house.

Many of the "facts" which the author assumes to give are debatable questions, and in stating them he is often more honest than just. A question of taste, certainly, is not a question of fact. To say that the Psi U badge is the neatest of the three worn by the Juniors, and Delta Phi's the ugliest, is a gratuitous assumption and more worthy of an "active member" than a "Graduate of '69." In a large part of this article on "The Society System," the author seems a little partisan, and could, perhaps, be refuted by equally devoted adherents of other societies. Numbers of those who remember the particulars of the lively fight upon the question of the power of a class over the officials of its own choosing, will hardly accept as a finality the dictum that the "original" '64 editors were in the right.

Certainly he is wrong in the assertion that there was no chance for politics in Gamma Nu when 'sixty-nine were Freshmen. From our information we should judge that the "great coalition" battles raged there with unexampled fierceness. Their results in subsequent "politics" were even more marked than the campaigns in Sigma Eps or Delta Kappa.

The remark that the Mission Schools, being, as such, avenues to the best society, are cultivated by students of not very pious antecedents, has always been a piece of playful banter about college. It is a matter of surprise then, to find this "man of facts" gravely iterating as true, what is little more than a thread-bare Thanksgiving-jubilee joke.

*Per contra*, it will be news to the jolly saints who warbled in the choir in '69's time, that a man's moral or religious character seems to have more influence in his selection than his ability as a singer.

Can there be any more leniency for sophomore societies, when they are so depraved as to say *bayter* and *thayter*? Beware, '74, of the learning of the graduate of '69. We confess we hardly know how to express our appreciation of the author's proficiency in the "humanities" when we read that the academic students have thus far been wont to look down upon the scientifics as in a sense inferiors; and that a sort of "keep your distance" air of college men towards the students of the Scientific School effectually repels the latter. Now when we remember that no inconsiderable number of the scientifics have already been "college men" either here or elsewhere; that their tastes, studies, societies, and conversation are different, (not necessarily inferior); that no institution in the country excels it in vigor and *esprit*, it is easier thus to account for the general non-intercourse than to explain it by an illiberal slur. Of a piece with this in point of taste, and we are almost inclined to think in point of fact, is the statement that the Yale men fight shy of society brethren of other colleges. How the foreign society men who may read this and believe it, can have anything more to do with Yale, is more than we can understand.

If the names of the printers of the "Lit." and of the society catalogues are so carefully given, was it not an unpardonable oversight to omit the names of the worthy stone cutter and gardener who we are told always officiate at the planting of the class ivy? It is painful too, that an author so microscopic and faithful should credit Bishop

Berkely with "Westward the *star* of Empire takes its way." The good Bishop wrote "*Course of Empire*."

Andover and East Hampton are, after mature deliberation, recommended as the best preparatory schools. This depends a good deal upon what one wants to "prepare" for. The Andover men, for instance, are generally good politicians, and the East Hampton men know "Cushing's Manual." The rank of the author's Andover classmates, as an average, was at the end of Sophomore year not much beyond 2.25! The Hartford High School is better than either of them.

But we are passing our limits, and perhaps have ourselves run to the extreme of minuteness. We have tried to hit hard, and speak plainly, because the "Graduate of '69" is a hard hitter and a plain speaker. The faults we have pointed out are of minor consideration to the greater virtues of general fidelity and industry displayed in the work. We call to mind in comparing it with other books of the kind, Major Boynton's History of West Point; Bristed's Five Years at an English University and Everett's "On the Cam," and none of these seem to us so accurately to bring up to the mind's eye the scenes they attempt to describe. Take for instance the chapter on boating; not many will care to know who built all our boats; but all Yale men will be delighted with the sketch of this important institution, and more than all for the enduring form in which our unanswerable arguments in the matter of the '70 regatta are placed. The chapter on Student Life is unique in American Literature, and will itself be worth the price to all Yale men who take pleasure in reviving the memory of college days—as college days have been for the past ten years. We commend especially the able plea for "the fence."

The book closes with a deserved tribute to the managers of Yale, and a noble exhibition of a graduate's enthusiasm. Above all he presents squarely and eloquently the claims of the college upon the wealthy and liberal members of the American public.

## COLLEGE TALKS.—No. III.

IF an outsider were to look, with a critical eye, upon our daily life, he would notice the most humorous phases in that which we gravely call our college work. Especially if he were a man who had never passed through a similar experience, but who was accustomed to take practical and common-sense views, would his honest soul indulge in hearty merriment. And in nothing, perhaps, would he find greater amusement than in our recitations—their preparation and process. We may suppose that he had come here with some general notions of our plans and aims. “Here are men,” he would very likely say, “who come to study, to store their minds with knowledge, to master so far as may be the languages of ancient and modern times, to pry into the secrets of the earth and to wander among the stars, to reason and philosophize, to analyze and compose and illustrate—in short, to feed their brains and make them sound and strong. And they propose to accomplish this by learning a certain number of lessons every day, and to show the steps of their progress by a system of recitations.” And I think he would give a pretty fair statement of our original intentions. But examine some of the features of this daily routine, and see whether our stranger would not have some grounds for amusement and surprise.

There is one class of beings whom we must leave entirely out of the account—the dregs. To be sure they devote themselves conscientiously to the task of securing that which is the nominal aim of all. They work faithfully, wearily, when the rest of us are playing or sleeping—but what of that! They catch every word that falls from the lips of the instructor. They translate the hard passages for us and give us the original (?) points and “keep the place” for us in the recitation-room—but what of that! They are never on the ball ground. They avoid the boating meeting as they would a pestilence. They regard the college fence as a snare and a stumbling-block.

They are *digs* in fact. Away with them! But the rest of us—we are not digs: what are we?

We sit down to study, or rather we think we will. But some one suggests the “painted invitations,” and the flesh is weak. Or we conclude to spend a little time in reading or riding or walking or in any one of a thousand ways. So we “let nature caper” until we dare not wait any longer. *Dare* not—think of it! In this nineteenth century and on this glorious New England soil, we are actually *frightened* into studying. But we do sit down at length, with book in hand, to prepare a lesson.

Well, at the outset, we are probably interrupted. Somebody knocks—a visitor, very likely, and he occupies an hour in telling us nothing; or a classmate who wants something and seems unwilling to take it away suddenly, and so draws it out of us, like a poor dentist, by degrees; or an apple man or a candy man or an old clothes man—each ready to make any sacrifice, if we only will let him talk. The latter class we can usually banish, although their entrance is a disturbance; but the friends—save us from our friends! If we have society work to do, or a play to learn, or a committee to entertain, we sport our oak. We have even known of men who scrambled eggs and drank punch with their door bolted. But who ever heard of a man who locked himself up to study Greek? He would be an anomaly. The whole college world would cry out against such an one, “much learning hath made thee mad.”

But suppose we are not interrupted. Suppose our friends are busy, our tradesmen disgusted, our chums asleep. Truly, there is nothing to distract our thoughts. We glance at our book. It is not marked. *Ubi gentium sumus?* We open the window and shout across, from Farnam to North, the inquiry: “Where is the lesson?” and a dozen horns drown the reply. We wonder who invented horns, and think what a grim satisfaction he must take, if he can look up from another world and see how great a matter his little fire has kindled. So we turn to our book again. We can guess the place and length of

the lesson after all. We have made all this fuss about nothing. Then we calculate our chances of "being up." Now that we think of it, we were up yesterday. How hot it is! We conclude to run the risk. We skim over the pages, catching here and there a phrase. We wonder where everybody is—and we go out to see.

Perhaps you have made an engagement to study with a few friends, and the appointed hour finds you in their room. You all cluster round a table and spread yourselves over the furniture: half a dozen of you, in as many angles. Some one hits upon a queer translation, and you get into a merry mood. A story is told and treasured up for class history. This suggests another and another, till you are surprised as the clock strikes eleven and you have not begun your labors. You are fairly started now, when the door opens and some one enters with the lesson learned. So you collar him and hold him until he has read it to the crowd. You chuckle at your good fortune and walk past the chapel as if you had been working your hours. Then there is the study on the fence and the study on the grass. You need n't look amused. You know, as well as I do, that there are men who do nine tenths of all their work under those very circumstances. Shall we say anything about the studying in chapel? About those men who cannot devote a few minutes out of a day to serious attention, to whom the religious exercises contain nothing fitted to excite reverence or demand quiet thought? We are sometimes tempted to find apologies for listlessness during a dull and tedious sermon. Yet surely we ought to let our text books be forgotten when we gather for fifteen minutes at morning prayers.

But let us leave other phases of study, and, following the crowd which seems to have arisen spontaneously from some unknown region at the ringing of the bell, let us start for the recitation-room. All the buildings are emptying themselves upon the pavements. Here is a man whose grammar lesson depends upon these few moments. He walks along slowly, cramming examples as he goes. Ask him for one of them after an hour has elapsed, and he will

laugh at you for supposing that he remembers it. Here is your swell who always comes to the recitations, dressed for a party. There is your boating man or ball-player, who slams into the room, wearing his uniform. And, just as the last stroke dies away, up comes your late man, five steps at a time, puffing and blowing like a steam engine. Very likely he is the first one called upon, and, taken completely by surprise, has no idea of the proper place. He may be a good scholar and have a thorough knowledge of the passage required; but everything is so quick that he finds himself sitting down mechanically, not knowing what he has done, but feeling confident that he has done it wrong. He grumbles at his luck and at the next recitation he is late again.

What an amount of amusement there is in looking around and in watching the movements and the faces. Here is restlessness trying to be quiet: here is fun trying to keep its face straight: here is gossip holding in as long as possible, and then whispering in that buzzing way which is so much worse than talking. The last victim surprised himself and the division by making a "rush," and he settles down triumphantly into a state of oblivion. This one made a complete failure, and a smile of indifference passed over his face, as who should say "what will it matter a hundred years hence." That one recited well; he made mistakes, to be sure, but his recitation was thorough and satisfactory. Those are the ones that tell. This fellow who is talking now, evidently has made no preparation and yet he is getting along tolerably well. How much some men can make out of a little capital. We hear him anticipate the tutor by a half-syllable, we hear him generalize and wander, and give examples and recite the same thing which the previous speaker has correctly given; and then as the questions are ended and the fellow takes his seat, we think how little our own work has done for us, and we sigh "O for a little more self-confidence!" And then the cautious man rises, slowly as one crossing a torrent on a single plank. How non-committal he is! How he covers every answer with a dozen mean-



ings! “It might be this or this or this” until the instructor suggests the proper word, and the cautious man closes his sentence—“or this.” He always thinks he said so, or at any rate that was what he meant. Every one sees through the man, and the poor, simple-minded youth is the only one deceived.

It is wonderful how easily we laugh when we ought to be sober. A pun that would be heard at the club with silent pity, is perfectly irresistible in the chapel, and so a little slip or a blunt reply, about which there is really nothing funny, if it is made in the recitation room appears so exquisitely comical that we are fairly overpowered. And some of us are always on the watch for a joke. They notice beforehand the place where there will be a good opening for a laugh, and they dwell upon it, and when at last it appears, they seem so immensely pleased that we are obliged to join in with them, out of very sympathy. Again, there is the man who watches you when you rise, and stares at you so long as you are on your feet, who seems to gloat over your mistakes and snickers when your pronunciation is wrong. This man we consider a brute. If he would save his attention for Sunday and fasten his eyes upon the preacher, and if he would devote his criticism to himself, he might perhaps be a useful member of the community. But so long as he continues to use us as if we were targets put up to be shot at, or ninepins set up to be knocked down again, let him never expect sympathy from us, when he is sent to the globes to find the orbit of some fixed star. Almost all the lesson has been recited, and perhaps but two or three passages remain. How carefully we watch the tutor, and chuckle to ourselves if our names are not called; and when the last man is summoned what a sigh of relief passes around the room. You would not notice it unless you looked for it, and yet you will never fail to hear it. Why, it is a most astonishing thing, that no matter how well you know your lesson, you always congratulate yourself if you are not called upon to recite. Can any one suggest an explanation of this fact? At last the trial



is over and we all wend our way to dinner. or to the Post Office; and yet not all—for there are always a few deluded individuals who seem to find great satisfaction in what is vulgarly called “tutoring.” These men stay behind to explain away mistakes; to ask whether *bello* could not be in the dative case as well as in the ablative, and whether the line A B could not be read B A without injuring the demonstration. These unfortunate men really think that by their showing an interest (?) in their work, they pull the wool over the Professor’s eyes and change their mark from 3·24 to 3·24 1-4. Well, perhaps they are right—these matters are too wonderful for us. And so the last man finally leaves and the room is empty. And this is our daily life, this is our preparation for future usefulness. We have said nothing of “skinning,” nothing of papers in the lap, nothing of books open on the floor. O stand, how many crimes are committed in thy name! But we have looked at the simplest phases of this experience. Can we blame one stranger if he overlooks some of the advantages and compensations of the system, and laughs most when we are most sober?



#### NOTABILIA.

It appears probable that some undergraduates of to day will have the pleasure of taking their degrees from the University of New Haven. A scheme for the adoption of a University form of government for the various educational institutions which cluster around Yale College, has been drawn up by the faculty, and will be submitted by them to the corporation and the public. Such a movement is eminently timely, for it has been evident of late that Yale College has quite outgrown those proportions for which its present government was adapted, and needs to put on the mantle and larger spirit of a University. An uneasy consciousness of this fact has been at

the bottom of the controversy between Old and Young Yale, and we may hope that this concession to the demands of the times will remove all division among the alumni, as well as prepare the way for a more liberal culture than the machinery of the old system would allow.

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The action of the faculty in raising again the price of rooms, is one whose policy admits of some question. In a financial point of view it is doubtless a good policy to raise the price of both rooms and tuition to a point just below that which will reduce the number of students so considerably as to make the total receipts less than they would be under the old charges. We believe that that point has hardly been reached as yet. For though many more students than formerly are going to the smaller and cheaper colleges from the preparatory schools, yet the defection is not so great that the additional charges will not more than make up for what is lost through them. But on the other hand, is it well to drive from the college a class of students who are likely to derive the most benefit from its training and to reflect the most honor upon it in the future? For while one addition to the charges will not keep away many, a series of additions, such as are being made from time to time, will produce that effect. After all, the glory of a college does not consist so much in its brick and mortar as in the number of strong and useful alumni which it can turn out. Any diminution of their number will be poorly paid for by a little more worldly prosperity on the part of the institution.

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The reading-room stands in need of very great improvement in its management. It needs more chairs, it is generally dirty, and it is very difficult to get access to the periodicals. Why cannot the various magazines, instead of being stowed away in an inaccessible place, be arranged upon desks as they are in other reading-rooms? If it is impossible to secure the services of an attendant all the time to guard them, it would better suit the general convenience to have the room open during a part of the

day only, than to have it run in its present unsatisfactory manner. It has been suggested, too, that considerable money might be realized by selling the privilege of taking papers two or three days old from the files.

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In an able article in the last *New Englander*, Prof. Dwight advances the opinion that too much memorizing is required in the studies of the undergraduate department. It is quite probable that some of the lack of enthusiasm, in the regular studies of the course, which many deplore, is attributable to this method of study. Very few persons who have anything else to occupy their minds, are fond of committing to memory Greek sentences, or even mathematical formulae after they have grasped the underlying idea. Thought and not mere words are valuable in disciplining the mind. A parrot might be taught to repeat words *ad infinitum*, so far as our limited knowledge of ornithology goes, but it is doubtful if it would be mentally quickened by the process.

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## MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

### *Our Record*

Extends from June 8 to July 7. We have reached the closing week of the most agreeable of college terms. The festivities which formerly occurred during the month of June have been postponed until July, and in consequence of this we, of course, have not enjoyed the customary pleasant interruption of our studies. And yet for those who remain in town, as we trust all will, it is certainly a delightful thing to wander around with our examinations passed; to sit on the fence and not watch the clock; to sleep in peace, and hear not the ringing of the bell. To be sure we have lost some of the old privileges. The Freshmen gnashed their teeth until the fourth of July, because the south-east corner of the fence had not been vacated, and the Juniors have failed to obtain the centre aisle in chapel, and will probably break their heads when they bow, for the first time, to the new President. But still the change is

very satisfactory, and the additional week of vacation is gladly hailed by all. Near the close of the term came the

### *Drawing for Rooms*

Which took place with the usual congratulations and complaints. The Juniors commenced the operation with an ill omen. Some evil minded persons forgot the sanctity of the place and the solemnity of the occasion and were inclined to look with levity upon the whole transaction. Swift and sure was the hand of justice; although the guilty men did not look with contrition upon their conduct; and seemed to feel no pangs of remorse when the drawing was deferred until the evening of the next day. No one knows what was done in that secret apartment in old South, but suddenly it was announced that the deed had been accomplished. Profiting by the sad experience of their elders, the lower classes drew their lots in silence and submission, and in a few days the affair was ended. Some of the best rooms in Durfee were selected first, but quite a tendency towards South college was manifest from the outset. The number of rooms has been so much increased by the addition of Farnam and Durfee that many of the incoming class can be accommodated within the college buildings, and we look forward to the time, not far distant, when every student shall live within the quadrangle. The

### *Examinations*

Began with a little confusion. The Juniors marched into Alumni Hall singing "Examinations are a bore." But this sentiment was speedily removed from their minds, when the procession was stopped by the faculty. There were the usual hard papers and easy papers, long papers and short papers, fortunate hits and ludicrous mistakes. And all the adjectives which are usually employed were brought to bear upon the objects of aversion and satisfaction. One man had chanced to study only the passage required. Another crammed everything but Bacon, and Bacon was the word that stared him in the face as he glanced over the paper. We came out miserable and triumphant, compared answers and consulted dictionaries and valedictorians, and wondered if the tutor noticed that we omitted (a) under 5, and concluded that we had done pretty well, and rejoiced that we should never have it to do again. And those few who hung on the verge of government—how eagerly we waited for a condition! How we rejoiced if our average was 2.01! The pleasures of annual, however, were broken in upon by the

*Glorious Fourth.*

The students began to celebrate the day some hours before it appeared, and their labors from the beginning were strenuous and unremitted. Several engaged in boating trips and several spent the day in picnics and excursions. In the afternoon most of the students gathered on the campus and started a new amusement. A number of small boys, of all tints, are always loafing about the fence. These they collected and began a kind of Olympian contest. The youngsters were set to work first with boxing gloves and they pommelled each other in the most simple and confiding manner. Then there were wrestling matches and all sorts of races. The little chaps passed around their hats, after each encounter, and their exertions were liberally rewarded. Some members of the faculty were observed to look on, from a distance, with apparent delight. In the evening, especially, the howling and shooting became unbearable, and those who entered examinations on Wednesday morning must have given up cramming in despair. But all the display of fireworks was as nothing compared with the exhibitions which can be seen next winter at the new

*Boiler House.*

Considerable interest has been excited by the large excavation which has been made, behind Alumni Hall. By virtue of recent information we are prepared to deny the truth of the statement that it is intended as a hole wherein to drop unprotected Freshmen after annual, and we confidently assert that this place is designed to be the site of a Boiler House. This building is to be underground and its dimensions will be 36x36 feet. In addition there will be a coal vault, extending beneath the sidewalk on High street, and in area 42x24 and 14 feet deep. The boiler house will contain four tubular, cylindrical boilers 4 feet in diameter, 15 feet long. The steam is worked at low pressure and is equal to 45 horse power. The capacity of heating amounts to 1,800,000 cubic feet. By means of this institution, the following buildings are to be heated—Durfee, North College, the New Chapel (when built), Alumni Hall and the Library. Of these the first two will be heated in this manner next fall and the others in course of time. There are to be brick arches covered with 3 feet of earth shutting in the boiler house and preventing loss of heat by radiation. The water occasioned by the condensation of steam in the radiators, is to flow back again through pipes provided for this purpose, into the boilers. These radiators are called the Whittier radiators and are adapted to low-pressure boilers.

*Elections*

To Scroll & Key were given to the following men on Thursday evening, June 22 :—W. H. Averell, W. C. Beecher, L. S. Boomer, W. H. Bradley, C. O. Day, D. B. Delavan, F. T. DuBois, J. K. DuBois, H. W. B. Howard, G. L. Hoyt, E. S. Lines, L. G. Parsons, G. Richards, F. H. Smith, F. G. B. Swayne.

*Ψ. Γ. Convention*

Took place at Providence with the Brown chapter. It will be remembered that the Δ.K.E. convention was held at the same place last fall. The delegates from Yale '72 were H. E. Benton and G. L. Hoyt. The secret exercises were conducted on the afternoon and evening of June 7 and on the afternoon of June 8. A public gathering occurred on the evening of June 8 in the 1st Congregational church. The orator of the occasion was Dr. Malcome of Brown and the Poem was delivered by Henry A. Brown of Yale. The exercises were presided over by ex-Gov. Arnold. The convention closed with a grand supper at the City Hotel. There were the usual toasts and songs, and the greatest enthusiasm was manifested. The occasion was one of great enjoyment, and the Yale delegates returned with new devotion to their society. A new scholarship has recently been founded called the

*W. W. DeForest Scholarship,*

Which yields about \$120, and is awarded for excellence in modern languages. In 1872 this premium will be given to that member of the Junior class, who shall pass the best examination on the *Life and Works of Racine*. The examination will be chiefly a written one and will be held in the first half of the summer term. It requires a thorough acquaintance with the life and works of the author named, together with the history of his time, and includes also a comparison of his drama, in its main features, with the Greek and the English and an estimate of his position and influence in French literature. There is given to the class a list of fourteen works to be consulted. And it seems to us that, on account of the labor required, to obtain a satisfactory knowledge of the subject will be even a greater achievement than the

*Consolidation of Undergraduate Societies,*

Which has been finally achieved after considerable delay and a little mischievous opposition by the Fraternal Sophs. The action took its

beginning from the manifest inadequacy of the present accommodation of the College Library, in consequence of the recent large additions. It was therefore suggested that the two undergraduate libraries be united in one alone, thus giving the space occupied by one of the libraries to the large library. Independently of this consideration, the idea of uniting the two student libraries presented many evident advantages, and so the scheme met with little opposition among the (in)active members of Brothers and Linonia. A quorum was obtained in each of these venerable organizations, and it was voted by Brothers on the evening of June 14, and by Linonia on June 21 to unite the two under the plan proposed. The Library Committee of the college are to have the management of the Library, and assess on the term bills the running expenses. The work of re-arrangement and cataloguing is to be done during the long vacation, and the Library will therefore in all probability be ready for use by the beginning of the Fall term. It will doubtless have a place for the

### *Yale Index,*

Which appeared June 28. It has been compiled by H. W. B. Howard, '72. It is well arranged and printed in good style. In these respects it is superior to the one issued last year. In such a publication it is difficult to avoid inaccuracies, and of those we have noticed several. For instance, the name of I. H. Ford, '71, the president of the U. B. C. is not mentioned in the Regatta Ball Committee. In the lists of boating and base ball officers, we fail to find the names of W. F. McCook, capt. U. B. C., and C. Deming, capt. U. B. B. C. The game between the Osceolas and Yale '74, score 14 to 14, at the end of the seventh inning, is omitted. There are other defects of less importance. For example, it would have been fair to state in the report of the Phelps barge race, that the Sophomore crew which came in last, carried a handicap of 35 pounds. Again, the Junior Prize Exhibition is a new feature, and mention should have been made of the fact that only those whose appointments were as high as first dispute were allowed to write and that the best ten essays were selected. The value of the prizes also might well have been given. These omissions are not of so much importance to the college world as they are to those outsiders who are not acquainted with all the facts and who read the index with great interest. But the greatest blunder is that of arranging alphabetically the names of those seniors who received not prizes, as stated in the Index, but honorable mention, for excellence in English composition. The order is not even strictly alphabetical, but the names appear to have

been written at random. Now the names were officially announced in order of merit as follows:—1st mention—Sperry, Perry and Strong, Hine, Mansfield and Bliss. 2d mention—Cuddeback, Lanman, Kinney, Hamlin, Dudley, Blanding and Todd, Whittlesey. While we wish that the Index had been published in such shape that it might be bound with the *Lit.*, *Banner* and *Pot-Pourri*, or else with the *Yale* and *College Courant*, this is of minor importance. The faults are mostly those of omission, and in spite of them the Index is valuable, and the close of the year and the departure of the classes make such a record universally welcome.

### *De Forest Speaking*

Occurred on Friday, June 30, at 3 o'clock, in the college chapel. The attendance was not very large, but the body of the house was enlivened by the presence of ladies, and the galleries were filled with students. The speakers were as follows:—1. Culture and Religion, W. W. Perry, Collinsville, Conn. 2. Culture and Religion, C. D. Hine, Lebanon, Conn. 3. The Religious Faith of Wordsworth and Tennyson, as shown in their poems, W. R. Sperry, Unadilla, N. Y. 4. The cause of the want of permanency in French Institutions, E. F. Sweet, Vineland, N. J. 5. The importance of the Towns of the Middle Ages in preparing for Modern Liberties, G. A. Strong, St. Louis, Mo. 6. The importance of the Towns of the Middle Ages in preparing for Modern Liberties, H. Mansfield, New Haven, Conn. The speaking commenced promptly. After it was over, a large crowd gathered as usual around the chapel door, to await the decision of the faculty. After a consultation of nearly half an hour, their decision was announced by Prof. Northrop, who said that in the opinion of the faculty, Sperry's piece was the best, but that in view of all the requirements of the De Forest premium the medal was awarded to Mansfield. This is the twentieth medal which has been awarded. While we are on the subject of

### *Prizes*

We may as well mention the others which have been announced during the month. Mathematical prizes—Sophomore class: 1st, F. T. Stuart, Cincinnati, O.; 2d, E. S. Cowles, Farmington, Conn.; 3d, W. O. Buck, Bucksport, Me. Freshman Scholarships: Woolsey Scholarship—E. D. Robbins, Wethersfield, Conn.; Hurlburt Scholarship—T. F. Leighton, New Foundland, N. J.; Runk Scholarship—G. F. Doughty, Cincinnati, O. H. W. Farnam also received a prize for excellence in



Latin composition. Freshman Mathematical Prizes—1st, G. F. Doughty, Cincinnati, O., A. B. Thacher, New Haven; 2d, C. F. Joy, Jacksonville, Ill., W. Kelly, New York City, E. P. Morris, Cincinnati, O.; 3d, H. W. Farnam, New Haven, J. C. Sellers, Westchester, Pa. Prizes for English composition—1st, E. Alexander, W. Beebe and H. M. Denslow, W. A. Houghton, F. B. Tarbell; 2d, A. H. Allen, T. A. Bent, R. W. Daniels, F. Palmer and S. O. Prentice; 3d, E. S. Cowles, G. Greene, E. G. Lewis and H. W. Lyman, C. H. Thomas. Those connected by “and” are equal. The members of the Sophomore class who are annually chosen to compete for the prizes in declamation are this year as follows:—Frank D. Allen, Worcester, Mass., Clarence U. Bowen, Brooklyn, N. Y., Herbert M. Denslow, New Canaan, Ct., Edward E. Gaylord, Ashford, Ct., William A. Houghton, Holliston, Mass., Charles P. Latting, New York City, Holmes E. Saddler, Philadelphia, Penn., Frank B. Tarbell, West Groton, Mass., Schuyler P. Williams, Southington, Ct., Samuel N. White, College Pt., N. Y. The speaking will take place Tuesday evening, July 11th, at the college chapel. We trust that there will be as good an attendance as the

### *Glee Club Concerts*

Have been lately witnessing. The club went down to Stamford on the 14th (Wednesday), and gave a concert to a small but truly enthusiastic audience. Nine of the sixteen pieces which made up the programme were encored, the audience being especially amused by the warbles and the irresistible “Peter Gray.” The club were hospitably received by the villagers, who extended a cordial invitation to the singers to come again. The club accompanied the Ball nine to Middletown on the 21st (Wednesday), and gave a concert to a full audience in McDonough Hall. The usual success attended the entertainment and the affair made a pleasant close for the excursion. Monday, July 3d, the club went again to Stamford where they were handsomely entertained by Mr. Betts, Yale '70, and gave a fine concert to an overflowing house. On Friday, July 7th, they went to Mont Clair, N. J., by invitation of Mr. Benedict of that place, and gave a very successful entertainment. The club was generously entertained by their host and the good people generally of the place. Next Wednesday, the 12th inst., the club give a farewell concert at Music Hall which should be well attended, and on Saturday, the 15th, start on their New England coast yachting tour. They expect to be gone three weeks giving concerts at New London, Norwich, Providence, Newport, Nantucket, Boston and other places along the coast. The following is the list of songsters:—

1st Tenor, S. Benedict, '71, B. S. Richards, '71, P. C. Smith, '71; 2d Tenor, R. W. Archbald, '71, G. A. Slade, '72. 1st Base, L. S. Boomer, '72, C. R. Lanman, '71, G. Richards, '72; 2d Base, F. Arnold, '71, W. H. Bradley, '72, T. P. Wickes, '74. Pianist, C. E. Beebe, '71. Business Manager, H. R. Elliot, '71. We wish the hardy navigators "*bon voyage*."

### *Boating Matters*

Are still full of interest although the Harvard race has fallen through. On June 10th took place the race for the cup offered by Mr. White for the best time made by a single wherry. The entries were, Howe, '71, Ferry, '72, and Smith, '74. The distance was two miles and was rowed in the Harbor. The race began at six o'clock. Ferry had the inside track. Howe took the lead at first and kept it until near the close. Ferry rowed wildly but with great energy, and came in ahead. Time, 18:52. The prize was a silver cup, valued at \$25. The troublesome matter of the Southworth cup has at last been straightened out. The Undine boat club is allowed to compete for this prize, and "the University scull race and the Southworth race will be identical." The tickets for the Regatta Ball are very neat. All the arrangements for this entertainment have been carefully made and a very enjoyable occasion it will doubtless be. Our

### *Base Ball*

Record for the month comprehends the matches with the amateur Atlantics, the "Haymakers," '74 vs. Osceola, two games, and the Harvard-Yale games of the Freshman and University nines. The first of this series was played at the Park with the Atlantics on the 10th of June. After an interesting game, chiefly remarkable by close fielding on our side, we were victorious by a score of 12 to 3. On Wednesday, June 14, our nine faced the noted Haymakers before a large audience. The game resulted disastrously for Yale, the score coming out 34 to 8 in the opponents' favor. The playing on both sides was indifferent, and the game was marked by the tremendous batting of the Haymakers, who earned 22 runs. On Saturday, June 17, the Freshmen went down to Bridgeport and played the Osceolas of Stratford on the Seaside Park. The state of the field rendered any good playing impossible on either side. The Osceolas out-batted the Freshmen and gained the day by a score of 19 to 12. The return game was played the next day (18th) at the Park, and resulted in a draw, by a score of 14 apiece at the end of

the 7th inning, when the visitors were compelled to leave. Yale fell much behind at first, but played a plucky up-hill game and finally drew up even, just in time. On June 21, the Yale nine went up to Middletown and played a match with the Mansfields. It was accompanied by over two hundred students. The grounds are, beyond description, horrible, although they have a delightful situation on a bluff overlooking the Connecticut river. The game was poorly played on the side of Yale, from the outset until the last inning, when the nine made an effort and came out victorious by a score of 21 to 18. June 26, the Yale Freshmen played the Harvard Freshmen at Hamilton Park. The game had been arranged for the 24th at Springfield. But, owing to stormy weather, it was deferred for a couple of days. The Harvards consented to spend Sunday in New Haven, the Yalensians guaranteeing them all their expenses. The game, therefore, took place on Monday afternoon. Our infants played well, and after the first inning retained the lead. The score was 15 to 10. The Yale nine played the Osceolas on July 1 at Hamilton Park. The game was called at the end of the eighth inning, the score then standing 25 to 7 in favor of Yale. It was poorly played on both sides. On July 3 the Mansfields and Harvards played a match at Hamilton Park. The contest was close until the ninth inning, in which the Harvards, by fine batting, assisted by poor playing on the part of the Mansfields, made nine runs and won by a score of 19 to 4. On July 5, occurred the Yale-Harvard game. The Park was crowded with spectators, and a number of ladies added charm to the occasion. The game was intensely exciting. More runs were earned by Yale than by Harvard, and more bases made on hits, but the game was lost by loose fielding. The batting on our side was remarkably fine. H. C. Deming and Thomas played as substitutes for Richards, '72, and Clarence Deming, the captain, who were disabled. The playing of Bush, of the Harvards, and his inspiring presence seems to us the chief cause of their success. The score is as follows :—

YALE.					HARVARD.				
	R.	O.	1B.	TB.		R.	O.	1B.	TB.
Nevin, l. f.,	3	2	3	3	Bush, c.,	3	2	2	5
Thomas, r. f.,	1	4	2	2	Reynolds, 1st b.,	3	3	1	1
H. C. Deming, 3 b.,	3	3	2	3	White, 2d b.,	5	1	4	7
Strong, p.,	4	2	4	4	Reed, r. f.,	2	2	1	1
Barnes, 1st b.,	2	4	2	6	Wells, c. f.,	3	2	1	1
Maxwell, 2d b.,	1	4	1	1	Goodwin, p.,	2	4	1	1
Day, s. s.,	2	2	2	4	Austin, s. s.,	0	6	0	0
Bentley, c.,	0	4	1	2	Tyler, 3d b.,	3	3	0	0
Wheeler, c. f.,	3	2	1	2	Allen, l. f.,	1	4	1	1
Total,	19	27	18	27	Total,	22	27	11	17

INNINGS.									
	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th
Yale, ---	3	1	2	5	1	3	0	0	4-19
Harvard, ----	4	3	6	0	0	1	2	1	5-22
-									
RUNS EARNED.									
Yale,-----	0	1	1	0	1	0	0	0	2-5
Harvard,-----	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1-4

FLY BALLS—Thomas, 1; Strong, 1; Maxwell, 2;—Yale 4. Wells, 1; Goodwin 1; Austin, 2; Tyler, 1; Allen, 1;—Harvard, 6.

UMPIRE—Mr. Smith, of the Mansfield Club.

### *The Yale Courant,*

Which has prospered under the '71 board, spite of a chronic typographical carelessness, was turned over to the new board on Wednesday, June 28th, the valedictory of the old *corps* appearing with the names of the '72 board in the issue of that date. The new editors are T. R. Bacon, Clarence Deming and E. S. Lines. The new board, judging from their initial issue of the 5th inst., are going to do well, and we presume "the only true exponent of college sentiment," falsely so-called, will not suffer in reputation at their hands. We hope the '72 board will follow the wise example of their predecessors in making the sheet emphatically a local paper. A long "Notes from Exchanges" always has to us a suspicious look. Enough things happen at Yale every week to keep a paper of larger dimensions than the *Courant* full of interesting "copy," if the "reliable locals" will only take the time and pains to look them up.

### *The Yale Art School Reception*

Was held at the Art Building on last Thursday evening, July 6. These annual exhibitions seem to be steadily growing in popular favor, and the reception was a brilliant success. The exhibition of paintings compares very favorably with those of former years and reflects great credit on the indefatigable labors of Prof. Weir. Many of the best painters of the country are represented and the pictures number about 150. The exhibition will be open until next September. A number of

### *Trifles*

Demand attention. The services in the chapel were conducted on June 11 by Rev. Wm. Ellis of Boston; on June 18 by Dr. Willcox of ———; on June 25 by Rev. Mr. Newcome in the morning and by Dr. Walker in the afternoon; on July 2 by President Woolsey. The President preached a farewell sermon in the afternoon of June 2 which was listened to with the greatest interest, and the publication of which is universally desired. And last Sunday afternoon, July 9, the Baccalau-

reate was delivered by the President. It was deeply impressive and instructive, not only to the graduating class, but also to the very large congregation who crowded the chapel seats and aisles.—Prof. Hadley has been elected President of the American Oriental Society.—Prof. Gilman delivered an address at the dedication of the Sibley building at Cornell University on June 21.—On June 18 the Yale Missionary Society was addressed by Rev. Mr. Benton of Syria.—After the fatigue of Junior initiation, some of the students played ball on the green until breakfast time.—The Sophomores have at present in their class only eleven men less than when they entered college.—G. Martin, '72, has been chosen organist for the new Congregational church and S. T. Dutton has full charge of the singing at the Howe street church.—A new institution has been started in Minnesota, which bears simply the title of the North Western Yale Alumni Association.—Recent issues of the *Yale Courant* have been rather loaded down with class statistics and the synopsis of the chapters in *Four Years at Yale*. We are somewhat relieved to be free from them at last.—A Yale Alumni Association has recently been organized in Cleveland, O.—Prof. D. Cady Eaton has returned from Europe and will enter upon the duties of his office of Professorship of History of Art, next term.—D. G. Mitchell has determined to sell his farm at "Edgewood."—Prof. Thacher delivered an address at an educational meeting held in Plainville on June 21.—The 162d annual meeting of the General Association of Connecticut, was held on June 20 and 21. The exercises were held in the College street church. On the afternoon of June 20 the association visited the college buildings at the invitation of the President.—On June 21 the Freshmen appeared in their mortar board hats. For some unknown reason, however, they were only worn a few days.—The Sunday school superintendents who abound in the Junior class have been making excursions with their youthful charges.—Prof. Loomis, Jun., is to take the place of Prof. Brown in the chair of Physics at Cornell.—The examination papers, for the prize in Geometry at Trinity college, were read over by Prof. Newton.—Prof. Porter and Dr. Bacon attended the Harvard commencement and delivered addresses.—A volume of practical and descriptive sermons by the late Prof. E. T. Fitch, D.D., will probably be published during Commencement week.—The resolution that six alumni take the place of the six state senators, upon the corporation, has passed the House and the Senate. The change, however, does not take place until next year.—On account of the Glee Club concert at Brewster hall, on June 7, the Handel and Haydn musical society did not hold their usual meeting.—The U. B. B. C. has been photographed again with better success.—The '71 cochs have also been pho-

tographed.—An expedition to the Rocky mountains has been arranged and the party has started; it is composed of the following men:—Prof. O. C. Marsh of Yale S. S. S., O. Harger of Yale S. S. S., A. J. DuBois of Yale S. S. S., C. W. Gould of Yale, '70, H. D. Ziegler of S. S. S. '71, G. M. Keasby of S. S. S. '71, G. G. Lobdell of S. S. S. '71, J. F. Quigley of S. S. S. '71, A. B. Mason of Yale '71, F. Mead of Yale '71, J. F. Page of Yale '71 and T. G. Peck of Yale '71. The party is to be away about six months.—“The Lounger” of the *College Courant* made his 36th and last appearance in the issue of June 24, which concluded the 8th semi-annual volume of that paper. In the number for July 8 appeared the following valedictory;—“The honest index-maker, who, since Sept. 8, 1870, has read the proof of this paper, and been practically responsible for every thing that has appeared in it (always excepting the advertisements and ‘Literary Notices’) hereby withdraws from the management,—his term of service expiring by limitation with the present number.”—Invitations to the exercises of class-day have been issued by the '71 committee. They are very neat—of course we mean the invitations, not the committee.—The students have been requested by the faculty to place as many of the rooms as possible at the disposal of the Alumni, during Commencement week.—Edwards of '70 addressed the workingmen at their meeting on July 1.—D. E. Curtis, '72, is to take charge of Commons next term.—G. P. Sawyer, '72, is the new President of the Yale Missionary Society.—The usual exercises of Phi Beta Kappa will this year be omitted. Prof. T. W. Dwight has been unable to accept the position of orator.—The Freshman society campaign has fairly commenced and the unwary novices are being waylaid and talked to in the usual delightful way.—The faculty played a sinful game on the college last annual, by having the examination papers printed in the Treasury building.

## S. S. S. MEMORABILIA.

*Notes.*

The Senior examinations closed on July 5th, and those of the Juniors and Freshmen on the 7th. '71 graduates with twenty-seven members. The original number of the class was fifty-two. Of the present Freshman class, those intending to pursue the various courses are apportioned as follows:—Civil engineering 10, Mechanical engineering 10, Select 8, Chemical 3, Agriculture 1. This list shows the rapid increase in prosperity of the Mechanical engineering department during the past year. In the Senior class only one has taken this course, and in the Junior class it has no representative. Heretofore the Civil engineering course

has had the decided preference, but the many improvements made in the Mechanical course and the extreme popularity of the gentleman at its head, promise to make it second to none in the department.

The incoming class promises to be the largest which has ever entered. Gen. Russell sends five, the same number come from Cheshire, and the Sci. Department of the Grammar School sends several candidates. The Analytical Laboratory closed on July 1. The Seniors have their class supper at the New Haven House on the night of July 13.

Our Faculty has put in force a new rule, according to which no conditions are announced until the close of the term. This leaves those who are doubtful in a very disagreeable state of suspense.

### *Boating.*

At a meeting of the Undine Boat Club held on July 5, the report of the Purser was accepted. This report showed a balance of over one hundred and fifty dollars in the treasury. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows:—Morse, '72, Captain, Johnson, '72, Purser, Nevins, '72, 1st Lieut., C. J. Smith, '73, 2d Lieut.

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## EDITOR'S TABLE.

### *New Books.*

*Up the Baltic, or Young America in Norway, Sweden and Denmark.* A story of travel and adventure. One of the second series of *Young America Abroad*. By Oliver Optic. 1871. pp. 368. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New Haven: Judd & White.

*The Young Deliverers of Pleasant Cove.* Illustrated. One of the Pleasant Cove series. By Rev. Elijah Kellogg. 1871. pp. 304. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New Haven: Judd & White.

*Around a Spring.* From the French of Gustave Droz. 1871. pp. 150. New York: Leypoldt, Holt & Williams. New Haven: Charles C. Chatfield.

*Mount Washington in Winter, or The Experience of a Scientific Expedition upon the Highest Mountain in New England, 1870-71.* Illustrated. Containing also a map of the White Mountains. 1871. pp. 350. Boston: Chick & Andrews.

*Yale and Harvard Boat Racing.* Compiled by a recent Graduate.

The contents of this pamphlet are as follows:—

THE WORCESTER RACES OF 1870: Reports of H. W. Raymond, in *N. Y. Times*; D. J. Kirwan, in *N. Y. World*; E. P. Clark, in *Springfield Republican*; "F.," in *Hartford Courant*; W. Blaikie, in *N. Y. Tribune*; W. M. Olin, in *Boston Advertiser*; Comments of the *Worcester Gazette* on the Decision of the Referee; Before the Freshman Race; "Some Corrections" of "C." in behalf of Harvard; Reply of W. W. Scranton, in behalf of Yale; Comments of *N. Y. Nation*, and of *New Haven Journal and Courier*; A Harvard Demand for a Straight-Away Course.



THE ADVOCATE-COURANT CONTROVERSY : Opening Shot of the *Advocate*, Oct. 14 ; "Worcester, Once More," Oct. 29 ; Communication, Opinions of the Referee, etc., Nov. 11 : Addenda et Corrigenda, Nov. 19 ; Second Communication, etc., Nov. 25 ; Silence Gives Consent, Dec. 3 ; A Voice from Brown, Dec. 17.

OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE : The Eleven Letters between the Harvard and Yale Boat Clubs ; The Yale Card in the Boston *Journal* ; Explanatory Note by the Compiler.

THE ROWING ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN COLLEGES : Convention at Springfield ; Advantages of the New London Course ; Rules and Regulations ; The Harvard *Advocate* on the Situation.

YALE'S TIME IN THE RACE OF 1865 : Statement of Wilbur Bacon ; Letter of the Referee, Joshua Ward, and sworn affidavits.

YALE AND HARVARD BOAT-RACING : Its History in the Past ; Its Prospects in the Future.

### *Exchanges.*

OUR exchanges are numerous as usual, and many of them interesting. Some of the college periodicals, we are glad to notice, give items of information about the condition and progress of their respective colleges, while others are utterly devoid of local news, thus depriving their outside readers of the most interesting department.

The Virginia University *Magazine*, in reviewing "American Colleges and the American Public," by Prof. Porter, says : "There is, however, in the very first page, internal evidence that he has confined his researches and comparison to the narrow sphere of his own personal observation, or to the perusal of the few fugitive letters and essays on educational subjects which have occasionally appeared in the Northern journals. From these he has obtained his premises wherefrom his conclusions are drawn, and therefore, however just they may be when thus deduced, they are undoubtedly false when tested by a more extensive examination. . . . He wrote his book for a Northern public and for Northern colleges, and has given it a national name, merely because, like others who live in his latitude, he thinks the American nation is principally composed of the New England States, to which New York and the rest of the Union are merely adjuncts. . . . If he is sincere, let Prof. Porter come to us, and give our institution an impartial examination, and study the workings of its system, so that he will have it in his power to appear before the American public as one who has extended his researches into every department of *national* education, and not merely into the colleges of a section." These remarks, coming from an inexperienced undergraduate, as we judge they do, quite take away our breath. However, our Faculty and Corporation will doubtless visit the University of Virginia this vacation, and consult with the large-minded editor about the best way of managing a college. Also, we hope they will obtain, at any cost, and bring home with them for the deluded members of Yale, a large supply of excellent Southern periodicals, like the Virginia University *Magazine* and the Bethany *Guardian*, which are so far superior in ability and learning to the "Northern journals," to which we now have access.

The editor of the *College Days* sadly confesses in his valedictory : "With the exception of a few notes and a communication or two on some personal matters, we have yet to learn an instance in which an article was written especially for the *College Days*, other than by those acting in the capacity of editors."

"The Washington University of St. Louis has two young lady Freshmen, with a prospect of more." *Cap and Gown*.

"Entire suits of white flannel have been produced for the summer wear of the Yale 'swells.' Such men are but children of a larger growth, and flannel is, perhaps, as appropriate as anything." Williams *Review*.



We quote from the *Jarvis Hall Record*: "As length of life is denied to us, we should at least do something to show that we have lived." Trusting that the case of our Colorado sister is not as hopeless as is feared, we would remind her that present life and progress are very gratifying to ourselves and friends, and would beg her not to exert herself, in her feeble condition, to do anything to show that she *has* lived.

One of our exchanges perpetrates the following: "One very cold night, a jolly old fellow, who had been drinking too hard at a tavern, started for home in a gig, and on the way was upset, and left by the side of the road. Some person passing a short time afterwards, found him holding up his feet towards the moon, and saying, 'Pile on the wood, boys; it's a desperate cold night.'"

It is hinted that at some of the *mixed* colleges of the West, many of the ladies and gentlemen refuse to return to their scattered homes for the summer vacation, so attached do they become to literary pursuits.

But this last page reminds us that our college labors for this year are almost ended, and the thought is not entirely one of pleasure. Life here is too jolly to be relinquished, even for a few weeks, without a little sober reflection. We watch the Seniors packing up their effects, collecting autographs and photographs; we hear them bidding one another "good-by," in the sincere and hearty manner characteristic of Yale; we ourselves have a last word to say to many intimate friends among them; we hear their future plans and pursuits discussed; we think of the short time since we entered upon the jollities of Junior year, and begin to feel positively uncomfortable in view of the swiftly approaching day when we also must separate, and go forth to try our disciplined powers in ruder scenes. A suggestion or two about wasted opportunities and various shortcomings during the past twelvemonth, force themselves upon our attention, and must be noticed in spite of our cheerful temperament. Then, too, the graduates who come flocking back to the old spot, whom we are proud to welcome, with whose college stories and reminiscences we are entertained, and whose unabated interest in Yale and her welfare we are delighted to witness, nevertheless, with their gray locks, and the prattling youngsters at their side, seemingly convey us, against our will, to the further limit of our own Commencement week, and leave us there sad and burdened. The loss of President Woolsey, whom we have been accustomed to look up to with respect and admiration as our appointed head, and whose successful labors in the presidential chair we would have wished to see continued, casts a deep shadow upon this closing week. We are somewhat grieved to see that the new buildings are attracting so many of the aristocracy from the old resort at South, to their cold and stately apartments. The memory of annual, and its accompanying train of horrors—sleepless nights, and dreary, unbroken days, three hour sessions of protracted agony, multitude of heads, despairing faces, ignorance, forgetfulness, confusion of ideas, instructors unsympathetic, and prowling about seeking whom they may devour—the memory of examinations neglected for the *Lit.*, and of the *Lit.* neglected for examinations, is anything but consoling. Nor, finally, can we derive any comfort from the vivid recollection of the assembled multitude at the Park, scattering wearied and disappointed, who, a moment before, hung breathless and expectant upon the issue of the game. However, we are still merry students, and this gloomy tone ill becomes the week of festivity. Annual, with all its hardships, is safely weathered. A long vacation, without any disturbing chapel bell and compulsory system of study, awaits us, and promises to make forgotten all vexatious things, and cure all ills. Already home friends are expecting our return, who must not be disappointed. To the graduating class we offer our good wishes for their highest happiness and usefulness. We wish our readers a pleasant and successful vacation, and suggest to them, at this last moment, the propriety of sweetening the long play time with a little systematic literary work. G. R.

# YALE LIT. ADVERTISER.

*Supplement to]*

JUNE, 1871.

[CCCXX.

We would suggest to our readers the propriety of looking over the following list and giving their custom to those who patronize college institutions :

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## TO UNDERGRADUATES.

In accordance with the annual custom, the Board of Editors hereby offer for competition the Yale Literary Prize, a Gold Medal, valued at twenty-five dollars. Each contestant must comply with the following conditions: he must be a member of the academical department and a subscriber to the LIT.; his essay must be a prose article, and must not exceed in length ten pages of the Magazine; it must be signed by an assumed name, and accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the real name of the writer; and must be sent to the undersigned on or before Saturday, October 14th. The Committee of Award will consist of two resident graduates and the Chairman of the Board, who will keep secret the names of the unsuccessful competitors.

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